

HISTORY
of the
CATHOLIC CHURCH
in
WOONSOCKET.

MAJ. J. W. SMYTH.

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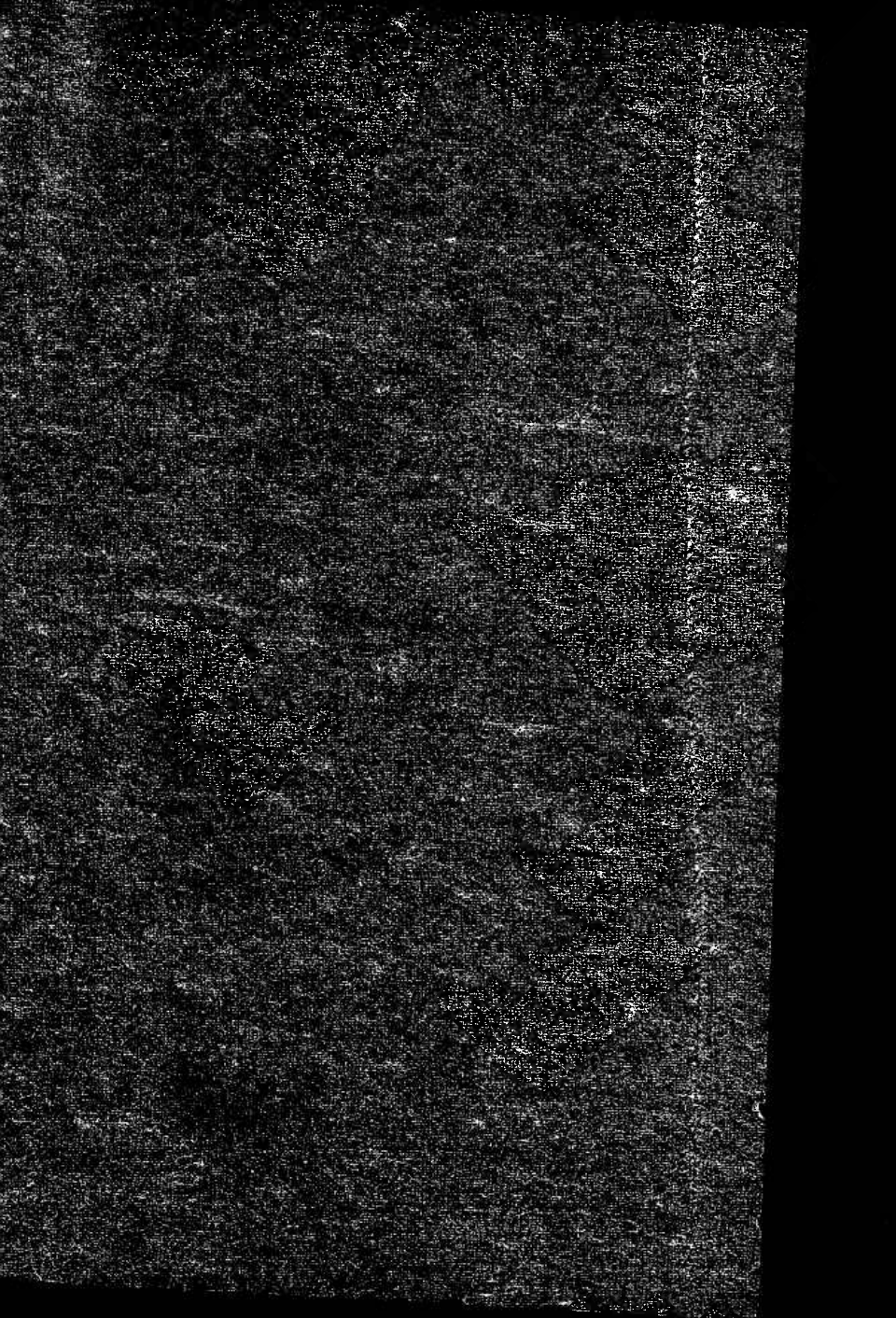
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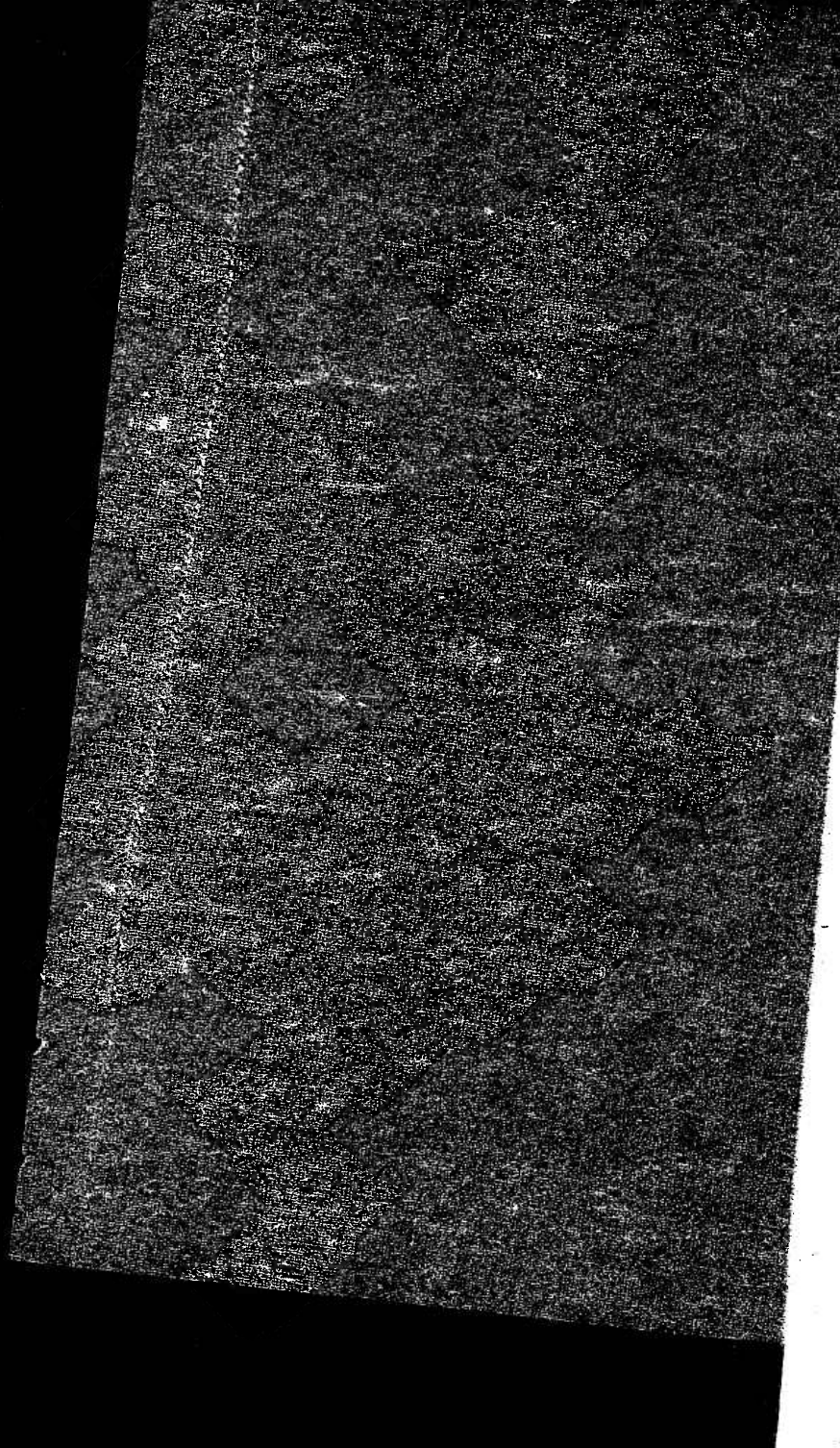






Most Respectfully Yours.
James W. Smyth.





HISTORY
of the
CATHOLIC CHURCH
in
Woonsocket and Vicinity,

from the
Celebration of the First Mass in 1828, to
the Present Time,

With a Condensed Account of the Early History of
the Church in the United States.

By JAMES W. SMYTH.

WOONSOCKET
CHARLES E. COOK, PRINTER

1908

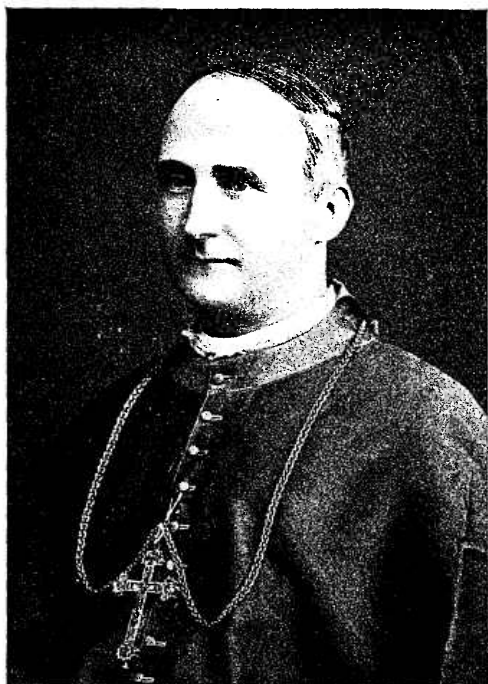
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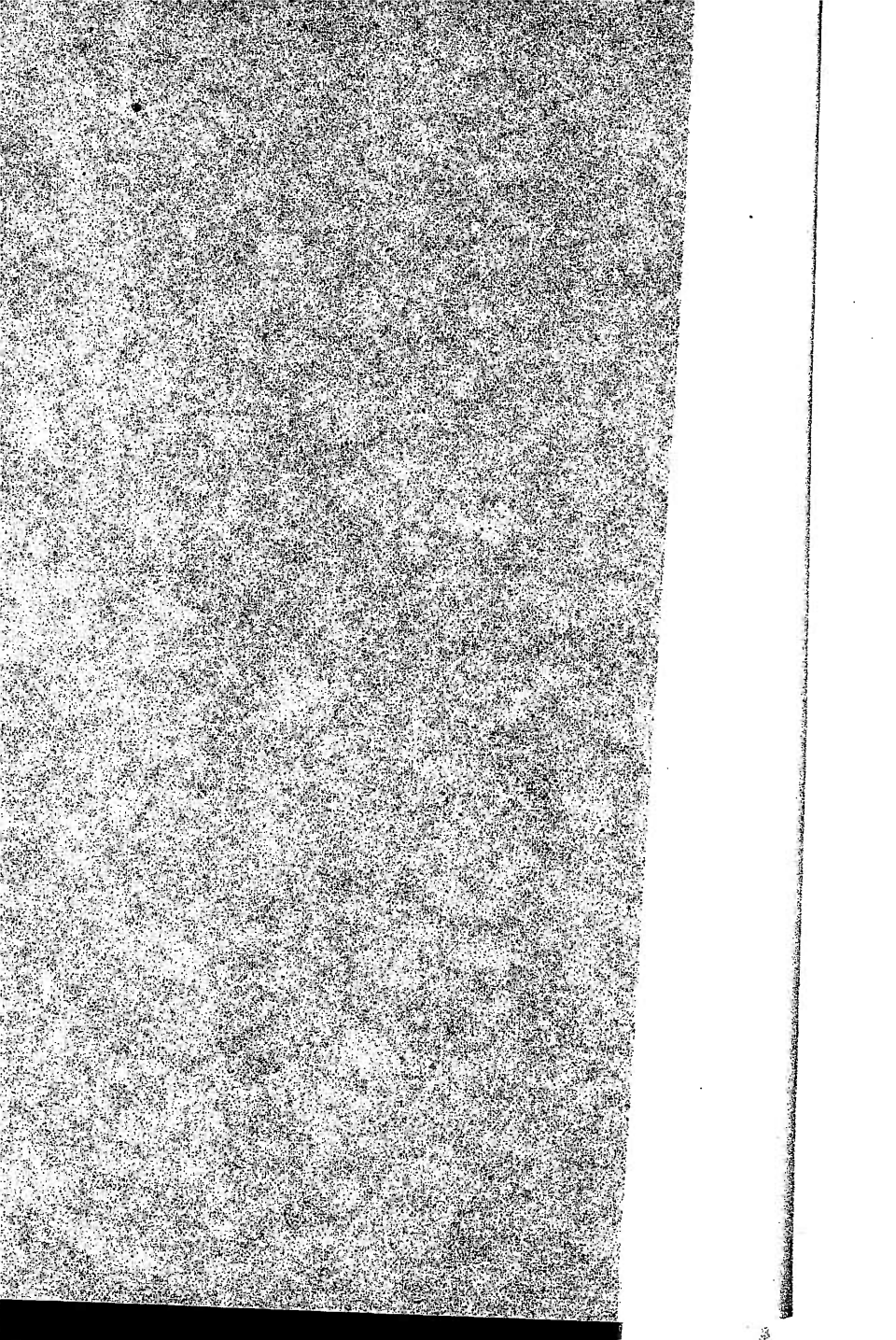
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RIGHT REV. MATTHEW HARKINS,
Second Bishop of Providence Diocese.



DEDICATION.

TO RIGHT REV. MATTHEW HARKINS,
Bishop of Providence Diocese, to the
Priests and People of Woonsocket, as
well as to all Catholics, wherever located,
who are interested in the progress of
the religion established by Christ upon
earth, the following pages are most re-
spectfully dedicated by the author.

Feast of St. Charles Borromeo, Woon-
socket, Rhode Island, November 4, 1899.

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PREFACE.

A HISTORY of the Catholic Church in Woonsocket was published by me in pamphlet form in 1878, now twenty-one years ago. Since that time great progress has been made by the Church, both in population and religious institutions. There were only two parishes then, namely—those of St. Charles Borromeo and the Church of the Precious Blood. Now there are four parishes, the two since added being the Church of St. Ann and the Church of the Sacred Heart.

It will be found by the reader that this work is not only a succinct and authenticated history of the rise and progress of the Catholic Church in Woonsocket, but that it also contains a condensed account of the establishment, rise and progress of this Church throughout the United States and goes back to the very earliest speculative accounts, found in the annals of the Norse Sagas and others, concerning the first explorers visiting this continent, and as to whom belongs the credit of first erecting the standards of the Cross in the New World.

For facts relating to the early history of Catholicism in Woonsocket, as set forth in my first effort, I was greatly indebted to the late Rev. James Fitton, who was the first missionary priest regularly visiting here, and who also built the first Catholic Church in Woonsocket. This reverend gentleman lived to celebrate the golden jubilee, or fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, being at that time pastor of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer at East Boston. This was at Christmas, 1878.

Old Catholic residents, long since dead, furnished me with valuable information for that first little work. That information, as well as all I have since gathered through my own personal knowledge, will be found in this history. The labor of my work has been to me a pleasure, and I hope it will be read with profit. The Religion of which I have written has been my consolation through all my years. In it I place my hope of a blessed hereafter.

That my first effort was successful I will endeavor to prove: About the time my pamphlet-history appeared the corner-stone of the new and beautiful S.S. Peter and Paul's Cathedral was laid in Providence, and in order that when, by the hand of Time, in a far distant future age the noble structure might become a ruin, I forwarded a copy of my book to the late Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricks, D. D., first bishop of Providence diocese, with a request that it be placed in the corner-stone receptacle with other documents, so that whoever opened that box might learn something of the planting of the seed of the Faith in Woonsocket.

Several weeks after forwarding the pamphlet I received a letter from the Right Rev. Bishop, of which the following is a copy:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., FEB. 2, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. SMYTH:—

Strange as it may seem to you, it is only this last hour that your "History of the Catholic Church in Woonsocket," a copy of which you had the kindness to send me, has fallen into my hands. Quantities of pamphlets, magazines, little books, papers, etc., come to me from all directions, which, for want of time, I am unable to even glance over, and so they remain, unless my attention is specially drawn to any of them. Yours, a most important little work, thus escaped me.

I can scarcely tell you how very glad I am to have all the information you have given us of the Church in Woonsocket in book form. Some time ago I appointed one of my clergymen to gather up facts regarding the different churches and parishes in the dio-

cese, their history and foundations; but this fell through. This will give you an idea of how gratifying to me is your successful undertaking.

Although your little "History" has not gone into the corner-stone it will be treasured in the library of

Yours very sincerely,

THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN,

Bp. of Providence.

It was certainly very gratifying to me to receive such a flattering letter from such a distinguished, learned and pious Bishop, whose great zeal and executive ability enabled him to build one of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world, and leave it, before his death, ready for consecration, free of all debt. When completed he died, thereby laying down his life as a sacrifice to God in the discharge of duty. I was present at his consecration as a bishop. I attended the services of laying the corner-stone of the Cathedral. I was present at the solemn funeral services after his death, and was also present at the consecration of the completed Cathedral. I make these statements to show the interest I took in the bishop and his work from beginning to end.

The explanation of why my little history did not find a place in the corner-stone of the Cathedral is that, though forwarded in time, it did not reach the hands of the Bishop before the corner-stone ceremony was carried out.

In a conversation with Bishop Hendricken, subsequent to the reception of his letter, he informed me that he had acted as pastor of St. Charles' church during one week, this week intervening between the time Rev. Hugh Carmody was removed to another parish in 1854, and the arrival of Father Carmody's successor.

Among many others who have praised the first publication, whether justly deserved or not, is one whose superior learning is acknowledged among all the priests not only of

Providence diocese, but also among the learned of every other diocese, both clerical and laymen; one for whose judgment I have the highest respect; one, too, whose friendship I prize within the inmost core of my heart; one whose religion and love of country are exultant factors in his being, and throb with every pulse of his life, namely, Rev. Thomas E. Ryan, the esteemed assistant pastor of St. Charles church.

The following is an extract from a letter received by me from this reverend gentleman:

RECTORY ST. CHARLES CHURCH, }
WOONSOCKET, R. I., }
NOVEMBER 7, 1895. }

DEAR MAJOR:—I herewith mail you the little volume which you so kindly lent me two days ago.

To say that every Catholic in our own diocese should be proud of the record it contains, and every priest delighted with the spirit which inspires its every page is to express the most obvious truth. If your admirable and unselfish work in this line has not been requited, as it deserved at the hands of man, there is, nevertheless, a far more consoling and supporting thought that the noble record which your hand has penned will live to edify the unborn generations of distant years, and be an invaluable aid and delight of the future historian of Providence diocese.

Sincerely yours,

T. E. RYAN.

I entered upon the present work with the same zeal and devotion which guided me in my first publication. It has been my ambition, since the appearance of that first effort, to return again to the self-imposed task, and carry it down with me to the threshold which separates mortal from immortal life. The time cannot now be far distant "before I go—and return no more—to a land that is dark and covered with the mist of death." I shall go, however, with an ardent belief in a glorious resurrection.

INTRODUCTORY.

“Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.”—St. Matthew, Chap. xxviii, vs. 19-20.

“This house, which thou buildest, if thou wilt walk in my statutes and execute my judgments, and keep all my commandments, walking in them, I will fulfill my word to thee, which I spoke to David, thy father.”—III. Kings, Chap. vi., v 12.

EACH day, as it passes, stamps its record for good or evil on history's page. Each year, as it rolls along, from the light of its first sun until the moment when it has vanished forever down the corridor of Time, leaves in its train the marks of its course—in deeds and events which spring into existence on earth's ceaseless tide. The days, months, years, decades and centuries come forth like shadows and glide along until eventually lost in the dim distance of the never-returning past.

Among the myriad of events, noble and ignoble, which contribute to the history, and are swept along on the surface of Time's restless, onward flowing river, some are caught by the historian and stored in archives for future reference. This is my object in writing this history, my aim being to

tell the story of Catholicism from its infancy in Woonsocket, up to the present year, it being the last of the nineteenth century.

In order to accomplish the object in view I have been obliged to search through the accumulated dust of over seventy years, and too, with few printed or written documentary records from which to glean a knowledge of the early history of the Church here.

THE POPE.

It is always in keeping with every portion of Catholic Church history to refer to the Pope, as His Holiness is the visible head of the Church militant upon earth, and in referring to the Pope it is right, in explanation to Catholics, as well as non-Catholics, to explain for the benefit and instruction of those who may not understand what the governing body or hierarchy of the Church consists of :

His present Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, who is beloved and revered by the whole Christian world, including non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, was known among men, before receiving Holy Orders, by the name he received in the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, being that of plain Joachim Pecci. His title now, as supreme pontiff and two hundred and sixty-third successor of St. Peter, is as follows: His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, Bishop of Rome; Vicar of Jesus Christ; Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles; Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church; Patriarch of the West; Primate of Italy; Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province, and Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Roman Church.

His Holiness was born at Carpineto, in the diocese of Anagni, Italy, on March 2, 1810; was ordained a priest Dec. 31, 1837; consecrated Titular Archbishop of Damietta Feb. 17, 1843; transferred to the See of Perugia Jan. 19, 1846; proclaimed Cardinal Dec. 19, 1853; elected Pope Feb. 20, 1878, and crowned with the tiara on March 3rd of that year.

This venerable and world-wide venerated Pontiff retains the Prefectship of the Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, or Holy Office of the Consistorial Congregation of the Apostolic Visitation of the Pontifical Commission "*ad reconciliationem dissidentium cum ecclesia*;" the Protectorship of the Church and Chapter of S.S. Celsus and Julianus; of the whole Order of St. Benedict; of the Order of Friars Minor; of the Archconfraternities of the Via Crucis; of the Lovers of Christ and Mary and of the Sacred Stigmata of St. Francis of the Order of Preachers.

The Catholic Hierarchy, or the governing body of the Catholic Church, consists of His Holiness, the Supreme Pontiff, assisted by the Sacred College of Cardinals, and by several Sacred Congregations, or permanent ecclesiastical committees, of which the Cardinals are the chief members; by the Patriarchs, Archbishops and Bishops; by the Apostolic Delegates, Vicars, Prefects and by certain Abbots and other Prelates.

In the language of a learned theologian Pope Leo XIII claims to be, by divine right, the successor of St. Peter and to hold his place as the visible head of the Church. Every one of the long line of Popes claimed a like succession, and no other person on earth has ever made such claim. Neither does history accord the right of succession to anybody else save to the duly elected Bishop of Rome. This same writer gives the following reasons for believing in the infallibility of the Pope, reasons which are firmly believed by every Catholic:

Because of a belief in the importance and necessity of the soul's salvation, both of which call for the guidance and security of Infallibility.

Because of a belief in the Goodness of God and in His

Love for man, this belief leading the mind to expect from Him the concession of Infallibility.

Because of believing that God made a supernatural Revelation of His will for the benefit of man, to the end of time, concluding from this fact that the Wisdom of God must have provided a living Infallible Witness, Guardian and Interpreter to authenticate, protect and teach in all ages this Revelation in its purity and integrity.

Because of a belief that God imposed this Revelation on the belief and practice of man, as a law of faith and conduct, and from the existence of this divine obligation that God, in His Justice, must have appointed an Infallible Witness to its contents, and an Infallible Interpreter of its meaning.

Because of a belief that God made divine faith in the teaching of the Revelation a condition of salvation, and such faith in its plenitude is impossible without the aid of Infallibility.

Because assuming a divine faith in the contents of Revelation to be necessary, nothing short of the certainty and security of Infallibility can satisfy the legitimate demands of reason and conscience.

Because a living Infallible Authority is at once the source of the greatest blessings, and a safeguard against the greatest evils.

Because only a living Infallible Authority can satisfactorily settle the Christian controversy and be equal to the many and grave difficulties connected with it. Only a living Infallible Authority can adjust and harmonize the respective claims of Reason and Revelation, Science and Faith, Liberty and Authority, Nature and Grace—in one word, of the Natural and Supernatural.

Because the doctrine is a teaching of Revelation, and

is and ever has been the belief of the great majority of Christians.

Because the history of dogmatic teaching of the Church for now almost nineteen hundred years points to Infallibility in fact.

Because without Infallibility, logically speaking, there would be no valid reason—no sufficient grounds for the profession of Christianity. The only consistent and tenable position is Christianity and Infallibility—both or neither.

Early Discoverers of America.

WHO FIRST PLACED THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS IN THE NEW WORLD? WHEN WERE THE FIRST CEREMONIES OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH CARRIED OUT HERE?

IN referring to the early history of the Catholic Church in the Western hemisphere I deem it important to go back to early history and legendary lore, and show, if possible, that Catholic ceremonies were carried out here long before Columbus crossed the Atlantic from Spain. I do this, though the question as to who was the first to hold such ceremonies can never be satisfactorily answered. This problem demands the closest study of the antiquarian, as well as the most diligent research of the historian. As this question is one of more than ordinary importance I hold that it is right to introduce it in this history and also right to set forth facts in relation to the solution of the question. In doing so, it is necessary to explain the etymology of several words in the Keltic or Erse language, and as my knowledge of this language is of a very limited nature I am therefore obliged to depend on those who have a thorough knowledge of this ancient tongue in the full meaning of quoted words and their roots and derivations, so as to be as near correct as possible in an attempt to solve the question under consideration.

Columbus, under the Spanish flag in 1492, discovered what he designated as the West India Islands, but returned to Spain without discovering the American continent. Five centuries before that presumed discovery Scandinavians and other European adventurers visited this continent and established homes.

This statement is vouched for by Carl Christian Rafn, the Danish archæologist, who is chiefly known in connection with the controversy as to the question of the discovery of America by the Norsemen.

Still another five hundred years before the Norwegian discovery Chinese navigators, according to the record of one of their own historians, landed on the western coast of the American continent. These discoverers called the country Frosang, from the name of a certain shrub which grew in abundance at the place where they landed. The Chinese word used by the chronicler means, however, "Eastern Region," which undoubtedly suggested itself, as the mariners were sailing east from China when land was discovered.

Leaving aside the Chinese claim, which seems truthful enough, as it would have been easy even thus early to reach this continent from China by way of Behring's Straits, let us come down to the claim of the Scandinavians that they made the discovery under Eric Randi, "Eric, the Prince," in the tenth century. This claim sets forth that the discoverers sailed from Iceland and reached the shores of Markland, Hellenland and Vinland, three names of undoubted Gaelic origin, the first meaning "The coast of the Western Land," the second meaning "End Land," and the third "Terminus Land."

Vinland is sometimes erroneously used to designate Vine-land, "Vin" or "Fin" means "end" in almost all languages.

The Norse Sagas, published by Rafn, assert the discovery of the northern part of this continent by Scandinavians, but are not only just enough to recognize the share which Irishmen had in the discovery, but acknowledge that the latter were the first explorers of this continent. They state that when some of the Norsemen went down to a region called Huitra-mannaland, or Island-it-mitka, which is

designated as the region of the Carolinas, Georgia and part of Florida, they found there a white people, different from the Esquimaux of the North, having long robes or cloaks, and frequently bearing Crosses in a sort of religious procession, and that their speech was Irish.

That the Irish were navigators even in the earliest of the historic ages is proven by no less an authority than Julius Cæsar in his Commentaries, in which he stated that the Kelts of Armorica had chain cables for their ships, showing that they must have been stout and seaworthy vessels. Tacitus, speaking of the isles of the Northwest, says that the ports of Ireland were better known to the world than those of Britain. O'Halloran, on the authority of the "Psalter of Cashel," states that Moghcorb, King of Munster, invaded Denmark with a large fleet in A. D. 290; also that the King of Ireland and Albany in A. D. 367, went with a great number of ships to strengthen the Picts and the Scots. Again, Niall, of the Nine Hostages, headed a naval armament, which ravaged the coasts of England. All this goes to prove that the Irish at that time must have been possessed of fighting ships and sailing vessels. The Venerable Bede, the father of English history, as well as the most learned Englishman and most eminent writer of his age, who in his Ecclesiastical History gives us the most and the best of our knowledge of the history of England, up to A. D. 731, four years before his death, and 761 years before the discovery of America by Columbus, says in his history that when the Norwegians first came to Iceland they found there a class of men called Papas, with Irish bells, books and crosses. The Irish missionaries had reached that cold, cheerless and snow and ice-covered northern island, and the sailors who had ventured so far in ships and braved tempests of stormy seas, would not be deterred from crossing the Atlantic to Markland and Hellenland.

Dicuil, an Irish monk, who wrote in the year A. D. 825, records that the Irish, to his knowledge, were in the habit of going to Thule, or Iceland, in A. D. 795, this being about 200 years before Eric Randi sailed to discover Markland and Finland, being respectively the present territorial countries known as Nova Scotia and New England. This goes to show and, with all the appearance of authenticity, prove, that the Irish were in those early centuries of the Christian era great wanderers in their ships, over known as well as unknown seas.

There was undoubted settled belief of the existence of some mighty land lying down below the Western wave, in the path of the descending sun, for ages and centuries before Columbus set sail down over the waters of Palos bay, and pointed the prows of his caravels westward over a desert waste of waters. The fable of a lost Atlantis, which it was said sunk down in Ruin's wave, was the growth of some tradition of the past, which come down to Europe from Northern waters, spoke like some spirit of earth and ocean of a land laying far out in the West. The word Atlantis means in Gaelic, "Shore of the Western land."

Ireland had her mythical Atlantis, which she called at one time the Island of St. Brandon, and at another time Hy Brazil, places corresponding to the Avalon of the British, the Regnarauker of the Norsemen, the Acharon of the Greeks and Romans and the Sheol of the Hebrews. These six or seven names have all the same meaning, and all are Irish words, even Acharon.

Brandon and Brazil mean "end or edge of the world," as all Irish scholars must perceive. "Hy" means country or island and corresponds with the German word "heim." Brandon, meaning "end of the world," is also appropriately found in the extremity of Lapland. The Barondins of that place are mentioned by Ptolemy. Sheol and Acha-

ron have been in the imagination of the Greeks, the Romans and the Rabbins as places where departed spirits dwell. The Monks of the Middle Ages had several legends of adventure, founded on the actual attempts of mariners to make voyages over the western ocean. The undiscovered land beyond the Western wave was by legendary lore supposed to be the abode of departed souls, and the Limbo of spirits vanished from the world of living men.

An old English version of the voyage of St. Brandon, published some years ago, made with one or two of the Monks to the outer isles of the Western ocean is romantically poetic in its coloring. At a well, visited on one of the islands, it is related in this version that a large number of birds was seen, which by fluttering their wings made music equal to the songs of angels. Dante has a similar incident in his great, immortal poem, "The Vision," in which he refers to flames producing singing sounds. In relation to Dante it is claimed that he gathered the greater part of his inspiration from the old Keltic idea respecting the Isle of St. Brandon and the Purgatory of St. Patrick, as represented in the religious legends of the Middle Ages. It is claimed that Dante had not so much originality in his productions as claimed for him by his admirers. He adopted the spirit of the "Moralities" and "Mysteries" in the same manner that Tasso imitated the epic style of Virgil.

Shakespeare, the greatest of English dramatic poets, freely used Plutarch's "Parallel Lives" for personages introduced into his dramas, as well as for dramatic effect and the learned lore spoken in dialogue by the dramatis personæ of these dramas.

The following verbatim lines from an accomplished scholar in relation to St. Brandon and the legends connected with him, where similar comparative illustrations are found in the poetic productions of Dante and Tasso, as well as in

the philosophy of Pluto, the latter setting forth the punishment endured by evil men and those who tyrannize their fellowmen in the world, is herewith given :

The adventures of St. Brandon led him through several scenes which serve to warn the living of the vanity of their pursuits, and the retribution or remorse that must follow them; and they are much more religious than geographical. The descriptions are a curious mixture of Paradise and Purgatory, being to the poetry of the fierce-hearted Ghibbeline what the works of the pre-Raphaelites were to those of the great artist whose harbingers they were. It may be observed in passing that the Gardens of Armida in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" is placed by him somewhere out in the Atlantic, in an isle of St. Brandon.

Hy Brazil was of a similar character, with a certain difference which seemed to show it had its place somewhere nearer the Norsemen's latitude, for people there seemed under the necessity of doing battle in some deadly manner. The explanation of this is that "Bresyll," in Keltic and the Norse, means war, showing that a pun was the origin of that part of the legend.

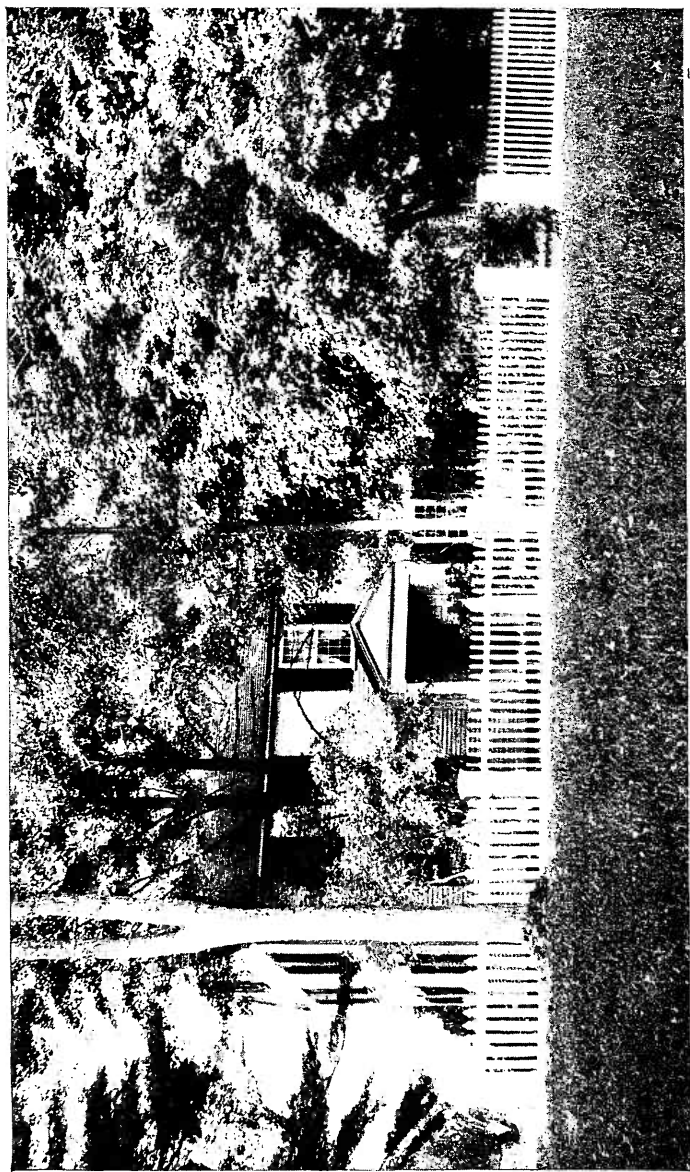
The minds of the Irish were for ages, prior to the discovery of America, full of some great unexplored land beyond expanse of ocean waste, in the direction of the setting sun. In the course of time, growing familiar with the horizon effects at sea, these early westward contemplators were led to conclude that the surface of the sea and land was a convex. As early as the eighth century Virgil, a Kelt of either Irish or Scotch birth, over six hundred years before Galileo, the greatest of the early experimental philosophers, lived, involved himself in religious trouble because he positively asserted the earth was round and that there were antipodes. A knowledge of the sea together with good ships and the love of adventure urged the early Irish mariners to brave the storms of the deep in search of unknown lands, even in advance of the Norsemen, whom Humboldt believed were

the discovers of America. Leaving aside the statement of the Norse Sagas, the evidence of the Keltic language is strongly set forth as an argument in favor of the Irish in regard to the first discovery of the western world. One of these Norse Sagas asserts that the people of Island-it-mikla, being the regions of what is now known as the Carolinas, Georgia and part of Florida, when visited by the Norsemen, spoke Irish. Lionel Wafer, a great English navigator, in an account of his voyages states that the language of the natives of the isthmus of Darien on his visit there, sounded to him like the Gaelic of Scotland and the North of Ireland, and gives a few words in illustration as follows: "Tautah," was the American for "father," meaning "Tat" and "Dadh" in Keltic; "Boona" was the term used for "woman," corresponding to "Ban" in Keltic; "Neena" meant girl, corresponding with "Inneen," daughter, in Keltic; "Maldoqua" meaning an execration, and having a similar meaning in Keltic; "Doolah," water, corresponds with "Juille," water, in Keltic; "Copah," meaning drink, has a similar meaning in Keltic, this word being also applied to drunkenness.

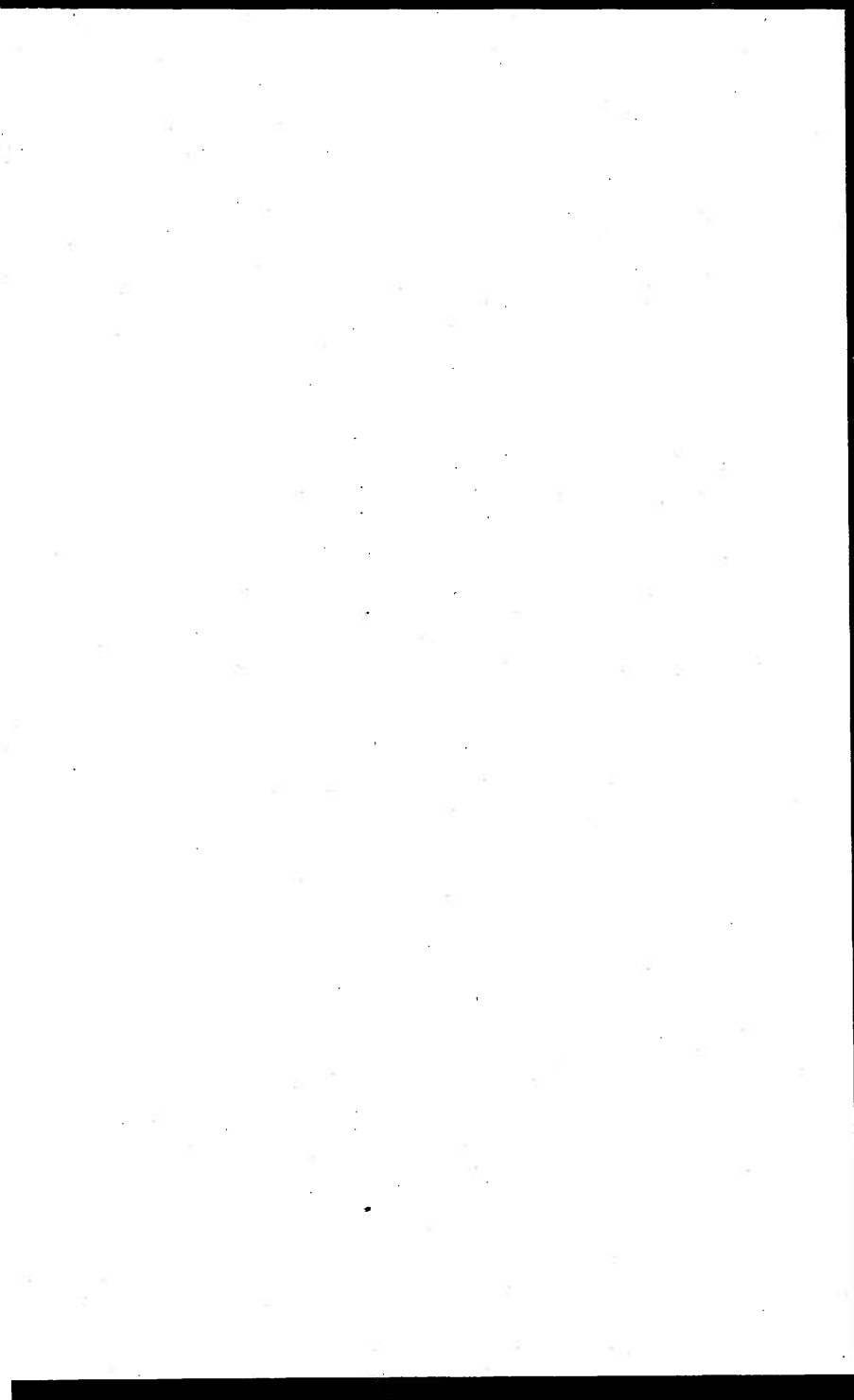
Several other parallels may also be found. "Tashtusah," the name of the first known chief of the Narragansett tribe of Indians, means "Chief man" in Keltic; "Ouasconebe" means drink in Algonquin speech, and has the same meaning in Keltic; "Jossakeed" means "sorcerer" in the language of the Algonquins, and "Man of Magic or Science" in Keltic; the name "Algonquin," as applied to the tribe, means "noble race" in Keltic. In crossing into Canada, where the word "Kanuck" is used and the name "Quebec" is applied to the city and province, even these three words, "Canada," "Kanuck" and "Quebec," have the same meaning in the Keltic tongue, this being "A mountain height."

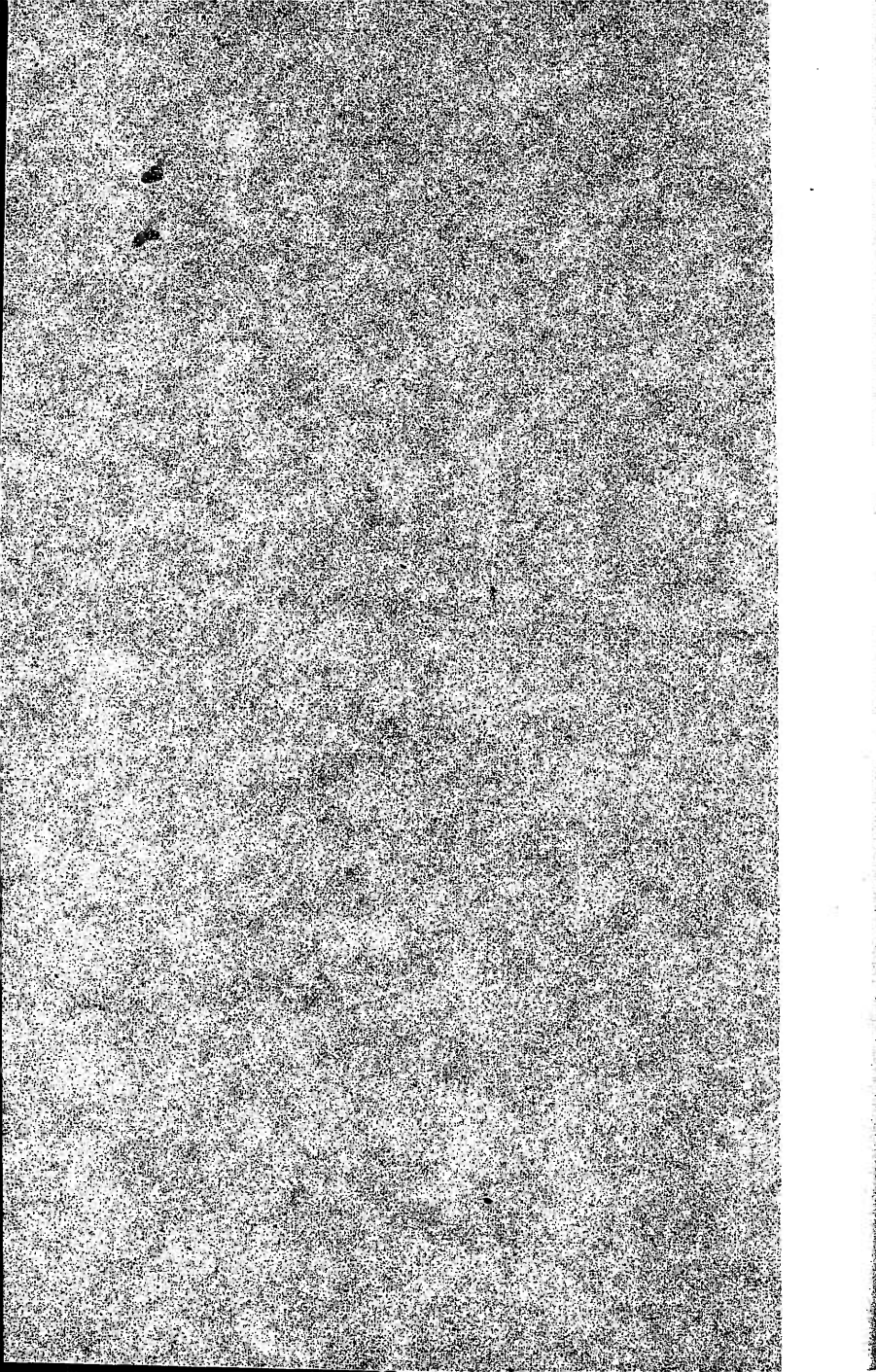
So much as to the discoverers of America and the first to erect the symbol of Christ's crucifixion and death

on the shores of the western hemisphere. Irishmen derive pleasure in knowing that it was from Leyden in South Holland, a city built by Kelts in the earliest ages, that the Pilgrim Fathers found an asylum from persecution and started on their perilous voyage from there over stormy seas, so that they might enjoy soul-liberty in the New World. It is also gratifying to know that John Boyle O'Reilly, a Kelt, composed and delivered the best poem on the Pilgrim Fathers that any poet ever produced. The name Leyden is distinctively Keltic, and that fine old city, with its magnificent institutions of learning, reflects credit on its founders. In fact the oldest inhabitants of Holland of whom anything is known were of Keltic origin. So much may be gathered from remains in caverns and from proper names, such as Nimeguen and Walchere, and from ruins of Druid altars discovered there.



The House in which the first Mass was celebrated in 1828, now known as the "Osborne House," in Union Village.





Catholic Church in the United States.

CHAPTER I.

ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

THE Catholic Church in the United States has made wonderful progress since the time the first Mass was celebrated in Woonsocket in 1828. There was only one Archdiocese, that of Baltimore, which was erected as a Diocese on April 6, 1789, the Archdiocese being established April 8, 1808. Most Rev. John Carroll, D. D., a cousin of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was consecrated first Bishop of Baltimore on Aug. 15, 1790, and was created Archbishop in 1808. He died Dec. 2, 1815.

The other Archbishops of the Archdiocese of Baltimore, after Archbishop Carroll, were respectively as follows: Most Rev. Leonard Neale, consecrated Coadjutor Bishop Dec. 7, 1800; died in 1817; Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, D. D., consecrated Dec. 14, 1817; died in 1828; Most Rev. James Whitfield, D. D., consecrated May 25, 1828; died Oct. 19, 1834; Most Rev. Samuel Eccleston, D. D., consecrated Sept. 14, 1834; died April 22, 1851; Most Rev. Francis Patrick Kendrick, D. D., consecrated as Coadjutor Bishop of Philadelphia June 6, 1830; promoted to the Archdiocese of Baltimore Aug. 19, 1851; died July 8, 1863; Most Rev. Martin John Spaulding, D. D., consecrated Bishop of Louisville Sept. 10, 1848, promoted to the Archdiocese of Baltimore May 3, 1864; died Feb. 7,

1872; Most Rev. James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., consecrated Bishop of Newark Oct. 30, 1853; promoted to the Archdiocese of Baltimore July 30, 1872; died Oct. 3, 1877; His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, consecrated Bishop of Adramyttum Aug. 16, 1868; First Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina; transferred to the see of Richmond, Virginia, in 1872; promoted to the see of Baltimore Oct. 3, 1877; created Cardinal Priest June 7, 1886.

His Excellency, Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, D. D., Archbishop of Ephesus; Prior-General of the Augustinians and Apostolic Delegate for the United States, appointed as such Aug. 7, 1896, is attached to the see of Baltimore as the Pope's Representative in this country.

Together with the Archdiocese of Baltimore there were only five dioceses existing at the time the first services were held in Woonsocket in 1828, these being New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Bardstown and New Orleans. At the present writing there are thirteen Archbishops in the United States; one Cardinal; seventy-seven Bishops; 10,911 priests; 5,946 churches with resident priests; 3,472 missions with churches; making a total of 9,418 churches. The stations and chapels number 5,105; universities, 16; secular seminaries, 25; students attending, 2,002; religious seminaries, 72; students attending, 1,871; colleges for boys, 215; academies for girls, 614; parishes with schools, 3,636; children attending, 819,575; orphan asylums, 248; inmates, 33,100; charitable institutions, 757; total children in Catholic institutions, 959,000; estimated total Catholic population of the United States, based on actual figures furnished by pastors of parishes, 14,000,000, being about one-fifth of the total population of all States and territories.

CHAPTER II.

MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL, D. D., LL. D., FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF
BALTIMORE.

In connection with this history a short biographical sketch of the life of Most Rev. John Carroll, D. D., LL. D., first Bishop and also first Archbishop of Baltimore, must prove of interest to every Catholic, as well as to every Christian who admires that which is self-sacrificing, pure, holy, brave and noble in human nature.

This famous prelate, the third son of Daniel Carroll and Eleanor (Darnall) Carroll, was born in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, on January 8, 1735. His father was a native of Ireland, and belonged to a Catholic family that preferred the loss of property, under the Penal laws, to the abandonment of Faith.

Eleanor Darnall, the mother of the Archbishop, was a native of Maryland, and daughter of wealthy Catholic parents. Educational institutions being few and far between at that time Miss Darnall was, consequently, sent to Paris, where she was educated with much care in a select school, and soon attained eminence for piety, amiability, mental culture and varied accomplishments.

The brutal intolerance of the English Penal code against the education of Catholics even extended to Maryland, being then one of the British colonies, and, therefore, subject to the English laws.

A few Jesuit Fathers at that time existing in Maryland counteracted to a certain extent those abominable laws by establishing a school in a secluded spot on an estate belonging to themselves. The name given to the estate was

Bohemia Manor. This school was designed to prepare Catholic youth for entrance to European colleges. Here John Carroll, when aged 13, and his cousin, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, passed a year as companions in hard and diligent study. The two consins, at the end of that year, crossed the Atlantic and entered the Jesuit College of St. Omer, in French Flanders.

The future Archbishop remained as a student at St. Omer until 1753, when he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, as a follower of St. Ignatius DeLoyola, and two years later was removed to Liege, where he made a course of Philosophy and Theology. In 1759, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he was ordained a priest. In becoming a priest of the Jesuit order he thus voluntarily gave up his patrimony in America to his brother and sisters and instead took up poverty and the Cross as his companions. He filled the chair of Philosophy successively at the Colleges of St. Omer and Liege until 1771, when he became a professed Father of the Society of Jesus.

On July 21, 1773, Father Carroll proceeded to England, where he accepted an appointment as Chaplain to Lord Arundel, and took up his residence at Wardour Castle. The heated controversy between England and her American colonies, going on at that time impelled Father Carroll to return to Maryland, in order that he might render service in the cause of Freedom. He left for home in the summer of 1774, and, on arrival, took up his residence with his mother at Rock Creek. Here, at first in a room in the family dwelling, and subsequently in a little wooden Chapel, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

This little wooden Chapel is still perpetuated, by a neat brick Church which stands on its site, and is reverently known as the Carroll Chapel.

From this ancient home, as a center, he traveled, on

horseback, great distances in the performance of missionary labors at the dwellings of Catholic families, often riding thirty miles to attend a sick call. He paid monthly visits to Stafford, Virginia, a distance of sixty miles from his home, where a small colony of Catholics was located. He continued these arduous labors for eighteen months, when at last open hostilities broke out between England and the thirteen colonies, and he responded to a call of his country for active duty in her service.

Congress appointed Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton as commissioners to proceed to Canada, to negotiate for the assistance of that people, or at least to secure their neutrality in the issues then in progress between England and her colonies, and as Archbishop Hughes was sent by the Government to Europe during the Rebellion on "a mission of peace between France and England on the one side and the United States on the other," so Father Carroll obeyed in a like manner the request of Congress to accompany the commission to Canada, in order that he might explain to the Canadian priests the nature of the principles of the Revolutionary struggle. In this mission he was treated with respect and listened to with polite attention.

The health of Dr. Franklin became so poor that he was obliged to return, leaving Messrs. Charles Carroll and Samuel Chase behind. Father Carroll accompanied Franklin on the return journey, and a friendship sprung up between the priest and statesman which lasted through the whole of the life of each. Franklin, in one of his letters, written on reaching New York, on the return trip, acknowledged Father Carroll's kind ministrations to him in the following sentence :

As for myself, I grow daily more feeble, and I should hardly have got along so far, but for Mr. Carroll's friendly assistance and tender care of me.

Father Carroll resumed his duties as a priest, after his return to Rock Creek, and throughout the long and great struggle of the Revolution showed ardent sympathy in the cause of Independence.

Soon after the close of the war the priests in Maryland and Pennsylvania petitioned the Pope for the appointment of an ecclesiastical superior, to rule over the Church in the United States. The Pope coincided with their views and gave Maryland a provisional ecclesiastical organization, by the appointment of Rev. John Carroll, D. D., LL. D., as Prefect Apostolic. In making the selection Dr. Benjamin Franklin, who was at that time United States Minister to Paris, was consulted, as the following item taken from the diary of that patriot, statesman and philosopher, proves :

1784, July 1st—The Pope's Nuncio called and acquainted me that the Pope had, on my recommendation, appointed Mr. John Carroll Superior of the Catholic clergy in America, with many of the powers of a Bishop, and that, probably, he would be made a bishop "*in partibus*" before the end of the year.

Thus did the Holy Father at the very beginning show his appreciation of the young Republic and acknowledge the constitution and laws of the Government, of the Union of States, as in keeping with the Church.

A circumstance took place in Philadelphia at the close of the Revolutionary war, which is worthy of record here, this being the chanting of a solemn "*Te Deum Laudamus*," in St. Joseph's church in that city, at the request of the Marquis de la Luzerne, the French Ambassador, at which solemn ceremony Gen. Washington, Gen. Lafayette, other generals of the army, members of congress and distinguished citizens were present. This is a further proof of the Catholic Church being, from the very beginning, in perfect accord with the American Republic.

A recent circumstance gives still further proof of respect for Church by the supreme executive of the Govern-

ment and the assurance of the highest representative of the Church in this country that this old Church is in perfect sympathy and accord with the Government in its present policy. This circumstance was when Cardinal Archbishop Gibbons, in full ecclesiastical robes, on October 3, 1899, standing on the steps of the Capitol at Washington, with President McKinley and Admiral Dewey, pronounced the Benediction of the Church to the hundreds of thousands of people assembled there at the Admiral's reception, and then after imparting the Benediction, turning to the greatest hero that ever commanded a fleet since the world began, addressed him as follows :

Admiral, I cannot let this opportunity pass without congratulating you on your magnificent victory which has added renown to the American name throughout the world. I hope you will live many years to enjoy your honors, the fruits of your splendid achievement. Permit me, Admiral, to thank you for your kindness to the Chaplain of the Olympia, Father Reany, who is a priest of my diocese. I hope that the benediction of seventy-seven millions of people will make your remaining years exceedingly happy. I rejoice to be present on this eventful occasion.

The reply of Admiral Dewey to the Cardinal's address was as follows :

I thank you sincerely, your Eminence, for your gracious and complimentary words. I appreciate the honor of having you present on this, the happiest occasion of my life.

Here were the three highest dignitaries in the United States, Cardinal Gibbons, representing the Catholic Church ; President McKinley, the chief executive of the entire States and Territories, and Admiral Dewey, representing the entire Navy. It was a glorious sight and most glorious occasion.

The name of Very Rev. John Carroll, Prefect Apostolic of the Church in the United States, was selected for that of Bishop of Baltimore by the priests of Maryland, Pennsylvania and elsewhere early in 1790, which selection

met with the sanction of the Pope, who forwarded approval of his selection, and ordered his consecration. The new responsibilities he accepted with fear and trembling, as the following extract from a letter written to a friend in England, after his election by the priests, will show :

I am so stunned with the issue of this business that I truly hate the hearing of the mention of it, and, therefore, will say only that since my brethren—whom in this case I consider the interpreters of the Divine Will—say I must obey, I will do it; but by obeying shall sacrifice henceforward every moment of peace and satisfaction.

When he received his appointment from Pope Pius VI, as Bishop, he was obliged to proceed to England for consecration, on account of there being no bishop here to act as consecrator. The solemn ceremony took place in the Chapel in Lulworth Castle, the lordly residence of the pious Thomas Weld, on Sunday, Aug. 15, 1790, being the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. The consecrator was Right Rev. Bishop Walmsley, the then senior Bishop of England. This first Bishop of Baltimore arrived home late in the fall of 1790, and was joyfully welcomed. His Diocese included the whole of the United States. His own estimate of the Catholic population in the United States at that time was 30,000, or one in every 100 of the white population. The first national census, taken that year, placed the total white population at 3,200,000. The total number of Catholics in Maryland was estimated at 16,000; the total in Pennsylvania at 7,000; the total in Detroit and Vincennes 3,000; the total in Illinois 2,500 and in all other States the number was estimated at 1,500, making 30,000 in all. There were then about 35 priests in the whole of the original thirteen States, which, with Maine, then acknowledged as a portion of Massachusetts, would make a total of 377,134 square miles of territory, being in the proportion of 10,775 square-miles for each priest.

Bishop Carroll, while yet Prefect Apostolic, laid the foundation of Georgetown College. In November, 1791, he convened the first Synod in Baltimore. About that time he paid his first episcopal visit to New England and was shown great civility in Boston. Between 1791 and 1799 twenty-three French priests arrived in the United States, among them being Rev. John Lefebvre de Cheverns, afterwards consecrated first Bishop of Boston. Bishop Carroll accepted these priests, as soldiers in the little army organized for the propagation of the Religion established by Christ, and with his augmented forces looked over the field, with Baltimore as a centre, and attempted to attend to the spiritual needs of the faithful, from Maine in the North, to Georgia in the South, and as far west as Michigan.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the tide of immigration set in and as a proof of the strides the Catholic Church was making, the number of Catholics in New York increased from 100 in 1800 to 14,000 in 1807.

The Pope raised Baltimore to the dignity of an Archdiocese in 1808, with four suffragan bishoprics, these being New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Bardstown, Kentucky. Bishop Carroll was appointed Archbishop on April 8, 1808, with the title of Most Rev. John Carroll, D. D., LL. D., Archbishop of Baltimore.

Right Rev. John Lefebvre de Cheverus was consecrated first Bishop of Boston April 8, 1808; Right Rev. Michael Egan, O. S. F., first Bishop of Philadelphia; Right Rev. Benedict Flaget, first Bishop of Bardstown; Right Rev. Luke Conanen, O. S. D., first Bishop of New York. The last named was consecrated at Rome, but died at Naples on the eve of his departure for his diocese. The other three Bishops were consecrated by Archbishop Carroll.

Of the five first Bishops one was an American, two French and two Irish.

At the time of the consecration of these Bishops there were about seventy-five priests and eighty churches in the United States, and a Catholic population numbering about 150,000.

At the ripe old age of almost 81 years, the venerated and venerable first Bishop, as well as first Archbishop, of Baltimore, the father and founder of the American Church, died on December 3, 1815, after serving God in Holy Orders fifty-six years, twenty-five of which he was a Bishop.

His life was one of arduous and incessant toil and his death as peaceful as an infant's sleep. His soul ascended from its prison-house of earth to a blessed, eternal reward of Peace, Happiness and Glory in Heaven.

Archdiocese of Boston.

CHAPTER III.

THE diocese of Boston, of which Woonsocket became a mission in 1828, was erected as a see on April 8, 1808, by Pope Pius VII, Vicar of Jesus Christ, and two hundred and fifty-sixth in the direct line of pontiffs in succession from St. Peter.

Right Rev. John Lefebvre de Cheverus D. D., LL. D., the first Bishop of the new diocese, was born at Mayenne, France, on Jan. 28, 1768, and ordained a priest on Dec. 18, 1790. During the revolution, having refused to subscribe to the oath of the Civil Constitution, he was imprisoned; escaped September 11, 1792, and made his way to England, where he created a parish by consent of the Archbishop of London, and built a church of which he remained pastor until 1795, when in response to a letter from Rev. Francis Anthony Matignon, D. D., he concluded to come to Boston. He sailed the following year and arrived at Boston on October 3, 1796. He was consecrated by Archbishop Carroll first Bishop of Boston Nov. 1, 1810. In 1823, after twenty-seven years of incessant labor, during which he won the esteem, confidence and respect of all classes, he returned to France, in response to a peremptory command, and was made Bishop of Montauban. From there he was transferred to Bordeaux, of which he was created Archbishop, and was honored with a Cardinal's hat. He died July 19, 1836, at the age of 68.

Right Rev. Benedict J. Fenwick, who sent the first missionary priest to Woonsocket, was second Bishop of Boston, and was consecrated as such on Nov. 1, 1825. That right reverend gentleman died Aug. 11, 1846.

Right Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, the third Bishop of Boston, was consecrated on March 24, 1844, as Co-adjutor Bishop of Boston and titular Bishop of Gallipoli. He assumed the full title of Bishop of Boston on the death of Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick in 1846. He died Feb. 13, 1866.

Most Rev. John Joseph Williams, D. D., fourth Bishop and present Archbishop of Boston, was consecrated on March 11, 1866, and was created the first Archbishop of Boston on Feb. 12, 1875. This Archdiocese comprises the counties of Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk and Plymouth in the State of Massachusetts, with the exceptions of the towns of Mattapoisett, Marion and Wareham. The area of the archdiocese is 2,465 square miles.

The diocese of Boston, in 1830, and for many years afterward, included the whole of New England, and in that vast territory of 64,200 square miles there were in those early days only seventeen small churches. There are now the Archdiocese of Boston and the dioceses of Hartford, Burlington, Manchester, Portland, Springfield and Providence. The seventeen small churches of 1830 have increased—including six Cathedrals—to 867, which are attended by 1,320 priests. There are also one Archbishop and eight Bishops.

The names and titles of the Bishops of New England are as follows: Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., created first Archbishop of Boston, Feb. 12, 1875; Right Rev. John Brady, D. D., auxiliary Bishop of Boston and titular Bishop of Alabanda; Right Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, D. D., first Bishop of Burlington, consecrated October 30, 1853; Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Burlington, titular Bishop of Modra, consecrated June 29, 1892; Right Rev. Michael Tierney, D. D., consecrated sixth Bishop of Hartford, Feb. 22, 1894; Right

Rev. Dennis M. Bradley, D. D., consecrated first Bishop of Manchester, June 11, 1884; Right Rev. James Augustine Healy, D. D., consecrated second Bishop of Portland, June 2, 1875; Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., consecrated second Bishop of Providence, April 14, 1887; Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., consecrated second Bishop of Springfield, October 8, 1892.

Recapitulation: The establishment of sees in New England—exclusive of the Archdiocese of Boston and dioceses of Providence and Hartford—together with names of Bishops and extent of territory, is as follows: Burlington, established 1853, comprises the State of Vermont, the extent in square miles being 9,135, Right Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, D. D., first Bishop, Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop; Manchester, established 1884, comprises the State of New Hampshire, the extent of territory being 9,305 square miles, Right Rev. Dennis Bradley, D. D., first and present Bishop; Portland, established in 1855, comprises the State of Maine, extent of territory, 29,895 square miles, Right Rev. David W. Bacon, D. D., first Bishop, consecrated April 22, 1855, died Nov. 4, 1874, Right Rev. James Augustine Healy, D. D., second and present Bishop, consecrated June 2, 1875; Springfield, established 1870, comprises the counties of Berkshire, Franklin, Hampshire, Hampden and Worcester, in the State of Massachusetts, the extent of territory being 4,378 square miles, Right Rev. Patrick Thomas O'Reilly, D. D., first Bishop, consecrated Sept. 25, 1870, died May 28, 1892, Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, D. D., second and present Bishop, consecrated October 18, 1882.

[Since the above statement was written concerning the establishment of dioceses throughout New England of which Boston was the first, a first Bishop of one of the

dioceses, namely, Right Rev. Louis De Goesbriand of Burlington, Vt., died. He was not only one of the first Bishops appointed to a newly created see in New England, but also one of the oldest ecclesiastical pioneers of the Church in America, being at his death, on November 3, 1899, at the age of 83, the oldest Bishop in the United States, having been consecrated in 1853, after being a priest for thirteen years. For several years he had been in failing health and in 1892, at his urgent request, Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud, D. D., was appointed Coadjutor Bishop to him. This Right Rev. Bishop succeeded him as Bishop of Burlington.

Right Rev. Bishop De Goesbriand died from the infirmities of old age. His first great missionary work was performed on the western frontier of Ohio, in building up and extending the Faith where financial aid was scarce and arduous work incessant. His great life-labor is attested in its fullest fruition in the churches, schools, convents and other educational as well as charitable institutions which enrich the diocese.]

Bishop De Goesbriand was born in St. Urbain in the diocese of Quimper, in the Catholic province of Brittany, France, on August 4, 1816. After pursuing a classical course at Quimper and Pont Croix-Finistere, he entered the seminary at Quimper, and there and at St. Sulpice, Paris, went through a thorough theological course. He was ordained to the priesthood in Paris, July 13, 1840, by Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, Bishop of St. Louis, and devoting himself to the American mission came to the diocese of Cincinnati, where he exercised the ministry from September, 1840, to October, 1847, chiefly as pastor of St. Louis' Church, near Canton, O., and St. Genevieve's in Holmes county, and at Toledo, whence he attended Manhattan, Providence, Napoleon and Decatur.

On the erection of the diocese of Cleveland, Bishop Rappe made Rev. Father De Goesbriand his Vicar-General and rector of his Cathedral, which positions he discharged zealously until 1853, when he was consecrated bishop in New York by Cardinal Bedini. He was immediately made Bishop of the newly erected see of Burlington, Vermont. Catholicity had made slow progress in that State, although a French fort and chapel were built on Isle La Motte as early as 1666. Rev. Francis Anthony Maignon visited the Vermont Catholics in 1815, followed by Rev. Fathers Napoleon Mignault, Paul McQuade, James Fitton and Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick.

About 1830, for the first time, the Catholics in Vermont had a resident pastor, Rev. Jeremiah O'Callahan. Their numbers increased in spite of opposition, and converts began to come into the Church. When Bishop De Goesbriand took possession of his see on Nov. 6, 1853, there were in the whole State only eight churches and five priests, but not a school nor an institution of any kind.

With his experience in the west, Bishop De Goesbriand began the work of building up a diocese with all the zeal of a chivalric French priest of early times. He appealed to France for priests, and from that country and elsewhere gradually gathered a set of devoted clergymen. Very soon after he assumed the administration he introduced Sisters of Providence, who opened a day school, took charge of orphans and visited the sick.

Bishop De Goesbriand was already making progress to meet the wants of the 25,000 Catholics in his diocese. By 1860, though the number of the faithful had not increased rapidly, there were twenty-nine churches and thirteen priests. The next decade showed an increase of Catholic population to 34,000, with thirty-eight churches and twenty-eight priests. The Sisters of Providence extended their

houses to Winooski and there were Catholic schools at Burlington, Rutland and Winooski. Burlington had a fine Gothic Cathedral built of stone quarried at Isle La Motte, the cradle of Catholicity in Vermont. In the next fifteen years the population had increased steadily, the Catholic baptisms in 1883 being 2,037 out of 7,350 births in the State. In that year the churches had nearly doubled, numbering seventy-one in 1884, with thirty-seven priests and fifteen parochial schools with 2,846 pupils. The Sisters of Providence were aided by the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of St. Joseph and Sisters of the Congregation of Our Lady.

On July 17, 1890, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, was celebrated in Rutland. At that time prominent people of all faiths gathered to do honor to the man who had by his sacrifices and loving disposition built up the Church in Vermont and won the sympathy, respect and love of all who came in contact with him. At that time he received a message from the Pope at Rome, blessing the ceremonies, and from others he received large and valuable gifts.

In 1858 Bishop De Goesbriand was in attendance at the session of the Vatican Council in Rome when a number of important questions in the Catholic faith came under consideration. His next visit to the Pope was made in June, 1893, when he had a conference with Pope Leo XIII and was honored in a manner that has never fallen to any other Bishop in America. He was on his way to Jerusalem and while in audience with the Pope was promised one of the links of the true chain of St. Peter, which is one of the most sacred of all the possessions of the Pope. Upon his return from Jerusalem the link was presented him and by him brought to Burlington, where it is now kept a sacred possession.

St. Peter's Chains, the feast of which is celebrated

August 1, were those by which the Prince of the Apostles was fastened to the ground in a dungeon, by order of Herod Agrippa at Jerusalem in the year A. D. 44. The chains were by a miracle removed and the saint made his escape.

Very soon after Bishop De Goesbriand assumed the administration of the diocese he purchased the old Pearl street house and founded there an Orphan Asylum, which has since merged into the present magnificent edifice known as St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum on North avenue, where several hundred orphans are supported by charity, and where for many months he has made his home, surrounded by loving Sisters, who ministered to his every want and who knelt beside his bed as his soul went out to meet his Maker.

His funeral took place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Rutland, on Tuesday, Nov. 7, and was attended by about 5,000 people, only about one-half of whom could gain admission to the edifice. Right Rev. John Stephen Michaud was the celebrant of a Pontifical High Mass of requiem and Right Rev. Dennis M. Bradley of the diocese of Manchester, New Hampshire, preached the sermon.

Right Rev. Joseph Rosati, who ordained Right Rev. Bishop De Goesbriand to the priesthood in Paris on July 13, 1840, and who assisted at the dedication of the first Catholic Church in Rhode Island, namely, St. Mary's at Pawtucket, in 1829, was born at Sora, Italy, January 30, 1789. He joined the Order of Lazarist Fathers early in life and studied philosophy and theology in the seminary of the Order at Monte Citorio, Rome. By invitation of Right Rev. William Louis Dubourg of the diocese of New Orleans, he came to the United States, landing in Baltimore July 23, 1816. About the first work done by him after arrival was the establishment, in 1817, of a house of the Lazarist Order at Barrens, Perry county, Missouri. All

the work on the building was done by Lazarist Fathers with their own hands. This institution was ready to receive pupils in 1819. In 1820 Father Rosati was made Superior of the Lazarist Order in the United States. In 1823 he built the seminary on a larger scale. In 1824 he was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop to Right Rev. Bishop Dubourg of New Orleans. In 1827 he was appointed Bishop of St. Louis and was for a time administrator of the diocese of New Orleans. He attended the first four Provincial Councils of Baltimore. He left for Europe in 1840 and on his arrival in Rome was appointed Apostolic Delegate of Hayti. On returning from that island to Paris he fell sick and by advice of his physicians he went to Rome, where he died September 15, 1843.

Right Rev. William Louis Dubourg, through whose invitation Bishop Rosati came to the United States, was born in Cape Francois, Santa Domingo, in 1766, and died at Besancon, France, in 1833. He was the founder of the Sisters of Charity in America. He was consecrated Bishop of New Orleans during a visit to Rome in 1815.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY STRUGGLES OF THE CHURCH IN NEW ENGLAND—FIRST CHURCH—FIRST SERVICE—FIRST PRIESTS IN BOSTON—REV. JOHN THAYER, THE BOSTON CONVERT—FIRST EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION FOR LADIES—FOUNDING OF THE URSULINE CONVENT AND ITS DESTRUCTION—FIRST LADY EDUCATORS—FIRST NEW ENGLAND NUN—EARLY CONVERTS.

THE early struggles of the faithful in the diocese of Boston present many heroic sacrifices and is full of interest from the beginning up to and including the present time. As to who celebrated the first Mass in Boston is a matter of speculation.

The first resident priest claimed for himself the following high-sounding title: Rev. Claudins Florent Bonchard de la Poterie, D. D., Prothonotary of the Holy Church and of the Holy See of Rome, Apostolic Vice-Prefect and Missionary Curate of the Catholic Church of the Holy Cross at Boston in North America. The name he gave the first Church is still perpetuated in the Boston Cathedral.

This reverend gentleman was born in France and is supposed to have arrived in Boston in 1788, landing from one of the ships of the fleet commanded by the Marquis de Joinville, which visited Boston harbor in August of that year. He was appointed pastor at Boston by Right Rev. Bishop Carroll at Christmas in 1788, Bishop Carroll being at the time Prefect Apostolic of the Church in America. The use of the old French Protestant Chapel on School street, in which the Huguenots worshipped, had already been secured by the small congregation. The lot on which the Chapel stood was bought by the Huguenots in 1705, who erected a small brick edifice upon it. The small congregation worshipping there became almost extinct in 1748 and in that year the Eleventh Congregational Society obtained possession. This congregation was dissolved in 1785. Before the Catholics obtained possession of this chapel in 1788 services were held in the home of a Mr. Baury, located in what is known as the West End district.

Through the influence of the French Consul at Boston altar service and vestments were procured for Rev. Father de la Poterie from Archbishop Juigneux of Paris, who made the service and vestments a gift to the small struggling congregation. This silver service and vestments are still intact and are religiously preserved at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross in Boston, where is also preserved a portrait of the Archbishop Juigneux, which accompanied his gift. Rev. Father Poterie, on account of getting into trouble in Bos-

ton, an account of which was furnished Right Rev. Bishop Carroll at Baltimore, he left for Quebec on July 8, 1789. He was succeeded by Rev. Louis Rousselet, who remained in charge of the little congregation until the arrival from Europe of Rev. John Thayer, a native of Boston and a convert.

This typical New Englander was a highly educated Congregational minister and as such was chaplain to the patriot and statesman, Gov. John Hancock, the first to sign the Declaration of Independence and in 1780 elected the first Governor of Massachusetts under the Constitution which he assisted in framing.

Rev. John Thayer, the native convert priest, after the close of the Revolution, when aged 26, crossed the Atlantic and traveled through Europe, visiting France, England and Italy. Becoming very much impressed with the solemn grandeur and inspiring sanctity of religious ceremonies, as carried on in Catholic countries, he determined to enter the Church and put his resolution in practice by being baptized at the shrine of Benedict Joseph Labre in Rome on May 25, 1783. Returning to Paris he entered the College of St. Sulpice, where he studied theology and where he was ordained a priest in 1787. He then went to England and assisted as a priest for two years at a church in Southwark, a borough assimilated with the city of London. He left there in the latter part of 1789 and arrived in Boston in January, 1790. On the Sunday after his arrival he held service in the Chapel of the Holy Cross on School street, which he subsequently leased for a period of ten years.

He returned to England in 1803, and went from there to Limerick, Ireland, where he died in 1815, at the home of Mr. James Ryan, at the age of 60 years. He was tenderly cared for during his illness and was so impressed with the religious devotion of the family that he requested

two daughters of his kind host, Misses Mary and Catherine Ryan, to cross the Atlantic to Boston and found an institution there for the higher education of young ladies. These ladies promised to do so and fulfilled their promise. He furnished them with a letter of introduction to Rev. Francis Anthony Matignon, D. D., a priest who was obliged to fly from France to England during the Revolution and who came from England to Baltimore, where he remained two months and then came to Boston, arriving there August 20, 1792. He also furnished these ladies with a sum of money, amounting to \$10,000, which he had steadily accumulated with the object in view of establishing such an institution as he requested these ladies to found. These two ladies were pupils at the Ursuline Convent at Thurles, County Tipperary, and determined to establish a similar institution in Boston. They arrived in America in 1817, and an academy was opened by them in 1820. In a few months afterwards they were joined by two other ladies from Ireland, also named Ryan, who took the vows of their Order on the festival of St. Ursula, Oct. 21, 1820.

These Irish ladies were the founders of the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown which was ruthlessly destroyed by a bigoted and lawless mob on the night of August 11, 1834. These wild and murderous human fiends imitated the savage, barbarous and murderous Huns, who in 453 destroyed, plundered and robbed the house founded by St. Ursula on the banks of the Rhine, near Cologne. The saint, who is regarded as the patroness of young people and the model of teachers, was murdered and all her companions shared the same fate.

In contrast with the Charlestown outrage many Americans became devout Catholic converts, and deplored and condemned the action of the mob. Among the early converts was Miss Fanny Allen, daughter of Ethan Allen, who

in 1807, at the age of 21, was baptized in the Faith. This lady entered a house of a religious order at Quebec, where she subsequently took the vows of the order and is known historically as the first New England nun.

This Ethan Allen, the father of this first New England nun, was a famous soldier of Revolutionary fame. He was born in Litchfield, Connecticut, on January 10, 1737, and died at Bennington, Vermont, on February 18, 1789. He was Colonel of the famous regiment known as "The Green Mountain Boys," and with this regiment he captured Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In doing so he called upon the British forces to surrender "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," a saying which has become historically famous.

DIOCESE OF PROVIDENCE.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN RHODE ISLAND—VISIT OF THE
FRENCH UNDER ROCHAMBEAU DURING THE REVOLUTION—
PRESENT CONDITION OF THE DIOCESE—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF BISHOPS.

IN order to form a conception of the great labors self-sacrificing priests were called upon through religious zeal to perform in the early days of the Church in Rhode Island, I submit the following facts, furnished me twenty-one years ago by Rev. James Fitton :

As early as 1813 a small colony of Catholics at Providence, who were attended by Rev. Francis Anthony Matignon, D. D., and Right Rev. Bishop Cheverus, from Boston, heard Mass in a small wooden building, then standing on the north side of Sheldon street, about one hundred feet east of Benefit street. This building, which had been used for school purposes, was blown down in the great gale of 1815.

The names of the principal members, or those who then had families, as we learn from the record of children baptized as found on the baptismal register of the Church at Boston, were Francis McGill, Charles Delahanty, Luke Higgins, William Jordan, William Rumford and John Condon.

The gale referred to in the quoted language of Rev. Father Fitton occurred on Sept. 23, 1815. At that time Providence contained only 12,000 inhabitants. The storm commenced on Sept. 22, the wind blowing pretty fresh from the northeast, but on the morning of Sept. 23 it veered round to the southeast, the air becoming uncomfortably hot. The gale increased in such fury that the water in Providence river was driven in, rising about eleven feet above the usual height. Between thirty and forty sail, including four ships,

nine brigs, seven schooners and fifteen sloops, were driven ashore.

In 1828 Rev. Father Woodley, the priest who celebrated the first Mass in Woonsocket, was commissioned by Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick of Boston to look after the immediate spiritual wants of the Catholics of Rhode Island and Connecticut. Just think of the duties that one priest was called upon to perform, with these two States as a parish, the aggregate of square miles being 5,930. Father Woodley, in his missionary work at that time, baptized eighty-two, including children and adults, at Providence, eleven at Pawtucket, three at Woonsocket, sixty-eight at Newport, twenty-five at Hartford, two at New Haven and two at New London.

Knowing the need of spiritual consolation and encouragement for the faithful Catholics of Rhode Island and of the more frequent service of priests in Providence, Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, D. D., of Boston, visited that then town Sunday, April 14, 1828, and celebrated Mass and preached a sermon in Mechanics Hall. He also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to five persons. On the day following he visited Mr. David Wilkinson, brother-in-law of Samuel Slater of cotton manufacturing fame, at Pawtucket and assured him of his profound esteem, because of presenting the Catholics of that place with sufficient land on which to build a church. The size of the lot presented was 125 by 125 feet, making an aggregate of 15,625 square feet. On this lot was built St. Mary's Church. This edifice, which was the first Catholic Church erected in Rhode Island, was completed the following year—the year 1829—memorable because of its being the year the Act of Emancipation was passed by the British Parliament, an act which restored rights to Irish Catholics, denied them by the English Penal laws. It was the year, too, in which Daniel

O'Connell took his seat in the British House of Commons as member for Clare, being the first Irish Catholic admitted to Parliament under the act. The first Mass celebrated in that first completed church in Rhode Island was by Father Woodley, the celebrant of the first Mass in Woonsocket. The church was dedicated by Right Rev. Benedict Fenwick, when on his way home to Boston from the first Provincial Council at Baltimore, and who was assisted by Right Rev. Joseph Rosati of St. Louis and Rev. Fathers Blanc and Jeanjean.

Providence, during those struggling years of Catholicism, was receiving priestly attendance from Rev. John Corry, a young and at that time recently ordained priest, who succeeded Rev. Father Woodley in the Providence mission on November 30, 1830. Father Corry's administrations extended from Providence to Taunton, Newport and Pawtucket. In 1833 he was relieved from spiritual duty in Providence and Pawtucket by the appointment of Rev. Father Connolly to take charge of these missions.

Rev. Father Connolly continued his priestly functions at Providence and Pawtucket until 1834, when Rev. Fathers Lee and McNamee were appointed by Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick to attend to the spiritual wants of the faithful, not only in Providence and Pawtucket, but also in other portions of the State including Woonsocket.

On February 15, 1832, a site on which to erect a Church in Providence was purchased in that city for the sum of \$1,500, but for the want of funds the building of a Church on the purchased site was not begun until three years afterward. The Catholic people were during that period allowed, through the liberality of their Protestant fellow-citizens, the use of the Town Hall in which to hold Sunday services.

In that hall in 1836 Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick celebrated Mass and preached a sermon to a congregation num-

bering one thousand people, the majority of whom had come from neighboring places to see and hear him. The theme of his sermon was one of encouragement to the people to go forward with the erection of a Church, the foundation of which had been previously laid by Rev. Father Lee. Work on the building of this first Church in Providence had so far progressed that Mass was celebrated there on the second Sunday of Advent in 1837.

On November 4, 1838, the feast of St. Charles Borromeo, this Church was solemnly dedicated to God, under the title of S.S. Peter and Paul. The size of the edifice was eighty by forty feet. The Catholic census taken the following year showed the total number to be 1,096.

This first Church erected in Providence was subsequently raised to the dignity of a Cathedral. It stood on the site of the present splendid edifice.

Catholic services were held, however, on the soil of Rhode Island, as well as in other places throughout the country, long before the first Bishop was consecrated and the first diocese established in the United States. French Chaplains accompanied the French Allies to this country in 1780 and several of these Chaplains, attached to the regiments of General Rochambeau's army, during the operations in Rhode Island celebrated Mass at Providence, Newport and elsewhere. The most impressive requiem service held at that time was at the obsequies of Admiral De Ternay, who died at the home of Colonel Joseph Wanton on Washington street, Newport, on December 15, 1780. Interment of the remains took place in Trinity Church yard, Newport, on the day following his death, namely, December 16. A historian of this particular event states that the long funeral procession, preceded by priests chanting the burial service, presented the most imposing funeral scene ever witnessed in that town. The remains were borne to

the grave by sailors and committed to their resting place amid the firing of minute guns and the solemn strains of music.

There were twelve priests in the procession, each of whom bore a lighted torch. A solemn High Mass of requiem was sung on the morning of the day of the Admiral's funeral. The location of the grave is in the northeast corner of the Church yard. A monument placed over the grave was removed and placed in the western vestibule of Trinity Church.

In 1872 the late Hon. Henry B. Anthony, Senator from Rhode Island, introduced a bill in Congress asking for an appropriation of \$800 to repair the grave, which was then in a delapsd condition. This bill was unanimously passed. A granite slab six feet square, with beveled edges and fifteen inches in thickness, was placed over the grave. The slab is suitably inscribed. The grave was visited by members of the American-Irish Historical Society during a convention of the Society held in Newport a few years since.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF PROVIDENCE DIOCESE.

Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken was consecrated first Bishop of Providence Diocese on Sunday, April 28, 1872, on which occasion the consecration sermon was preached by Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke.

Bishop Hendricken died June 11, 1886. His remains were laid to rest in a crypt in the completed Cathedral, an edifice of which he laid the corner-stone and lived to see finished as a lasting and beautiful monument to his zeal.

Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, a former pastor of St. James' Church, Boston, was consecrated second Bishop of Providence Diocese on April 14, 1887. During the interim

between the death of Bishop Hendricken and the consecration of Right Rev. Bishop Harkins, Very Rev. M. McCabe, permanent rector of St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket, who had been Vicar General of the diocese for several years, exercised full jurisdiction, by right of authority, over the whole diocese.

The territory now comprising the diocese of Providence, which had but one Church and a small, widely scattered Catholic population when the first Mass was celebrated in Woonsocket seventy-one years ago, is now rich in churches and Catholic institutions and is blessed with a large population of pious and exemplary adherents to the Church of Christ.

The following facts concerning this progressive diocese show the splendid growth of the Church in her onward spiritual march, under the triumphant banner of the Cross—the “*In Hoc Signo Vinces*” of Christ's Kingdom upon earth:

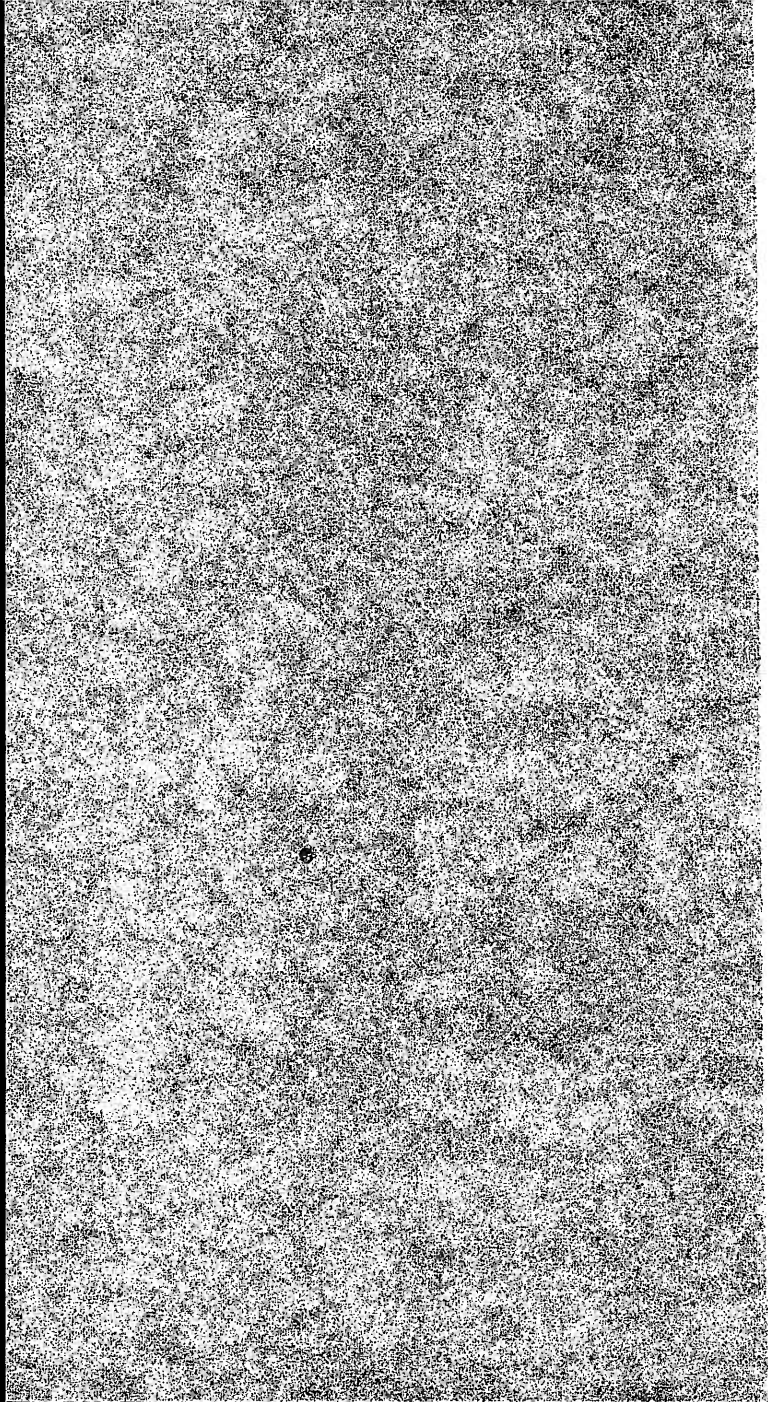
There are now one bishop and 170 priests in the diocese. There are also eighty churches, with resident priests; sixteen missions, with churches; sixteen stations; twenty-eight chapels, two academies for boys, attended by 500 pupils; eight academies for young ladies, attended by 600 pupils; forty parochial schools, attended by an aggregate of 20,000 pupils; four orphan asylums, in which there is a total of 800 orphans; one infant asylum, with 120 inmates; one hospital (St. Joseph's), where 100 patients are cared for; three homes for aged poor, in which there is an aggregate of 300 inmates; one home for working girls, with eighty-five inmates; a total of 20,000 young people under Catholic care and a Catholic population of 250,000.

Two years before the death of Right Rev. Bishop McFarland the diocese of Hartford—which up to that time included the State of Rhode Island, as well as Connecticut—





RIGHT REV. THOMAS F. HENDRICKEN,
First Bishop of Providence Diocese.



was limited to the boundary of the last named State and the diocese of Providence erected, this being in 1872. The new diocese includes the whole State of Rhode Island and Fall River, New Bedford, Taunton, the Attleboros, Mansfield, North Easton, Dodgeville, Provincetown, Sandwich, Somerset and Wood's Holl in Massachusetts, making a total of 2,279 square miles, being 1,194 in Massachusetts and 1,085 in Rhode Island.

CHAPTER VII.

RIGHT REV. THOMAS FRANCIS HENDRICKEN, THE FIRST BISHOP
OF PROVIDENCE DIOCESE.

Right Rev. Thomas Francis Hendricken, D. D., the first Bishop of Providence Diocese, was born in the city of Kilkenny, Ireland, May 5, 1827. He was educated at St. Kyran's College, Kilkenny, from which institution he graduated; he entered Maynooth College, where he studied theology and philosophy. He was ordained a priest in 1853 by Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., the second Bishop of Hartford, who was at that time on a visit to Ireland. At the request of Bishop O'Reilly he came to the United States and on arrival in Providence in 1854 was appointed pastor of St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket, a position he held for one week, after which he was appointed pastor of a parish at Winsted, Connecticut. In 1855 he was appointed pastor of a church in Waterbury, where he remained seventeen years. In 1868 he received the degree of D. D. from Pope Pius IX. On April 28, 1872, he was consecrated first Bishop of Providence Diocese by Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland. He died in the Episcopal residence, Providence, June 11, 1886.

During his twenty-four years of administration as priest and bishop he purchased, built and paid for church

property aggregating over \$1,000,000 in values. A proof of his religious zeal and unflinching courage was illustrated on his voyage across the Atlantic after ordination: There was a great deal of sickness on board of a contagious nature and a part of the ship was set off for those stricken with the disease. Orders were given by the captain for no passenger to visit this section. As there were Catholics among the sufferers Father Hendricken disobeyed the orders by assisting the patients in every way in his power and by administering spiritual consolation to the dying. The captain became enraged at this and ordered the young priest pinioned and thrown overboard. His life was saved by the interference of all the other passengers.

CHAPTER VIII.

RIGHT REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, D. D., THE SECOND BISHOP OF PROVIDENCE DIOCESE.

Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, the second Bishop of Providence Diocese, was born in Boston, November 17, 1845. After studying in the public schools of that city he entered the Boston Latin School, from which he graduated in 1862, winning the Franklin medal. After graduation he studied in Holy Cross College, Worcester, for one year and then crossed the Atlantic to France, where he entered the famous college established by Cardinal Allen at Douay for the education of English speaking Catholic priests. In that college and in the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, he studied theology. After an aggregate of six years of study in these two institutions he was ordained a priest and then visited Rome. On returning to the diocese of Boston he was appointed assistant pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church at Salem. In 1876 he was appointed pastor of St. Malachi's Church at Arlington, where he remained

eight years and was then transferred to St. James' Church, Boston. He was nominated Bishop to the See of Providence in 1887, to succeed the late Right Rev. Thomas Francis Hendricken, D. D., and was consecrated in the new Cathedral in Providence on April 14, 1887, by Archbishop John J. Williams, D. D., of Boston, assisted by Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, D. D., of Springfield and Right Rev. Lawrence McMahon, D. D., of Hartford. Right Rev. James A. Healy, D. D., of Portland, preached the sermon. Bishop Harkins, during his administration as a priest in the Archdiocese of Boston, was selected by Archbishop Williams as his theologian at the Plenary Council at Baltimore and was one of the notaries of that Council.

CHAPTER IX.

CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEIO—HISTORY OF THIS CHURCH FROM THE FIRST MASS, CELEBRATED IN 1828, DOWN TO THE PRESENT YEAR—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF PASTORS.

In the year of our Lord 1824, now seventy-six years ago, an obscure, tall, young and athletic Irishman named Michael Reddy landed, after a long and wearisome ocean voyage, at Boston. This young man was fresh from the influence of an Irish Catholic home, and was most thoroughly imbued with the religious teachings of that Church of which Christ was the founder and is the invisible head, and of which the Pope of Rome is the visible head and earthly high priest.

The young immigrant was taught at his mother's knee that his soul's salvation depended on the devout hearing of Mass on Sundays and holy days, and also on the confession of sins, and on frequently receiving the Blessed Sacrament. This young man found employment for a short period in the city where he landed, but becoming dissatisfied with his

surroundings determined to seek his fortune elsewhere. As there was no railroad accommodation, and being strong of limb and resolute in mind, he took to the highway and walked from Boston to Woonsocket, and from Woonsocket to Providence.

He secured work in Providence, which was at that time a town of less than 15,000 inhabitants. In 1825, being the year after his arrival in this country, he entered the employment of Gen. Edward Carrington on the construction of the Blackstone canal from Providence to Worcester, work on which was entered upon that year, beginning at the old "Shingle bridge" in Providence. The work of building the canal was completed from Providence to Woonsocket in 1826, and here young Reddy, with a few other Irishmen who worked with him, determined to establish a home. A few others of the race and faith were found boarding with another Irishman named Patrick Mullen, on what was then known, and is still known, as "the island," being that portion of land which runs from South Main street to the Blackstone river, and on which the new part of the old rubber works and the building formerly owned by William H. Baxter, and now owned by Seth S. Getchell, are located.

The procuring of the services of a priest to administer to their spiritual wants was one of the first subjects discussed by those few faithful Catholics. Mr. Reddy heard of a southern priest, named Rev. Robert D. Woodley, D. D., visiting Providence, and sought him out and invited him to Woonsocket, an invitation which the reverend gentleman accepted. Notwithstanding the strong prejudice which then existed against Catholicism, and particularly against Irishmen of that faith, Walter Allen, a liberal-minded American of the Quaker, or Society of Friends' faith, gave the use of a room in his home at Union Village, which was then the greater Woonsocket, in which to celebrate Mass. Here,

on a date in 1828, which cannot now be correctly determined, Father Woodley celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar.

The stately mansion in that beautiful village which to me has always a Sabbath-like appearance, is still standing, and is occupied by Misses Sarah and Esther Osborne, grandchildren of Walter Allen. John Osborne, the father of these ladies, married Elizabeth Allen, daughter of Walter Allen. A half-tone picture of the residence, as it now appears, is given in the beginning of this history.

This historic home was built by George A. Mowry about the year 1824, four years prior to the celebration of Mass in it. After completing the building Mr. Mowry emigrated to Stauben county, N. Y. The white pine trees which adorn the grounds around the residence were planted in 1845. Mr. William A. Mowry, now of Hyde Park, Mass., and then of Union Village, assisted in planting these trees.

Walter Allen, through whose liberal and unprejudiced kindness the use of a room was given in his home, in which to celebrate Mass, was born in 1760, and died June 23, 1845, aged 85 years. His remains rest in a grave in a hollow in the southeast part of the old Quaker cemetery at Union Village. The stone which marks it can be seen by looking north across the fence from the Limerock road and is almost beneath the shadow of the Meeting House. This Meeting House has an interesting history: A small portion of the original edifice was built in 1755, to which an addition, longer than the original structure, was built in 1775. The completed edifice was remodeled in 1842. A fire destroyed the building in 1881. The modern structure, now standing on the same site, has since then been built.

The spirit of Michael Reddy as he knelt in adoration at the celebration of that first Mass in Woonsocket, may have recalled the legend of Finnuala, daughter of King Lir,

who was by a supernatural power transformed into a swan and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass bell was to be the signal for her release. On this legend Moore has founded one of the most beautiful of his melodies. The concluding verse is as follows :

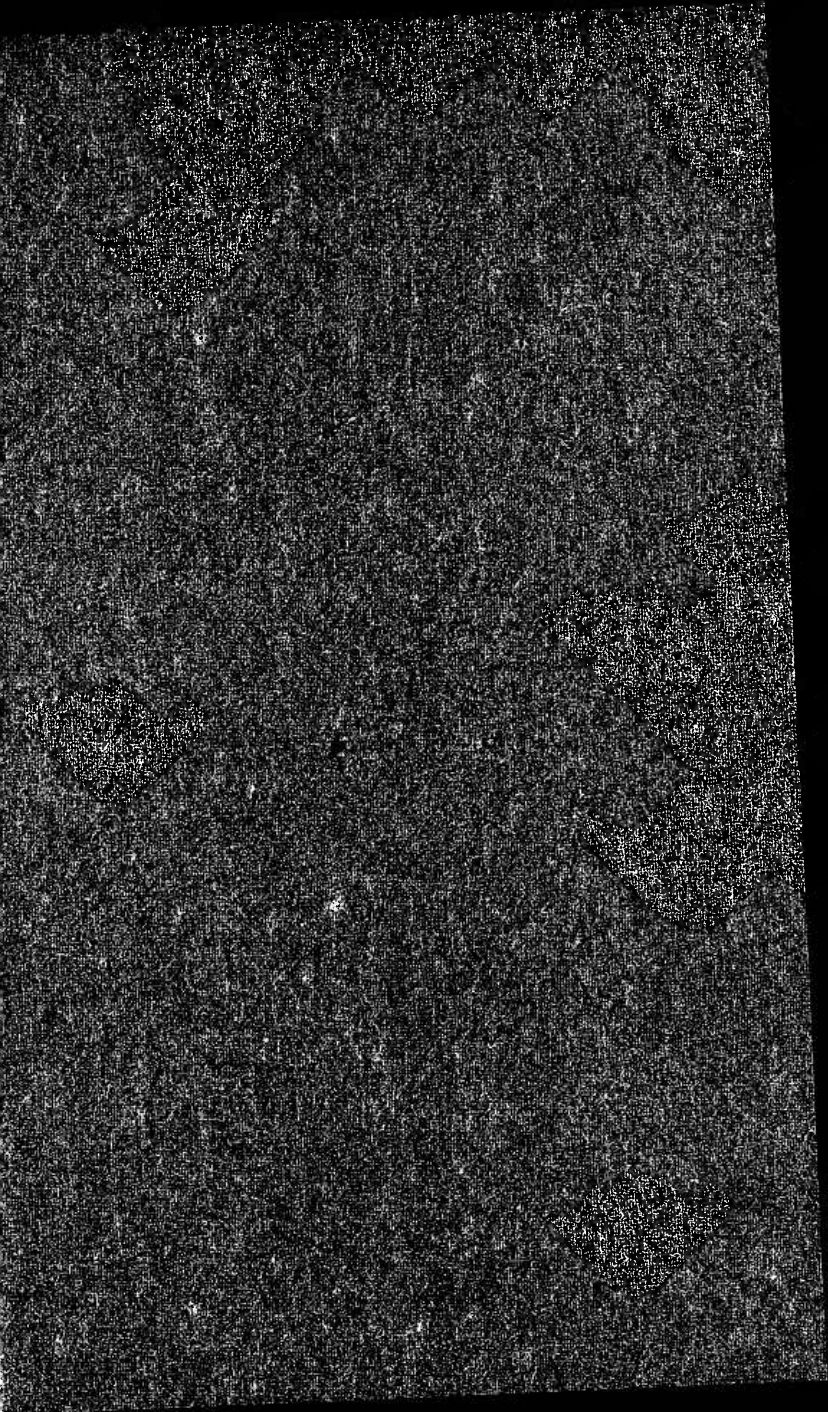
“Sadly, O Moyle, to thy Winter wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
Yet, still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?”

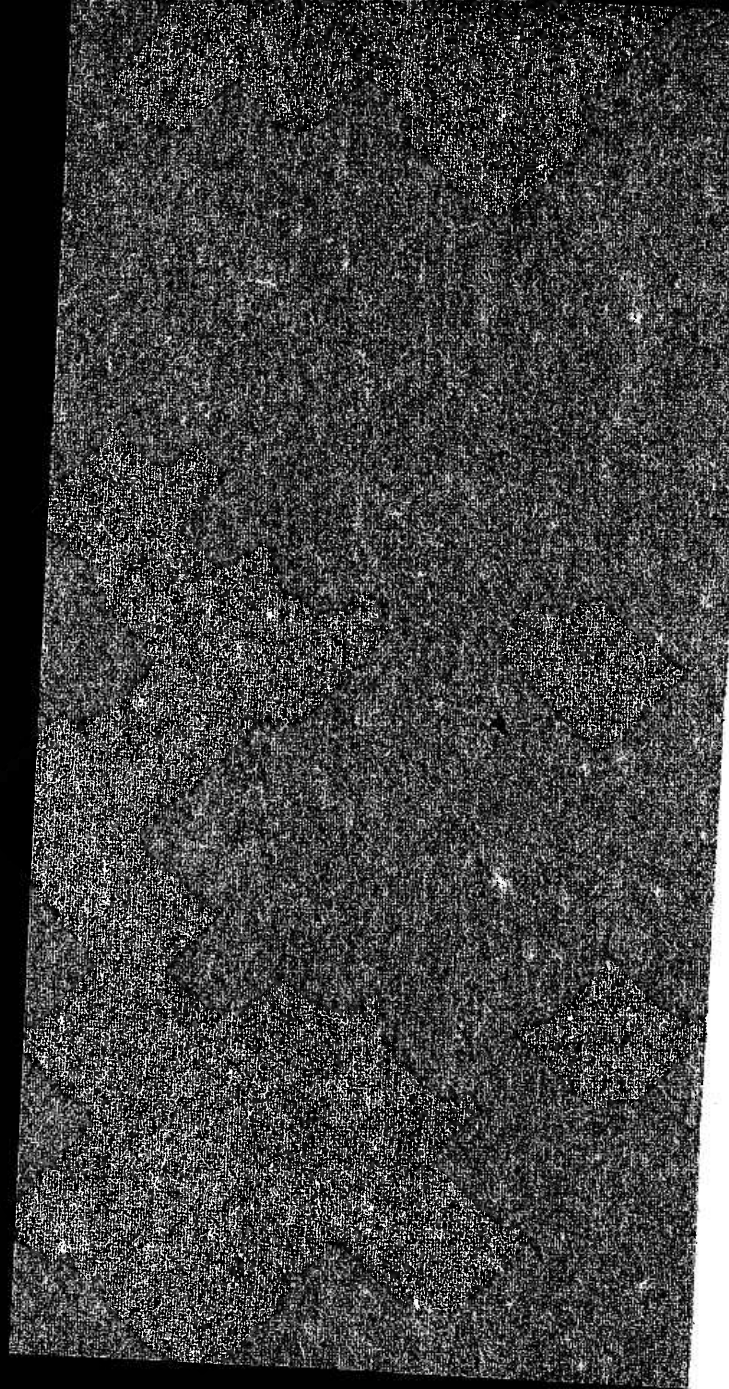
Eighteen hundred years had passed away from the birth of Christ, onward, before the tones of that bell were heard, when the Host was elevated at the celebration of the unbloody sacrifice of that first Mass in Woonsocket. The Indians had pursued their nomad habits from pre-historic times ; had wandered through primeval forests, “Saw God in clouds and heard him in the wind,” their religion being essentially astrological, based on star, sun and moon worship ; they knew not the meaning of the song of the Angels, which reverberated throughout the world on the morning the Son of God was born. Nor did these valleys, where they wandered along the banks of the Blackstone, resound with the music of the Mass bell until over 300 years previous to the discovery of America by Columbus, and the dedication of the first island discovered by the great navigator to San Salvador—“Holy Saviour”—and the dedication of the continent to Mary, the Mother of Jesus.

The congregation at the celebration of that first Mass consisted of ten persons, namely : Michael Reddy, Patrick Mullen, John McGuire, James Holland, Hugh McCaffrey,



MICHAEL REDDY,
The First Irish Settler in Woonsocket.





Oliver Burke, Thomas Ide, Hugh O'Brien, Edward McCabe and James Connolly.

Though money was at that time a scarce article, the ten members composing that little congregation made up a subscription amounting to fifty dollars, which was presented Father Woodley to assist him in paying expenses incurred in missionary work.

Every one of those faithful few have long since gone to their reward. Michael Reddy, to whom I am indebted for valuable information in connection with this history, was, I think, the last of the ten to pass from earthly to eternal life. When I visited Mr. Reddy in April, 1878, for the purpose of questioning him in regard to his life since the time he landed in this country, I found him in good health. His mind was clear on every subject relating to his previous life. A sudden illness set in the following June and he died on the 28th day of that month; died, too, full of faith in a glorious resurrection.

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that every one may receive the proper things of the body, according as he hath done, whether it be good or evil.—II Cor., V, 10.

SKETCH OF REV. ROBERT D. WOODLEY, D. D., WHO PURCHASED
LAND FOR THE FIRST CATHOLIC CHURCH PURPOSES IN RHODE
ISLAND.

Rev. Robert D. Woodley, the young priest who celebrated the first Mass, was born in Maryland, and was a student in Georgetown college when Right Rev. Benedict Fenwick, the second Bishop of Boston, was rector of that institution. After ordination he performed duties as a priest in Charleston, South Carolina. In the latter part of the year 1827 he applied to Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick for admission to the diocese of Boston, and was accepted. After coming to the diocese he was commissioned to per-

form missionary work at Providence, Pawtucket, Taunton and Newport. He purchased a lot of land for a church site at Newport on March 7, 1828, which was the first land owned by Catholics for church purposes in Rhode Island. It was through him, also, that David Wilkinson made a present of land for a church site at Pawtucket to Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick. Father Woodley visited Taunton in 1828 and found eighty Catholics there. He celebrated Mass once a month in a schoolhouse there.

Father Woodley, after three years of laborious missionary work, in which he met with many tribulations and disappointments, withdrew from the diocese of Boston and went to Georgetown college, where he joined the Jesuit order. He died at Port Tobacco, Maryland, in 1857.

CHAPTER X.

The lamp of the Gospel being once lighted, it was resolved by the members of that small first Woonsocket congregation to keep it burning, and, with this end in view, earnest exertions were made to procure, as often as possible, the services of a priest, a resolution which was by no means easy of accomplishment at that time.

The early missionary priests in the United States led lives of incessant toil. In the storms of Winter and heat of Summer their labors extended over vast territories; fasting, prayer, attending to the spiritual wants of the sick, the hearing of confessions and the celebration of Mass being added to the austerity of their vocations.

Their labors were in keeping with those described in a general way by Chateaubriand in his "Genius of Christianity," in which he uses the following language:

Neither oceans nor tempests, neither the ices of the pole nor the heat of the tropics, can dampen their zeal. They live with the Esquimaux in his sealskin cabin; they subsist on train-oil with the

Greenlander; they travel the solitude with the Tartar or the Iroquois; they mount the dromedary of the Arab, or accompany the wandering Caffir in the burning desert; the Chinese, the Japanese, the Indian, have become their converts. Not an island, not a rock in the ocean, has escaped their zeal; and, as of old, the kingdoms of the earth were inadequate to the ambition of Alexander, so the globe itself is too contracted for their charity.

The priests subsequently visiting Woonsocket, from the advent of Father Woodley in 1828 to 1834, as faithfully as their names can be ascertained, were as follows: Rev. Dennis Ryan, Rev. Father Connolly, Rev. Father Finlay and Rev. Father Ivers. These priests made Pawtucket and Providence their permanent stations, and from there made occasional visits to Woonsocket, as well as to several other places. Masses were at that period invariably celebrated in private homes and baptisms given for record either at Worcester or Pawtucket.

In order to show how little progress Catholicism had made during the first thirty years of the nineteenth century in New England, it may be stated that up to and including 1830 there was but one Catholic church in Boston, that being located on Franklin street, the city at that time having a population of about 60,000. Up to and including that year there was but one Catholic church in the whole state of Rhode Island, that being St. Mary's at Pawtucket.

REV. JAMES FITTON,

FIRST REGULAR MISSIONARY PRIEST VISITING WOONSOCKET.

In the year 1834 commenced the earnest labors of one of the hardest-working missionary priests that ever celebrated Mass in New England, namely, Rev. James Fitton. That reverend gentleman was born in Boston on April 10, 1805, the date of his birth being Spy Wednesday, or last Wednesday in Lent, and was baptized on Holy Saturday,

just three days after his arrival in this world, the day following being the festival of Christ's Resurrection. His parents were among the first workers for the building of a Catholic Church in Boston. He stated in a letter to me about a year before his death, that he was the first Catholic child baptized in Boston, and also the first child to receive the Sacraments of Communion and Confirmation in New England, and likewise the first child of Catholic parentage to receive Holy Orders in ordination as a priest in the diocese of Boston, which included at that time all of the New England States. He was baptized by Rev. Francis Anthony Matignon, D. D ; received the Sacrament of Confirmation from Right Rev. John Lefebvre Cheverus, D. D., first Bishop of Boston, and was ordained a priest by Right Rev. Benedict J. Fenwick, second Bishop of Boston, in December, 1827, the year preceding the time of the first Mass offered up in Woonsocket. He celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest in the last week of Advent in 1877, and died a few years afterward with the record of being the oldest priest of Boston diocese, reckoning from date of ordination to date of death.

Shortly after ordination Father Fitton was sent forth by Right Rev. Bishop Fenwick, with the injunction: "To find the children of the household of faith, wherever scattered between Boston and New York." Among his duties was the establishment of missionary stations, to be attended by priests, these being few and far apart in those days. A station was established by him at New Haven in 1834, and one at Hartford in 1836. In the latter year he visited Worcester and found there just five Catholic families, together with eighteen unmarried young men and one girl not connected with any of the families.

Waterford, Mass., was visited by Rev. Father Fitton in 1834, and the use of a schoolhouse, through religious

prejudice, being denied him there, in which to celebrate Mass, he was necessitated to hold service in the home of Edward McCabe. This faithful Catholic, at whose home the first Mass in Watertord was celebrated, assisted at the celebration of the first Mass in Woonsocket, in 1828, and lived to take the total abstinence pledge from Rev. Theobald Mathew on October 10, 1849, and was also one of the organizers and first treasurer of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society of Woonsocket. He was also one of the committee to collect funds for the erection of the first Catholic Church built in Woonsocket and was treasurer of that fund.

Rev. Father Fitton came direct from Blackstone—which includes Waterford—to Woonsocket, where he found just thirty Catholics. Here he established a missionary station. It was necessary for a considerable length of time after his first visit to hold services in the homes of Catholics, but finally the use of a hall was secured in the old Woonsocket Tavern, which stood on the site of the present Woonsocket Hotel. Mr. Reuel Smith, father of the late Col. R. P. Smith, and grandfather of the present Mr. George R. Smith, was at that time the landlord of the tavern in which the hall was located. Father Fitton found an excellent friend in the esteemed and popular hostess, who was a noble minded and warm hearted lady, who even anticipated the wants and sympathized with the trials of that pioneer priest of a religion against which an unwarrantable, unjustifiable and unchristian prejudice then existed.

An anecdote of Mrs. Smith's thoughtful kindness toward Father Fitton is told in the "History of Woonsocket," of which Erastus Richardson, A. M., is the author, as follows :

Once on the evening before the celebration of Mass by Father

Fitton in the Tavern hall a ball was given, for which occasion the interior was tastefully decorated with evergreen, and on the wall back of where the temporary altar was usually placed was the motto "A Time to Dance." Mrs. Smith considered this inappropriate for a religious service and consequently, with ready wit, and as if by the wave of a magician's wand, the word "Dance" was removed and the word "Pray" substituted, so that the motto read "A Time to Pray." Thus the whole scene was changed from a sound of revelry at night to the voice of prayer and praise at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass in the morning of that Sabbath day.

The late Col. Reuel P. Smith, father of Mr. George R. Smith, was at that time a boy yet in his minority, and, like his mother and father, was very much attached to Father Fitton, and on Sunday mornings, after the celebration of an early Mass in Woonsocket, would drive the pioneer priest down to Pawtucket, where Mass would be celebrated after his arrival there.

In those days the religious observance of the Sabbath was more general than at present. The emphasized Commandment of the Creator of Heaven and earth to Moses on Mount Sinai was in more general practice :

REMEMBER, that thou keep holy the Sabbath day. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy works : but on the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God : Thou shalt do no work on it.

Thus did the Lord speak through Moses to His chosen people. There is a sacredness about that day which brings consolation to the soul and peace to the heart ; a sacredness which seems to permeate Nature through all her works ; a sacredness and holy peace which is grandly described by James Grahame in the following lines :

How still the morning of the hallow'd day !
Mute is the voice of rural labor, hush'd
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,

That yester-morn bloom'd waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew.
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems thron'd on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale,
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen:
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzy mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all is quietness.

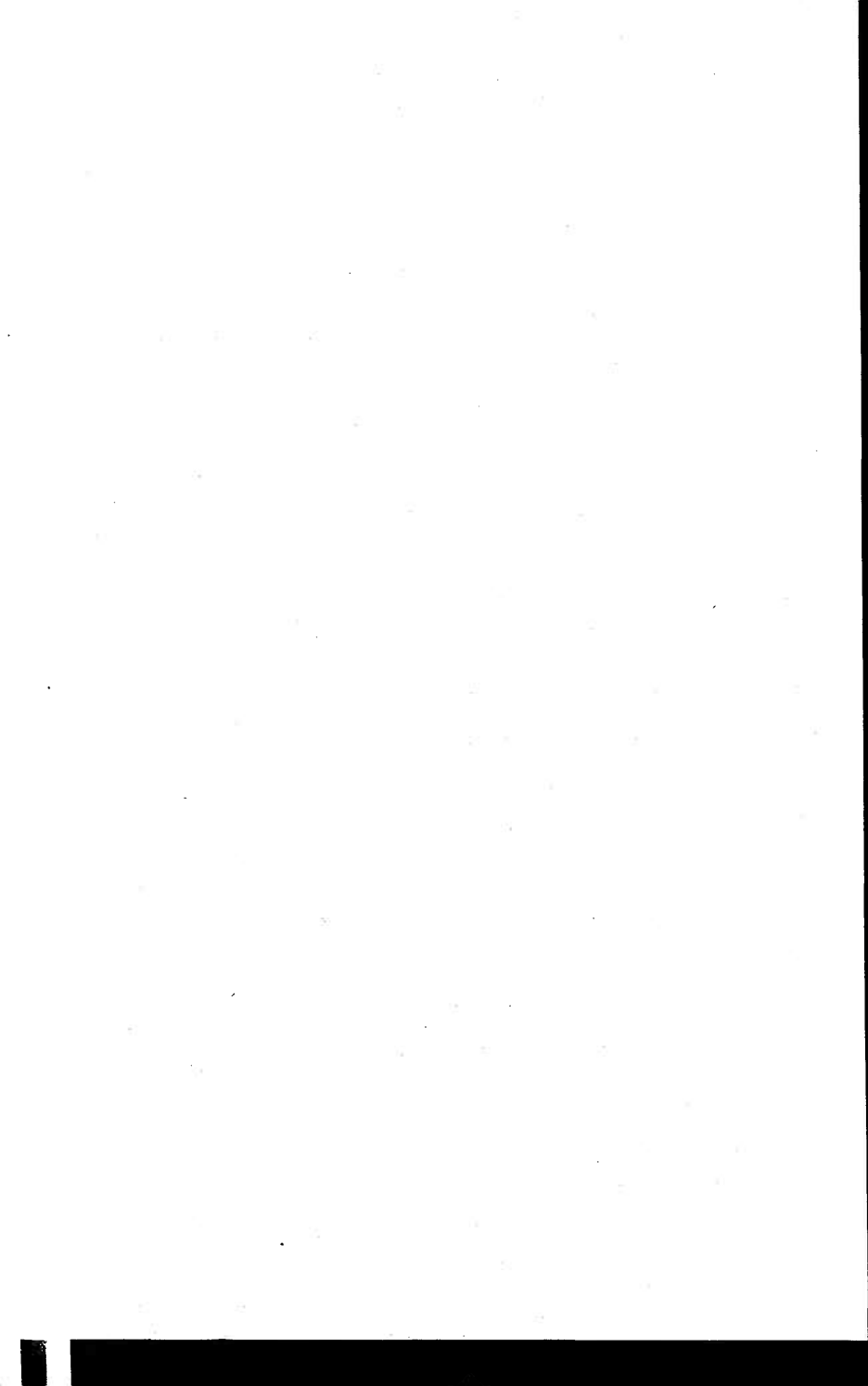
The little congregation of thirty pious Catholics who first welcomed Father Fitton to Woonsocket in 1834, increased gradually in numbers and in 1843, nine years later, had reached over two hundred. A large proportion of these early congregations attended from Blackstone and Waterford. Those attending from these villages were zealous workers and liberal contributors to the funds raised for religious purposes and generously assisted in the building of the first Church erected here.

The first marriage took place in the new Church on the date of the first baptism, the contracting parties being Michael McCarthy and Mary McCormick. The baptism and marriages which took place before the erection of the Church were recorded at either Pawtucket or Worcester. A baptism found by Rev. Father Fitton was copied into a new book by Rev. John Brady on the date of the baptism and marriage here referred to, namely, October 12, 1844. The name of the child was William McCabe.

The late Owen Kelley, whose home was on Cato street in this city, and who was father of ex-Councilmen John M. Kelley and Francis E. Kelley, was a liberal contributor to the building fund of the first Church. This old pioneer of the Faith was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, in 1795; came to Boston, Mass., in 1825, and found employment in glass works at Charlestown, where on the first Holy Day after he began work he asked the foreman to allow him to attend Mass the following morning. This request was refused and Mr. Kelley was told that if he absented himself from work on that day for the purpose of attending Mass he would be discharged. He risked the consequence and attended Mass. When he returned to the works he was met at the gate by the Superintendent, a Mr. Barrows. The latter questioned Mr. Kelley concerning the faith he held dearer than his work, and as a result, instead of discharging him expressed his admiration for the strength of his faith and requested an opportunity to attend Mass with him. He subsequently attended the offering up of the Holy Sacrifice, where he experienced a spiritual change of heart, and after repeated visits to the Church became baptized in the faith. The other members of his family were also baptized and all afterward lived and finally died in the faith. Mr. Kelley went from Charlestown, in 1831, to Whitefield, Lincoln county, Maine, where he purchased and cultivated a farm and assisted in building the first Catholic Church in that section. He came to Woonsocket in 1842 and assisted ever afterward in forwarding the interests of religion and was a liberal contributor to the building of the first Church here, and also a contributor to the building fund of the present edifice. He died in 1871, aged 76. Francis E. Kelley, one of his sons, served Mass, as an altar boy, for Rev. Charles O'Reilly, the first pastor. He also as a practical printer set up all the manuscript copy of this History.



St. Charles' Church.



CHAPTER XI.

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM IN WOONSOCKET—APPOINTMENT OF
FIRST RESIDENT PASTOR—BRIEF SKETCH OF REV. CHARLES
O'REILLY—SIXTEEN-MILE SICK CALL.

It became self-evident to that first small colony of Catholics in Woonsocket that a Church was needed in which to hold Divine services, and therefore a committee was appointed for the purpose of soliciting contributions. This committee consisted of the following gentlemen, all of whom have long since gone to their eternal reward: Edward McCabe, James Coyle, Michael Reddy, Edward Carroll, Richard Hopkins, Luke Burns and John Mulcahy. Edward McCabe was elected treasurer. When the contributions had reached \$1,300 a lot of land was purchased from the late Dexter Ballou, this lot being located at North Main and Daniels streets and forms the site of the present St. Charles' Church. The building of a Church, forty by sixty feet, was contracted for with the late Jervis Cook, the contract price being \$2,000. The building was completed in 1844. The first baptism performed in the new Church was that of Margaret McAuliffe, daughter of John and Catharine McAuliffe. The sponsors were Michael Gahan and Mary Egan. Rev. John Brady was the officiating priest, and the date of the baptism was October 12, 1844. The child was born on August 15 of that year, but owing to the fact that no priest had visited Woonsocket from the date of birth to the date of the ceremony delay was unavoidable.

Rev. Charles O'Reilly, a missionary priest, was appointed first resident pastor of Woonsocket by Right Rev. William Tyler, first Bishop of the diocese of Hartford, in November, 1846, just a little over two years after the consecration of that Bishop. Rev. Father Fitton, therefore, ceased his missionary labors here, after twelve years

of faithful and energetic work, only to continue them with equal zeal to the end of life's journey. He went to Newport from Woonsocket and from there attended other missions. In 1855, at the dying request of Rev. William Wiley, a convert priest, who had been a student with Father Fitton in the seminary taught by Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, also a convert, at Claremont, New Hampshire, Father Fitton was appointed by Bishop Fitzpatrick pastor of the Church of the Holy Redeemer at East Boston, so that he might finish work on that edifice, the building of which was begun by Father Wiley. Work on the Church was completed in 1857. The dedication took place on August 17 of that year. Father Fitton also built three other churches in the vicinity. He died in 1881, four years after celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination. He was born in Boston of English and Welsh parentage on April 10, 1805, so that he was aged 76 when he died. This zealous and untiring priest, who first established a mission in Woonsocket, labored in every section of New England and away over into Long Island. His name is associated with the early history of about every one of the old parishes in New England. Three bishops of Boston and about all his contemporary priests had passed away before him. He studied under Bishops Cheverus and Fenwick as well as under Rev. Father Barber and taught Most Rev. John J. Williams, the present Archbishop of Boston. He surely earned a crown of glory as a reward in Heaven for all the good he accomplished.

Rev. Father O'Reilly, in coming to Woonsocket as resident pastor, became a great favorite among all classes of people. He came to the diocese of Hartford from the West India Islands, where he labored as a missionary and built churches. He possessed all the characteristics of a faithful and devoted Celtic priest. He was proficient in a

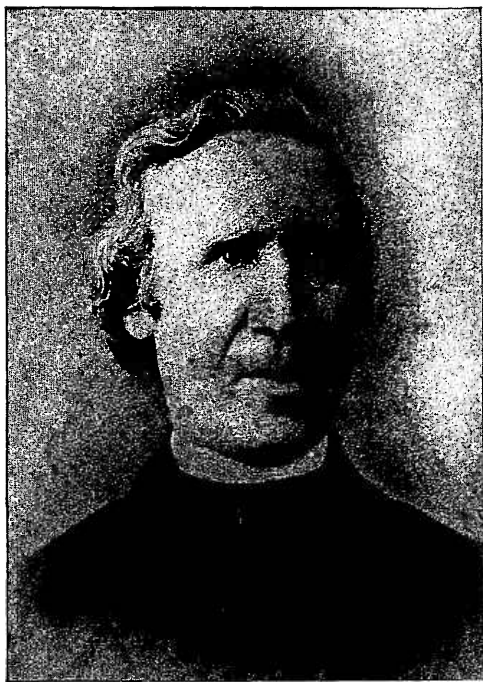
knowledge of the Gaelic language and loved to converse with those who could speak that language. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, and obtained his early education there. He was endowed with the wit of his race in an eminent degree. This wit he frequently used in illustrating his sermons. He was in every sense a true priest, who always had the spiritual guidance of his people in view and in his work was simple, humble, unostentatious and charitable. As a proof of his humility he made his home in the basement of the church of which he was pastor and in that home subjected himself to many privations. He was ever active in his duties as priest, not only as regarded his own parishioners, but also in regard to those far beyond the confines of his parish. As an illustration of this Mr. P. W. Houghton, now of Woonsocket, but during Father O'Reilly's pastorate a resident of East Douglas, states that in response to the call of a dying Catholic for the services of a priest he came to Woonsocket on a cold winter evening, this being then the nearest Catholic station to him, and at his request Father O'Reilly, to whom Mr. Houghton was an entire stranger, accompanied him back over sixteen miles of road in storm and darkness, and after administering the last rites of the Church to the dying penitent returned alone to Woonsocket, the satisfaction of having done his duty as a servant of Christ being his only remuneration.

Father O'Reilly was but a short time here when he discovered that the little first church was altogether too small to meet the requirements of the fast-increasing congregation, and therefore, in 1848, built an addition to the first edifice, which was twice as large as the original structure, being eighty by one hundred and twenty feet. Gen. Lapham was the contractor and builder and the cost of construction amounted to \$6,000. Land for a cemetery was also purchased by him, which is now known as St. Paul's

cemetery, and is a part of St. Paul's church property, Blackstone. He was appointed pastor of Blackstone parish in 1852, and entered upon the work of building St. Paul's Church there immediately after his arrival. He attended Uxbridge as an outlying mission and entered upon the work of building St. Mary's Church there, this work having been subsequently completed by the late Rev. Edward J. Sheridan, who died a few years ago as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Taunton. Father O'Reilly died in Blackstone Sept. 29, 1857, aged 65 years. His remains lie at rest in St. Paul's Church.

Rev. Hugh Carmody, D. D., succeeded Rev. Charles O'Reilly in the pastorate of St. Charles' Church in 1852, and during his pastorate built a parish residence on Daniels street, the site being on the Church lot. This building was subsequently moved to the site of the present rectory on North Main street and again moved to a lot further back, in order to make room for the present stately and substantial structure.

The late Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken, D. D., succeeded Rev. Father Carmody here in 1854, and after acting as pastor for the short period of one week was succeeded by Rev. John Brady, who remained here until the beginning of the year 1855, when he resigned, left Hartford diocese, went west and died. Father Brady was assisted while pastor here by Rev. Peter Egan, who only remained a short period, when he went to Lee, Mass., and died there.



VERY REV. M. McCABE, V. G.,
Fifth and Eighth Pastor of St. Charles' Parish.

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CHAPTER XII.

VERY REV. MICHAEL McCABE—LIFE WORK OF A BELOVED, FAITHFUL, CHARITABLE AND ZEALOUS PASTOR—BUILT THE PRESENT ST. CHARLES' CHURCH, ST. BERNARD'S CONVENT, TWO SCHOOL HOUSES AND PAROCHIAL RESIDENCE.

Very Rev. Michael McCabe, the most widely known pastor of all, succeeded Rev. Father Brady here on Feb. 28, 1855, and on taking charge found a debt incumbrance on the church property amounting to \$2,233, at which he at once set to work and cleared off. His next work was the building of a vestry to the church at a cost of \$600. He purchased the lot in 1858 where the present parochial rectory stands; moved the old one and one-half story wooden parsonage from Daniels street in 1859 to the newly purchased lot; raised the building one story and otherwise improved it; built a parochial school on Earle street in 1859, which was one of the first in the diocese, the cost of construction amounting to \$3,100, and obtained a free title to two and one-half acres of land in 1860 from the late Hon. Edward Harris in East Blackstone and established a cemetery there.

The census of the parish, taken in 1859, showed that the number of Catholics had increased from ten in 1828, thirty in 1834, two hundred in 1843, to 2,300 in 1859. In 1863 Father McCabe concluded that the Church edifice was too small for the still increasing number of Catholics in the parish and began to take up contributions toward the building of a new, substantial and ornate edifice, with much greater seating capacity than the old wooden building contained. In 1866 the very reverend gentleman was removed by Right Rev. Bishop McFarland to St. Patrick's Church, Providence. The church property was not only clear of all debt when he left for Providence, but there was also \$10,300 in the treasury toward building a new church.

Father McCabe returned to the charge of St. Charles' Church on Feb. 2, 1869, and set about pushing forward work on the new church to completion, the construction of which was begun under Rev. Francis J. Lenihan, and continued by Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., during his pastorate. Together with the fund left at the time of Father McCabe's departure for Providence and the sums raised by Father Lenihan and Father O'Reilly during his absence, still an additional amount, estimated at \$36,000, was needed to complete the building. This sum he raised by church fairs and collections and with it work on the beautiful Gothic edifice, measuring one hundred and sixty-four by seventy feet, was completed in 1871, and solemnly dedicated to God by Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland on October 15, of that year, the name St. Charles Borromeo being still retained. Through his great zeal every cent of debt was cleared from the whole of the church property and on Sunday, August 10, 1890, the edifice was consecrated by Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, D. D., assisted by several priests.

After the consecration a grand Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Right Rev. Bishop Bradley of the diocese of Manchester, with Rev. Father Cook of Harrisville Deacon, Rev. Father Kiernan of Fall River Sub-Deacon, Rev. P. Farrelly of Central Falls Master of Ceremonies and Rev. M. P. Cassidy, then of Fall River and now of St. Patrick's Church, Valley Falls, Assistant Master of Ceremonies. Right. Rev. Bishop Hennessey of the diocese of Dubuque, Iowa, preached the sermon, from the following text :

Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever.

At the end of the service a plenary indulgence to all present was extended by the Pope through Right Rev. Bishop Harkins.

Right Rev. Bishop Healy of the diocese of Portland was the celebrant at the vesper service in the evening, with Rev. William A. Power of St. Paul's Church, Blackstone, Deacon; Rev. Father Clarke of East Greenwich, Sub-Deacon; Rev. P. Farrelly, Master of Ceremonies, and Rev. M. P. Cassidy, Assistant Master of Ceremonies.

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., then of Worcester and now Rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., preached the sermon, his text being as follows:

By their fruits shall you know them.

On the date of the consecration John Boyle O'Reilly, the patriot, poet and zealous Catholic, died at his summer home, at Hull, Mass.

The total cost of the Church, including tower and organ, was over \$100,000. The tower was built by Father McCabe out of his own private purse, without asking the congregation for a contribution of even one cent.

The two bells in the church tower were presented by the late Mr. John F. Holt, in memory of his daughters Martha and Theresa. This zealous, pious and exemplary Catholic, who was a convert to the faith, was also the donor of the bell which hangs in the Sisters of Mercy Convent tower and was also a liberal contributor during his life in Woonsocket to every fund for either religious or charitable purposes.

Father McCabe also built St. Michael's schoolhouse on River street, in 1878, and made a free gift of that building and lot to the parish. He also erected a Convent building for the Sisters of Mercy on Earle street and made a donation of \$2,000 toward a Parish Hall building fund. This sum, together with about \$6,000 additional, raised by the parish hall building committee, was used in building the present St. Charles' School.

The Silver Jubilee of his ordination was grandly cele-

brated on Trinity Sunday, June 8, 1879, on which occasion he was the celebrant of the solemn High Mass at the religious service in the morning.

On August 10, 1879, on the day of the consecration of Right Rev. Lawrence McMahon as Bishop of Hartford diocese, he was appointed Vicar General of Providence diocese by Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, to succeed Bishop McMahon, who up to the time of his consecration was Vicar General. In all Father McCabe made five voyages to Ireland and each time on his return he was the recipient of an ovation by his parishioners. His last trip was made in July, 1893, and on his return, two months later, he was grandly received. At the reception given him he spoke in eloquent terms of the land of his birth and of his heart's sincerest love.

After the promulgation of the decree of the Council of Baltimore he was appointed permanent rector of St. Charles' Church. This excellent priest, who had been a sufferer from heart trouble for a few years, died suddenly on Thursday morning, December 14, 1893, after a pastorate of thirty-nine years, three years of which were passed at St. Patrick's Church, Providence, during which he built a parsonage there, and thirty-six years in Woonsocket. His death caused profound sorrow, not only in Woonsocket, but also throughout the whole of Providence diocese. The esteem in which he was held was manifested in various ways, but particularly so at the time of his funeral, which took place on Monday morning, December 18, 1893. At this funeral every class of people, and every religious faith in the city were represented. The seating capacity of the church, which is about 1,800, was by at least 2,000 too small for the number assembled to do honor to his memory. The following societies were represented at the obsequies: Christian Doctrine, Father Mathew, St. Charles' Branch,

Catholic Knights of America, of which he was Chaplain; Woonsocket Branch, Irish National League; St. Jean Baptiste Society, Div. 6, A. O. H., and l'Institut Canadien. Major James W. Smyth was Chief Marshal.

Among the ecclesiastical dignitaries present were the following: Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, of Providence; Right Rev. Bishop Beavens, of Springfield; Right Rev. John Brady, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston; Very Rev. Monsignor Griffin of Worcester and Rev. Dom. Stuart, O. S. B.

The priests present numbered about one hundred and sixty, being nearly six times the whole number in the United States when Right Rev. John Carroll was consecrated first Bishop of Baltimore on August 15, 1790.

At the church service Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence diocese, was the celebrant of a Pontifical High Mass of Requiem, with Rev. M. Tierney, Assistant Priest; Rev. Owen Kiernan, Rev. M. J. Clarke and Rev. M. J. Cooke, Deacons of Honor; Rev. Thomas Taafe, Deacon of the Mass; Rev. Bernard O'Reilly Sheridan, Sub-Deacon, and Rev. M. P. Cassidy and Rev. Henry F. Conboy, Masters of Ceremonies.

The panegyric was pronounced by Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield, who took the following for his text:

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their works follow them.

Right Rev. Bishop, Rev. Brethren, My Dear Bereaved Friends:

With you to-day I am here to offer my sincere respect to the memory of your deceased pastor. I bring with me also my token of affectionate esteem, and I place it reverently upon his funeral tomb. There are welling up from the past associations that bind us affectionately to hearts we found warm. We live to-day in memories that are dearly cherished, for those memories, with their entwining associations, run back to more than a quarter of a century. They are memories, my dear friends, that germinated whilst

the heart was warm in its youthful spirit, whilst the character threw itself out with delicate tendrils to grasp every object with which its nature claimed kindred. And if out from these years there arise to-day such associations, it is because in the heart of him who to-day lies sleeping there was a simplicity, a richness and a naturalness in whose atmosphere youth always found it easy to breathe without reserve and without diffidence.

How well can I recall when, during those early years of student life, a happy band of youthful hearts gathered within the cheerful and social home of your deceased pastor. Of all those hearts that then found a welcome from him, deep and solid and sincere, there are few, very few, left to mourn his decease. It is easy for me and for you to affectionately twine our loves about favored spots of earth where simple memories of predilection love to gather. Of all those places for me, apart from home, not one stands forth in such strong and striking relief as the home of our deceased friend. We mingled in its social gatherings, we felt that under its roof, within its precinct, every natural outburst of respectful youth could find a place, and we went from that home looking forward cheerily for our return. For there are, indeed, those dearest spots of earth, and I know they find place within my soul, as in yours also. They help to cheer us, help to assist us; they are, as it were, links binding us to that which is recalled with pleasure in the past; and from out of those fortunate spots we seem to gather fresh strength and vigor to go out into all the activities of our busy life. From these memories, then, there come to us to-day those cheering thoughts, that inspiration that is always found in a well spent life: not, indeed, that he who is gone from us passed, as it were, through our firmament with any brilliant brightness. His course was rather the steady, calm, continuous gleam of the slow moving planet—always equable in disposition, always serene in the judiciousness of his soul, always ready to bestow a portion of his hospitality. By these lighter forces of every-day existence he diffused around him that sweetness which makes life enjoyable and worth living. If there be any cheerful source of life-giving strength to help us to vary the monotone of humdrum drudgery, it is those home joys, that cheerfulness of simple hearts that marks the intercourse of friends—friends who love to be with friends, and help and cheer each other in their earthly pilgrimage.

I, indeed, am not alone in expressing a conviction that has long since been felt in the hearts of all those who intimately knew our

dearest friend. I am sure there are those to-day who in looking back upon his life, with earnest fervor of soul, breathe an honest prayer and say over his remains, "God rest him, true and faithful friend of the past."

There was a character and quality in the life of your deceased pastor that drew to it the confidence of those who sought and needed advice. It may be that we, as you, will perhaps assert that in all that development of mental strength and conspicuous talent there was not found in him that brilliancy which perhaps may startle for a time, but which quickly fades away into the depths of silent forgetfulness. But in him there was a quiet conservatism; there was, above all, a marked sincerity in his priestly relations with you, his parishioners; a deep, manly honesty in all his relations with his friends. Many of you can perhaps go back with me through every year that has numbered his administration among you. You have in a sense felt his pulse when trials seemed to come down with crushing force upon him; you have seen him in all the difficulties that can possibly surround a man in his manifold relations with those whom he must meet as pastor of souls; and yet am I not safe in saying—and I gather it virtually from those who knew him intimately—that this criterion and judgment will bear us out in all that we love to assert of Father McCabe's character.

You who have been shoulder to shoulder with him, aiding, assisting, cheering him by your devotion, know that during all his life, comprising an eventful period of your Catholic history, there was that stability in his character which would inspire full confidence that nothing would ever enter into his relation with you but what should always be priestly; for he was indeed one that you could trust, one in whose safe guidance there was no motive but the glory of God and that true affection which was deep seated in his heart for your welfare and the interests of religion. He knew you, my dear friends, in the rudimentary beginnings of your lives. He knew how you struggled; he saw you slowly but gradually lifting yourselves to dignity and high standing in the community. This was a joy to his heart, and you knew that out from that heart there went to you a sympathy that can only go out from the priest's heart to the people to whom his life is devoted. That he was zealous in all things as your pastor, you yourselves can give evidence. But more than this, the works of religion that he has left proclaim that he was earnest and devoted in his work as a priest. Can you not go back to the advent of his coming to your parish? Can you

not see a steady light, not demonstrative, not thrown off in meteoric sparks in the darkness of the world, but at all times present to you—that faithfulness in performance, that steadfastness of perseverance so deeply imbedded in his character. And if to-day from those numberless confreres who gather about the altar and who looked up to him as a guide in life at all times—if they offer a prayer for his reposeful rest in eternity, it is because they recognize one of their rank who has stepped aside and over whose form they must offer all the homage of their respect and esteem, for such a life is worthy of esteem; worthy, because it has pursued its purpose through life, always having in view the end to be obtained, and that is the glory of God and the salvation of souls, through and by every means which the light of God and natural capacity suggested to him. That, my dear friends, your pastor has done; done in erecting this beautiful church; done in throwing into it all the generous sacrifices that your love for religion could place at his disposal. Not satisfied with lifting up a material edifice, wherein you can gather, like the children of Israel of old, and pour out to God all your hearts' affectionate worship, he also raised another edifice in which are expounded the principles of Catholic faith. Who can stand to-day by the side of his funeral bier and see what he has done for education, for the instilling of Catholic truth in the souls of his children, and not pray for the repose of the soul of the pastor who has faithfully done his duty?

Then those innumerable cares, those afflictions of soul, that multiplicity of duty, every form of solicitude coming crowding into a pastor's life! How many such perplexities have gone into his life during all these years, and yet at all times the same imperturbable character and the playful smile told to all whom he met the kindly joyousness of his heart, combined with an easy, quiet determination that was seen in all the activities of life, and which made those who came in contact with him conscious of the force of character that dwelt in the soul of that good priest. That he was sincere in all his relations as pastor is not surprising, because sincerity was an element in the very essential of his nature, and if he were sincere in his relations as a priest, he must be honest in all his relations with his friends. I have every confidence, strong and firm, that there are to-day innumerable souls, in the quiet of their own devotions, surrounding his last resting place, and in their affection chanting a requiem that is deeper than can come from any heart that is not influenced by the lessons taught by him who is gone.

Who, indeed, my dear brethren, who stands in your presence as anointed, who is of God, will not fearlessly at all times throw into his work that character which God has given him? And if in the exercise of that character he be honest, and you know that he is acting through his honesty, will you not, even perhaps with your greater light, feel that the mistake has been made in judgment? Will you not honor him for his manliness? Will you not say that the character that is at all times clear and limpid as crystal water in every circumstance is the one character that can be faithfully trusted; aye, in this sacred relation that exists between pastor and parishioners? And who of us all is free from the critical eye of his friends and acquaintances; who amongst us has not had flaws marked by others? And yet I feel that I can say of this exemplary priest, who I know has gone to his reward, that had he any flaw in his character, or anything which you consider to be a flaw, that flaw has been in keeping with the sterling characteristics of his life and personality—and those characteristics are sincerity and honesty.

If then this dear and good friend has gone to the reward which God will give to him, we have no further relation with him except that the lessons of his life may go out into our hearts and into all our associations. Oh, that we may all in the various relations of life, filled as they are with difficulties and trials, go out to the sore heart and fond friend with the same joyousness, the same naturalness that dear, good Father McCabe always had. May we in all our duties, whatever they may be, go out to them with the same persevering, plodding, quiet industry that characterized his life. Then, my dear friends, my life and yours will indeed be a fountain source of blessing to all who may come to slake their thirst at its pure and clear water.

May the life of the last thirty years or more of our dear friend who has passed be a blessing to you; and may that blessing so enfold itself within your souls that your hearts will always go out in prayerful remembrance of what he has done for you. May he who is now gone, the good friend, sincere pastor and wise counsellor—may he, in the work of his life, always remain with us. And I am sure there is no one who so desires that the example and the work of this good and dear friend who has gone may go out with their Christian influence into all the homes of this diocese than the revered and respected Ordinary who directs it with wisdom and prudence. And if to-day there be any thought uppermost in his

mind, it is this: Oh, would that at all times those who labor for the glory of God and of the Church may be as faithful, as quiet, as determined in their industry as good Father McCabe! Would that his prudence would so possess all that those who minister to souls would be looked upon as tabernacles of wisdom! And we echo that wish, we who have known Father McCabe in the past, we who have dwelt with him in the communions that friend can have with friend, we who knew his judgment, his mind, his heart and his thought.

Out from the past I recall a striking episode. One who knew him long and intimately in all his laborious work was passing to his reward, and to a priestly friend who sat beside his death-bed he made the remark, "If at any time you seek advice in any perplexing difficulty, go to Father Mike McCabe, for he is an honest man." Never in all my relations with your deceased pastor has that verdict passed from my memory, and I am pleased to recall it at this time.

May the knowledge that we have of his simplicity of character aid us and direct us; may it make us better men, stronger in our devotion for our fellow-man, more charitable in our dealings with those who are good, honest and sincere. May God rest the soul of him who has gone out from life and who, we trust, shall live forever in the eternal felicity of God his Father.

After the sermon the final absolution was pronounced by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins. In the afternoon the casket containing the remains was conveyed from the church, escorted by the priests, to a vaulted grave in front of the church, beside the grave of Rev. Francis J. Lenihan, a former pastor, and there with religious ceremony deposited. Over the grave a handsome granite monument has since been erected. A beautiful white marble and onyx tablet in memory of him is in position in the church vestibule.

The late Rev. John T. Lynch, Assistant Pastor of St. Charles' Church, who was appointed by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins as administrator of the parish, until the successor to Father McCabe would be appointed, had full charge of the funeral arrangements.

The honorary bearers at the obsequies were as follows:

Rev. W. Halligan, Rev. H. F. Kinnerney, Rev. H. J. Smyth, Rev. J. F. Clark, Rev. Bernard Boylan, Rev. Bernard O'Reilly Sheridan, Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, Rev. M. Fitzgerald, Rev. Charles C. Dauray and Rev. Christopher Hughes.

The pall-bearers were John F. Holt, Francis Flynn, Patrick J. Wren, John Gilfillan, James Murray, Bernard Gorman, Dr. P. H. Madden, William F. Norton, Peter Crosby and Major James W. Smyth.

The ushers were James P. Mulcahey, Thomas F. Howe, Michael A. Martin, Michael F. Quinn, Robert F. Linton, Patrick J. Mee, John F. Flynn, Michael M. Flynn.

This Very Reverend Priest, esteemed and respected in life and mourned and honored in death, was born in the parish of Aughavas, county Leitrim, Ireland, September 12, 1826. His parents belonged to the well-to-do farming class, and sought to give their child a classical education, with the intention—dear to very many fathers and mothers of his race—of preparing him for the priesthood. His early studies in Latin, Greek and mathematics were conducted by one of a class who in those days made a profession of preparing young men for a college course.

The young student crossed the Atlantic to America in 1851, and going direct to Providence presented letters of recommendation to Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, the then Bishop of Hartford, who placed him in St. Mary's seminary, established by the Bishop. During his studies there he taught a class in the old Cathedral Sunday school. After completing a college education he entered a seminary in Baltimore, Md., where he completed a theological course, at the termination of which he returned to Providence and was ordained a priest in the old Cathedral on Trinity Sunday, June 11, 1854. The story of his being appointed pastor of St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket, is already told.

Father McCabe was in every way a faithful spiritual father to his people. He not only watched over their spiritual wants, but was also watchful of their worldly affairs. His advice in financial matters was often sought and always kindly given. He was a true defender of the Faith, a Faith which if any one attacked with impunity he always defended, either from the pulpit or through the press. His works of charity were great and all were kept secret within his heart. Some of his works in the cause of religion were not known to his most intimate friends, as an extract from a letter addressed to me by one very near to him demonstrates. This extract is as follows :

DEAR MAJOR SMYTH :—

I am just after reading a copy of yesterday's *Reporter*. I read with pleasure what you added about Father McCabe's donations to the Woonsocket Hospital during his life. While reading this my personal reflections ran thus : That is a true friend of Father McCabe. But I did not need this additional proof to convince me that you were a staunch friend of his. Long since have I known you to be such, as also a warm admirer.

At his death Father McCabe did not possess anything like the sum of money which he was commonly reported to be worth. Those who had charge of his affairs since his death know that. Never at any time during his life did he possess a greater sum than what appeared on the returns to the Probate Court.

From what we learn from his papers Father McCabe followed this idea through life : To have a certain amount in his possession which would tide him over difficulties in case he fell sick, or became incapacitated from one reason or another. What ever he happened to save over and above this amount, which his prudence directed him to be necessary, he gave in charity. You and others in Woonsocket knew how charitable he was, though he did not always get credit for it, but he did not seek nor want credit here.

Besides these charities there were other charities to which he gave generously during his life. He founded two burses in All Hallow's College, Dublin, for the education of ecclesiastical students for missionary work. He founded another in Maynooth. He founded two in the Propaganda, Rome, for the education of mis-

sionaries to be sent into heathen countries, such as China, India, etc. All this he did unknown to the world. Even we knew almost nothing about it until after his death.

It is stated that the burses named cost \$40,000 to establish, thus giving proof of the unselfish zeal of this true priest of Christ for the Religion founded by that Divine Saviour, who suffered death on the Cross for the redemption of the souls of men. I feel happy that this opportunity presents itself to me of offering this slight tribute of praise to the memory of a true servant of God.

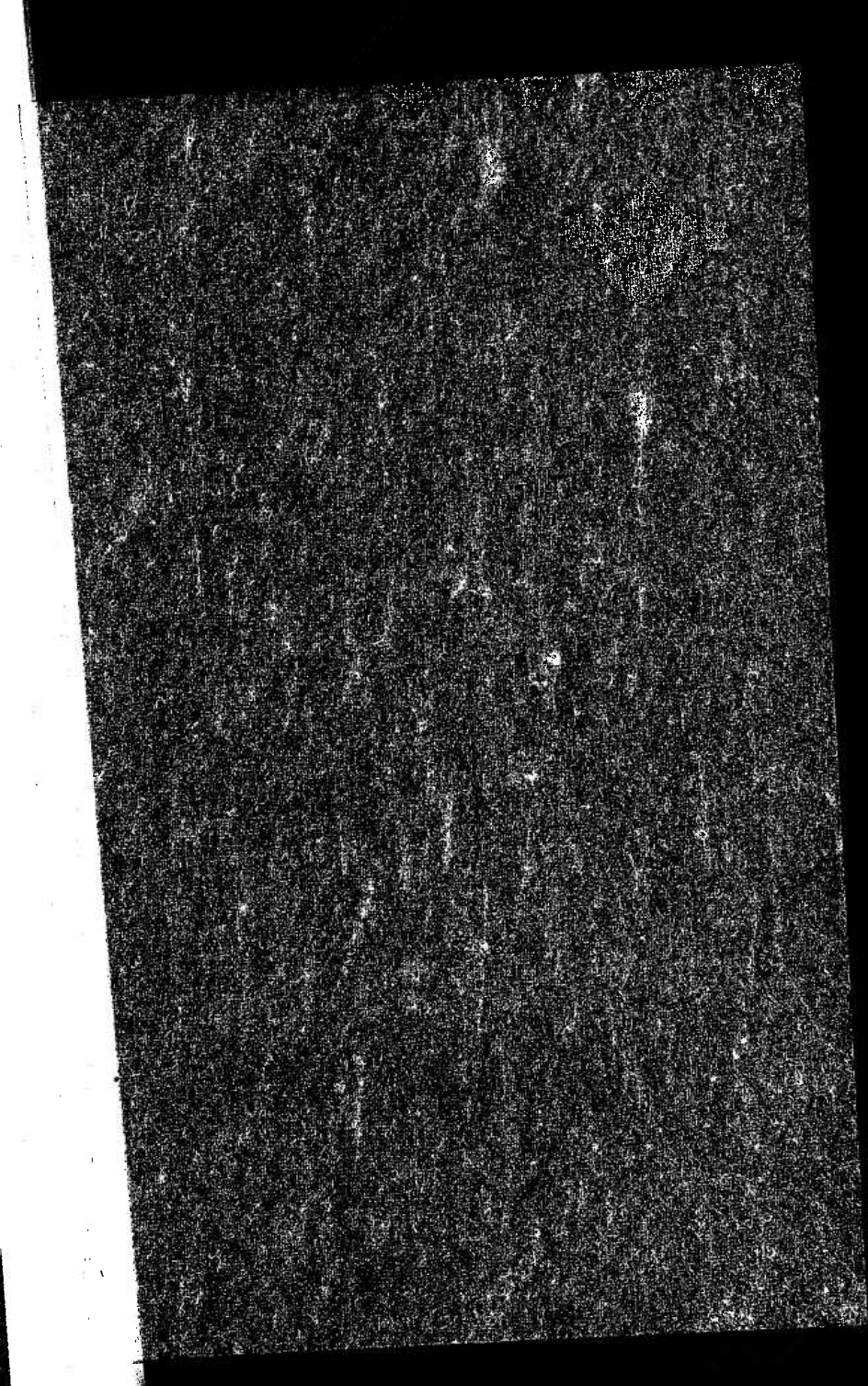
The statement in the *Evening Reporter*, referred to by the correspondent herein quoted, was concerning the transfer of 41 shares of Woonsocket Electric Machine and Power Co. stock, by the will of Father McCabe, to the Woonsocket Hospital Corporation, for the purpose of establishing a bed at the hospital for the sick poor of St. Charles' parish. The par value of these shares was \$4,100. It was the intention of deceased to increase the amount to \$5,000 for the establishment of the bed, but death overtook him before the object aimed at was accomplished. Exclusive of the forty-one shares of Electric Machine and Power Company stock he gave \$320 to the hospital out of his own private purse, in two sums, one being \$250 and the other \$70. By collections from the Church congregation he raised \$416 for the hospital, which, with the shares of Electric Machine stock and the sums personally subscribed by himself made a total of \$4,836, that through him was donated to the hospital.

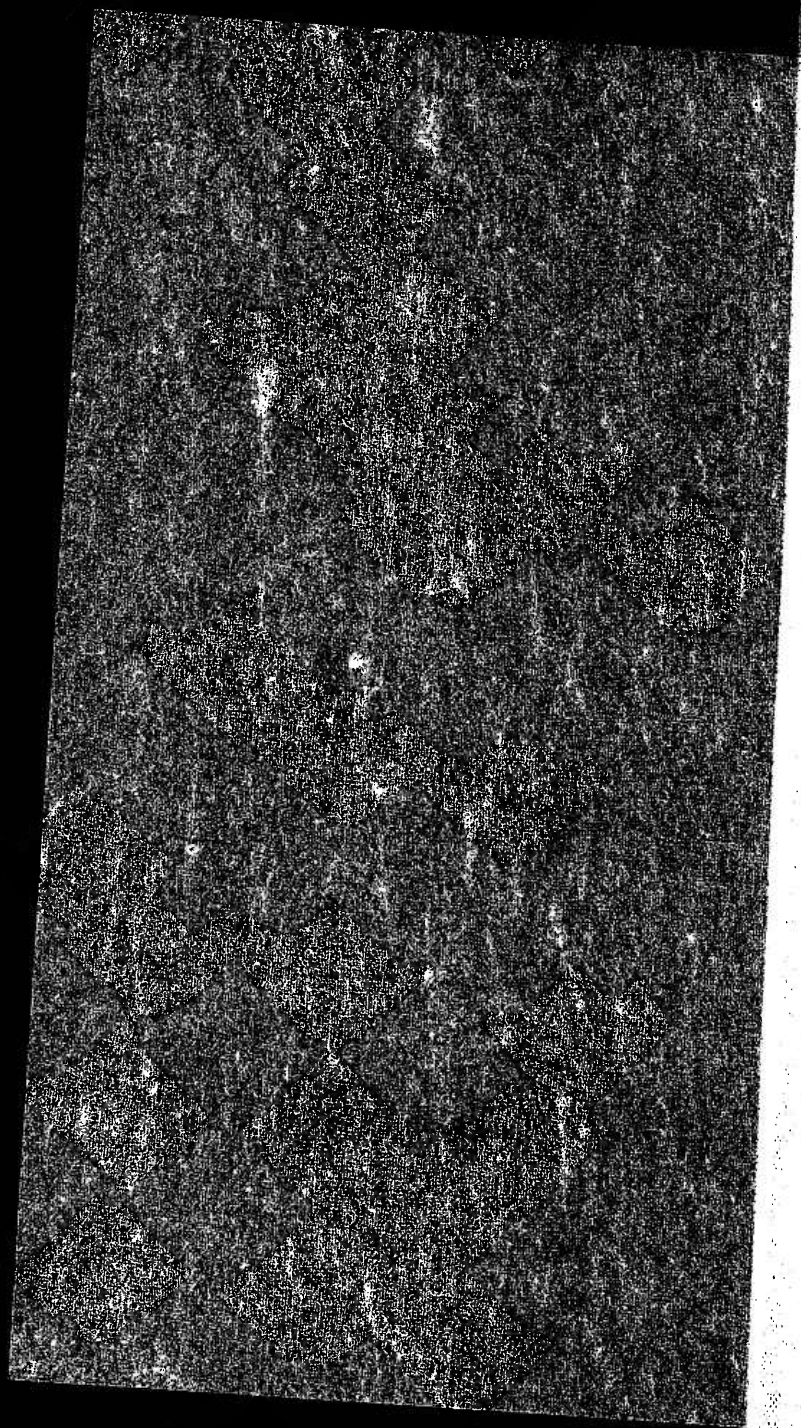
CHAPTER XIII.

REV. FRANCIS J. LENIHAN—BRILLIANT ORATOR AND AUTHOR—
REV. LAWRENCE WALSH.

When Father McCabe was transferred to St. Patrick's Church, Providence, in January, 1866, he was succeeded at St. Charles' Church by Rev. Francis J. Lenihan. The new pastor became rapidly popular on account of the excellence of his priestly character, the brilliant gifts of his mind, his charitable actions and gentlemanly bearing. This reverend gentleman was born in 1834, at the home of his parents, in the beautiful village of Aglish, county Waterford, Ireland, and pursued a course of studies in his native land, with the ultimate object of entering the priesthood. In 1854 he crossed the Atlantic to the United States and entered the Jesuit College at Frederick City, Maryland. After completing a course of philosophy there he entered the Theological Seminary of St. John, Fordham, N. Y. Shortly after this event a brother, Rev. Patrick J. Lenihan, pastor at East Greenwich, author of "The Three Charlies, a Tale of '98" and other literary productions, died. Father Lenihan was ordained a priest in 1859, by Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland in the Cathedral at Providence. After ordination he was stationed successively at Newton and East Bridgeport, Conn., and from the latter place was transferred to Woonsocket.

Father Lenihan's reputation as a contributor to Catholic periodicals and as a pulpit orator, preceded him. The *nom de plumes* he assumed in his literary contributions consisted of "Soggarth Aroon," "Ochyle" and "Romanus." "The Orphan Sisters" and "The Death of Father Ralle, a Tale of the Puritan Wars," were two of his most popular works. His patriotic poems sent many a glowing thrill through the hearts of Irish patriots. His compositions in prose and







REV. FRANCIS J. LENIHAN,
Sixth Pastor of St. Charles' Parish.

poetry were ever in defense and praise of the religion of which he was an exemplary priest, and of the country of which he was a gifted child. As a pulpit orator and platform lecturer he had few equals among the Catholic priests of this country.

This able pastor added rapidly to the Church building fund, left by Father McCabe. Operations on the construction of the new edifice were begun by him early in the spring of 1867. The old wooden building was removed to land owned by the late Nathaniel Elliott, to make room for the edifice. On Sunday, June 16, 1867, the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremony by Right Rev. F. P. McFarland of Hartford diocese, of which diocese Woonsocket was at that time a parish.

The following account of the laying of the corner-stone appeared in *The Woonsocket Patriot* of Friday, June 21, 1867:

The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of St. Charles' Church in this town took place on last Sunday afternoon. The weather was auspicious and the spectators numbered two or three thousand. A procession was formed at 3 o'clock, near the Air-Line railroad crossing, under command of Capt. James W. Smyth, and marched to the grounds of the new Church. It was preceded by the Woonsocket Cornet Band, followed by the Rhode Island Guards, Father Mathew Temperance Society, Benevolent Aid Society, Sunday School scholars and a large number of young ladies and children dressed in white. The procession was long and presented an imposing appearance.

Work on the basement was completed before the end of the summer months.

In the midst of his labors Father Lenihan became ill, and thinking to regain his health a trip was made to Florida. This proved of no advantage, and consequently he returned home, and slowly sinking, died on August 3, 1867, aged 33 years. He died the death of the just, his soul as-

cending from earthly to eternal life to receive the reward promised to every faithful servant of God. His remains rest in the shadow of the Church he had commenced to build.

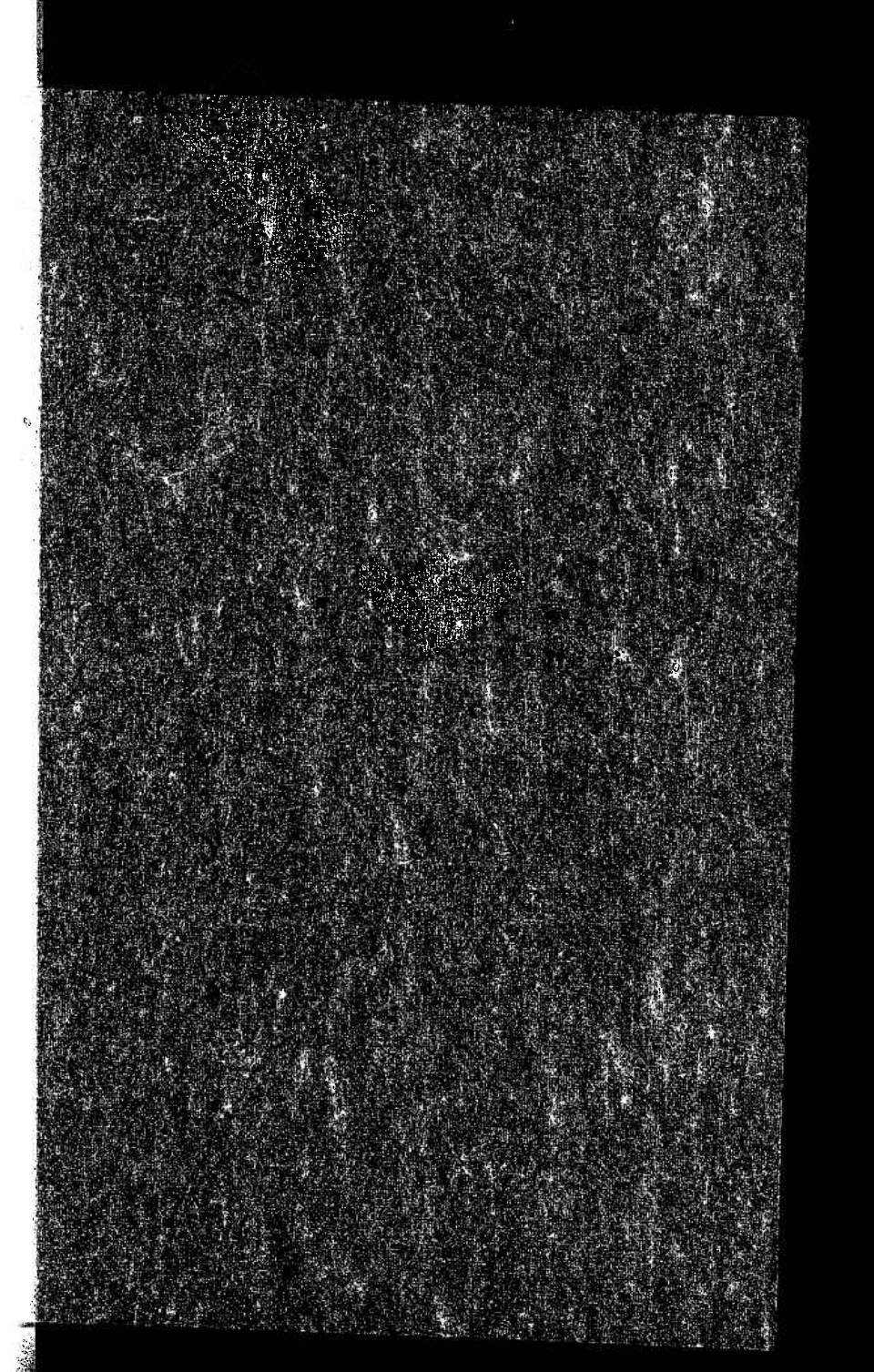
It was during Rev. Father Lenihan's pastorate that Rev. Lawrence Walsh, a zealous, eloquent and patriotic priest, was, at the request of Father Lenihan, appointed by Right Rev. Bishop McFarland to take charge of the French-speaking Catholics of the city. Previous to the appointment of Father Walsh there had been no French-speaking priests to attend to the spiritual wants of the French people. While attending to the wants of the French he was attached to St. Charles' Church as assistant pastor.

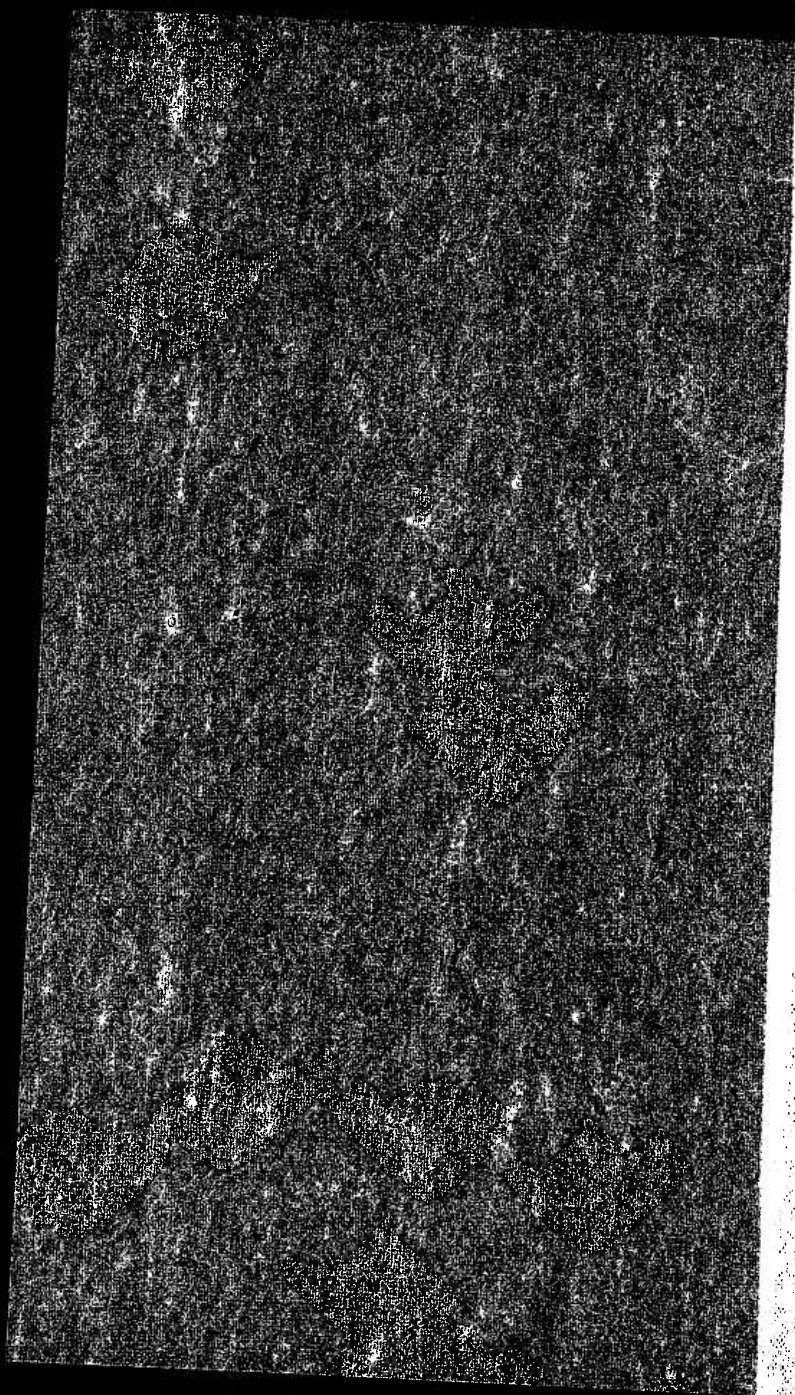
The French-Canadian Catholics grew fast in numbers after his appointment, and at the present time far exceed the Catholics of other nationalities.

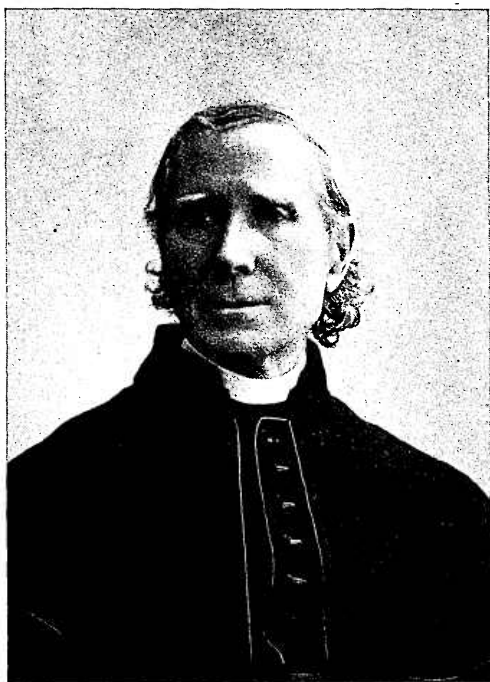
REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, D. D., SUCCESSOR TO REV. FATHER LENIHAN—DISTINGUISHED FOR HIS LEARNING—AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF POPE LEO XIII."

Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., succeeded Rev. Father Lenihan in the pastorate of St. Charles' parish. This learned and eloquent priest had in those days few superiors as a pulpit orator. He is a scion of that old stock of the O'Reilly family, the members of which made the name famous in war and in peace, whether at home fighting to sustain the national life of Ireland, side by side with the O'Neill's, McMabons and O'Donnells of Ulster, or in the armies of France, Spain and Austria, or in the Church militant upon earth, laboring for the propagation of the Faith, as Bishop, Priest and Professors.

Father O'Reilly, on taking charge of St. Charles' parish, proceeded with the building of the new Church, work







REV. BERNARD O'REILLY, D. D., LL. D.,
Seventh Pastor of St. Charles' Parish.

on which had so far advanced that the walls were completed and the roof on before the close of the year. From a fair held by him in Harris Hall in May, 1868, the sum of \$4,000 was netted for the Church building fund. During the progress of the fair, namely, on Friday evening, May 22, the old wooden church edifice was consumed by fire. This compelled Father O'Reilly to procure other quarters in which to hold Sunday services. The old Armory Hall, now known as the old Town Hall, was used for two Sundays and then Harris Hall was secured, in which services were held each Sunday until work on the new Church had advanced sufficiently so that services could be held there.

It was during the pastorate of Father O'Reilly that the site of the present Convent building was purchased at a cost of \$6,000. He resigned his pastorate here in the latter part of January, 1869.

It was a source of pleasure to me then and a source of pleasure to me now that I enjoyed to the fullest extent the friendship and confidence of that most learned and eloquent gentleman during the whole of his pastorate here. It was not only a pleasure for me to know him, but a source of instructive profit. I have listened with interested attention to him for hours in succession, when he was the speaker and I was the listener. His language was always of a high and entertaining order. Whether he spoke of the planets of the solar system, the stars of the Universe, of God in the inconceivable Majesty of His Greatness and Power, or in coming down to worldly things, and speaking of Church architecture, or of statesmen, poets, orators, and great commanders through the whole range of countries and governments, from the beginning up to the present time, he was always delightfully interesting and instructive. No wonder that he became the intimate confidential companion of Pope Pius IX. and of Leo XIII., on his visits to Rome. The last

named Pontiff proved that he appreciated his merit by selecting him to write his official life.

This most learned, as well as most widely esteemed Pontiff, in 1887 appointed Father O'Reilly Domestic Prelate to the Papal Throne.

This distinguished priest, when in Europe several years ago, was honored by the close friendship of two of the most famous women of modern times, namely, Queen Isabella II. of Spain and the Empress Eugenie of France. When in Madrid in pursuit of learning, he was father confessor to Queen Isabella, and when subsequently in Paris he was father confessor to Empress Eugenie. These two positions gave him a thorough insight into the government and court life of Spain and France.

This widely known and exalted former pastor of St. Charles' Church was born in county Donegal, Ireland, in 1823. He came to Canada while quite young and entered the Grand Seminary at Quebec, connected with the Laval University, founded by Most Rev. Bishop Laval of Quebec in 1663. Here the young student studied theology and at the same time stored his mind with knowledge by the study of works in the University library, which contains 85,000 volumes. On completing his theological course he was ordained a priest, after which he labored for several years on the Canadian mission, devoting himself particularly to the interests of those of his countrymen who were forced to emigrate by the famine of 1848. He also engaged in a plan for promoting Irish colonization, which was only partially successful.

Father O'Reilly came to the United States about the year 1851 and accepted the chair of Rhetoric in St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., which he filled for several years. Resigning the professorship he left for Europe in order to pursue an advanced course of studies. That he was suc-

cessful is demonstrated by the fact that he acquired knowledge of the Spanish, German, Italian and other European languages. Before going to Europe he was a fluent speaker and writer of the French language, as well as being proficient in Latin, Greek and the Gaelic language. On returning from Europe he was attached to the Church of St. Francis Xavier in New York City. It was while there that the war of the Rebellion broke out, and in order to prove his patriotism to the country of his adoption, as well as devotion to his own race and religion, Father O'Reilly accepted the office of Chaplain of the New York Sixty-ninth Regiment, of which Colonel Michael Corcoran was in command, and attached to which was a company of zouaves, commanded by Thomas Francis Meagher, the Irish patriot and brilliant orator. Meagher, who was a close personal friend of the devoted and heroic priest, in his narrative of the Bull Run Campaign, describes his fearless devotion and bravery, as well as the devotion and bravery of Father Scully, in the following language :

Were it not for the visit of Father Sculley, the young and devoted Chaplain of Col. Cass' Irish Regiment from Boston, who, having heard of Thursday's fighting, dashed across from Washington, over five-and-thirty miles, to see and learn all about us, Saturday, despite all of the glaring sunshine, would have been a gloomy day indeed. His hearty words and presence lit up afresh the life and fire of the Sixty-ninth; and he came in good time, and most kindly stayed long enough to relieve our own beloved Chaplain, Father O'Reilly, at the confessional. There were few of the Sixty-ninth who failed to confess and ask forgiveness on that day. Every one, officers as well as privates, prepared for death. Sincerely and devoutly they made their peace with God. This is the secret of their courage, and the high, bright spirit with which they bore all the hardships, the privations, the terrors and chastisement of the battle. It was, in truth, an affecting sight—that of strong, stalwart, rugged men—all upon their knees, all with heads uncovered, all with hands clasped in prayer and eyes cast down, approaching, one by one, the good dear priest, who, seated at the foot

of an old bare tree, against which some of our boys had spread for him an awning of green branches, heard the confessions of the poor fellows and bid them be at ease and fearless. Long as I live I shall never forget that scene. It was not less impressive than that of Father O'Reilly's passing along the line, as we knelt within range of the enemy's batteries on one knee, with bayonets fixed, expecting every minute to be swept upon, and the final benediction was imparted.

The Father Scully referred to by Gen. Meagher in his narrative was Chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, commanded by Col. Cass. At the present writing he still lives. He is Rev. Thomas Scully, pastor of the Church of St. Mary of the Assumption, at Cambridgeport, Mass., and widely known as a fearless and indefatigable worker in the cause of religion and total abstinence.

Donegal, the county in which Father O'Reilly was born, is the Tirconaill of the past, the land of the O'Donnells, the O'Boyles, the O'Doughertys, the O'Gormleys, and other noble families. It was there the celebrated Red Hugh O'Donnell became a formidable opponent of the government of Queen Elizabeth. It was there also that "The Annals of the Four Masters" were compiled in 1632 by Michael O'Cleary and his coadjutors. It is there also that the purest pronunciation of the ancient Keltic language is preserved. This language, of which the Hon. Felix Carbray, M. P., of Quebec, in a recent lecture in tracing its Aryan origin, says :

A thousand years anterior to the days of Homer, and before the Greek was matured in Southern Europe and on the coast of Iona, the second sprout of the Greek-Italo-Keltic branch was planted in the Italian peninsula, and there, like the grain of mustard seed, grew into a large tree, the branches of which ultimately filled the whole earth.

This county is also famous for the ruins of round towers, churches and abbeys. Here St. Patrick spent a good portion of his time. St. Patrick's Purgatory on an

island in Lough Dery, is a place of annual pilgrimage for religious Catholics from all over the world.

After resigning the pastorate of St. Charles' Church in 1869 Father O'Reilly proceeded to New York, where he was engaged by the Appletons to compile all articles connected with the Catholic Church for the American Cyclopaedia. One of the articles contributed by him was on Iceland, its people, their language, customs and manner of living. He again, about the year 1879, left for Europe, where he traveled extensively, and during these travels contributed a series of interesting articles to the *New York Sun* and other periodicals. He finally took up a residence in Rome, after which he was honored in various ways by Pope Leo XIII., among these honors his being raised to the dignity of Domestic Prelate of the Papal Throne. This now venerable, highly honored and widely esteemed reverend gentleman is, at the present writing, filling the office of Chaplain at Mount St. Vincent Seminary, New York.

Among his principal published works are the following: "Mirror of True Womanhood," (New York, 1876); "Life of Pius IX.," (1877); "True Men," (1878); "Key of Heaven," (1878); "The Two Brides," a novel, (1879); "Life of Leo XIII.," (1887).

The half-tone picture of Father O'Reilly, which appears in connection with this sketch of his life, is taken from a photograph of him as he now appears, and differs from his appearance when he was pastor of St. Charles' Church. At that time he was aged 45, and in the full vigor of manhood. He is now 76, and therefore the wrinkles of Time's "effacing fingers" show upon his countenance.

CHAPTER XIV.

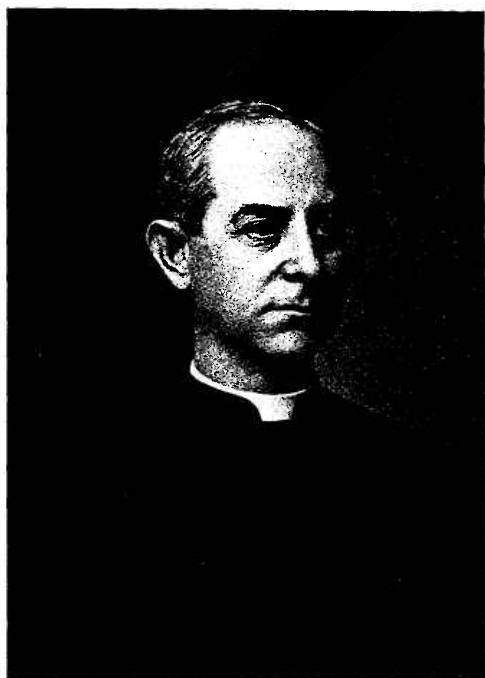
REV. GEORGE T. MAHONEY, SUCCESSOR TO THE LATE FATHER M. McCABE, V. G.—CELEBRATION OF HIS SILVER JUBILEE—PRESENTED PURSES OF MONEY AND A TESTIMONIAL VOLUME.

The late Rev. John T. Lynch remained in charge of St. Charles' parish as administrator from the death of Very Rev. M. McCabe, on December 14, 1893, until the appointment by Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence diocese, of Rev. George T. Mahoney as Permanent Rector, on Wednesday, February 7, 1894.

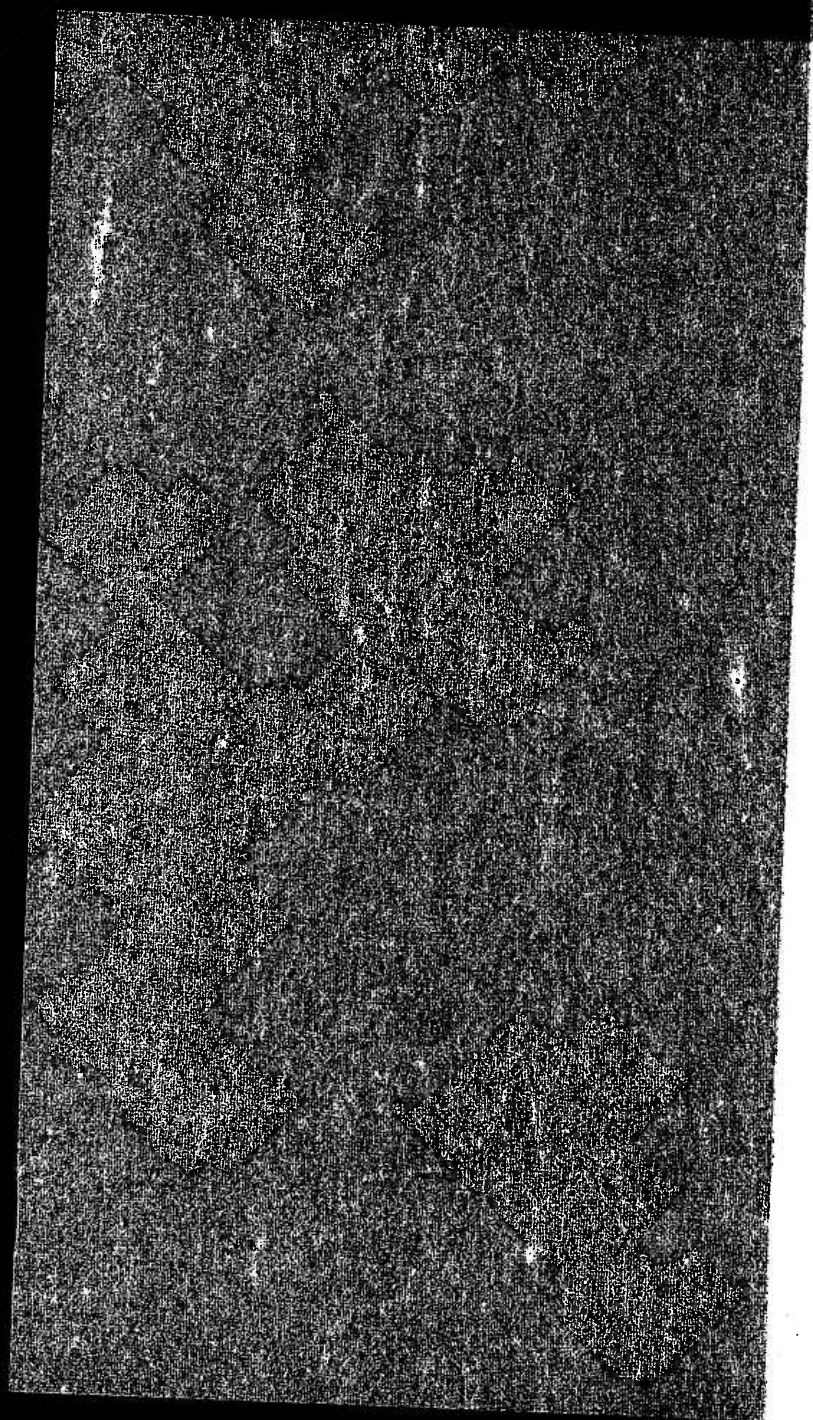
Rev. Father Mahoney was born in Providence, June 26, 1851; was educated in the public schools of that city; graduated from the High school at the age of 14 years; entered St. Charles' College, Baltimore, where he completed a classical course; studied philosophy in a college in Montreal for two years; studied theology in the Grand Seminary, Montreal, for three years and was ordained a priest by Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken in the old Cathedral, Providence, on the twenty-fourth anniversary of his birth, namely, June 26, 1875.

After serving as assistant pastor at churches in Olneyville, Taunton, Fall River, the Church of the Precious Blood in this city, and being in charge of a church at Centerville for six months, he was appointed by Right Rev. Matthew Harkins pastor of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart parish at Central Falls, from which parish he was transferred to Woonsocket.

The reverend gentleman made an impression on the people on arrival here, an impression which grows in strength as the years advance; ever faithful to duty, ever quietly performing that duty and ever alive to the wants of his people. Broad minded and liberal in his views, so far as the world is concerned; strictly adhering to the teachings



REV. GEORGE T. MAHONEY,
Ninth Pastor of St. Charles' Parish.



of the Church, and in his pulpit sermons always eloquent in propounding the doctrine and Dogmas of that Church he thus fulfills his whole duty to God and man. He endeared himself to all Comrades of Smith Post, G. A. R., and all others who heard his patriotic sermon on Memorial Sunday, May 26, 1895. On assuming charge of the parish he made a rule to hold services at the grave of every Catholic veteran soldier and sailor at the time of interment in St. Charles' cemetery. When Right Rev. Bishop Harkins heard of this rule he complimented Father Mahoney and made it general throughout the diocese. This reverend gentleman has made many improvements in Catholic Church property since coming here, the greatest of which was the building of St. Charles' School, which is unsurpassed in beauty of design and completeness of finish in the whole of Providence diocese.

Work on the foundation of this beautiful educational institution was begun on May 1, 1897. It is of a mixed order of architecture, is 105 feet in length by 75 in width, and three and one-half stories high above the basement. The materials used in construction are brick, with brown-stone and copper trimmings on entrances, windows and eaves, with the best quality of slate on the roof. The basement is set apart for use as a gymnasium, cooking kitchen, bath rooms and bowling alleys. The first and second stories above the basement are devoted to school-room uses, there being four such rooms on each floor with a wide corridor running between. The third floor is fitted up as a theatre, the stage of which is handsomely equipped with scenery. The whole cost of construction and equipment was about \$60,000. This substantial and stately building was solemnly dedicated by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins on July 4, 1898. A solemn High Mass was sung on that morning in the Church of which Rev. Thomas P.

Grace of St. Mary's Church, Providence, was celebrant; Rev. Father Bourgeois, the assistant pastor of St. Ann's Church, Woonsocket, Deacon, and Rev. Father Hurley of Worcester, Sub-Deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father McGrath of the Redemptorist mission, Boston. Among the priests present were Rev. George T. Mahoney, Permanent Pastor of the Church; Rev. Thomas E. Ryan, Assistant Pastor; Rev. Father Corr of the Redemptorist mission, Boston; Rev. William A. Power of St. Paul's Church, Blackstone; Rev. Charles C. Dauray, Pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood; Rev. J. A. Fitzsimmons, Pastor of Ashton; Rev. P. Farrally, Central Falls; Rev. P. A. McLoughlin of St. John's Church, Slatersville, and Rev. Mederic Roberge, Assistant Pastor of St. Ann's Church, Woonsocket.

After the Church services the School building was solemnly blessed throughout by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins. On reaching the theatre in the third story, the Bishop, accompanying priests and altar boys took seats on the stage, the seats in the auditorium being occupied by the Sunday school children.

On the Bishop taking his seat Miss May Mulholland read an address, after which the children sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Bishop Harkins responded to the address in a brief, felicitous and well worded address. He said "That the blessing the School had received made it a religious institution, and the day on which it was blessed (Fourth of July) made it a thoroughly American school. While we are praying for the success of our arms in the field of battle in the war now going on we should consider the training of the future citizen. The United States is approaching a crisis in its history, when she emerges from retirement she has so long occupied as a colony and an independent nation on this side of the Atlantic to a promi-

ment place in the field of international politics, a known and recognized power among all the nations of the earth. To make statesmen to occupy these positions there is no education more fit than that which shall be imparted by the Church under whose auspices this school is dedicated. The education which takes hold of the whole individual, morally as well as mentally, is the only true education. There is something lacking in the education which trains and fosters only one side of the boy or girl." In closing he complimented the pastor of the parish and the priests who labored with him and the persons who helped toward the erection of such a fine building. At the close of the Bishop's address the children sang "The Red, White and Blue." A boys' chorus sang "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

About 600 children attend the schools in this building, which range from primary to grammar grade. The pupils graduating from the grammar school have had no trouble in being admitted to the Woonsocket High School when they desire to do so. All who have so far presented themselves for admission have invariably passed a very satisfactory examination.

Rev. Father Mahoney is an untiring worker and has several projects under consideration for the benefit and advancement of the young people of the parish, all of which it is hoped God will grant him length of days and good health to see realized.

As evidence of the high esteem in which this good pastor is held by his parishioners, it may be stated that when it became known that the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood was near at hand a number of representative men of the parish waited upon Rev. Thomas E. Ryan, assistant pastor of St. Charles' Church, and asked him to call a meeting of the men to make arrangements for a public manifestation of the devotion and affection felt by the

people of the parish for Rev. Father Mahoney, the pastor himself being ill in Providence. Father Ryan at first hesitated, but finally yielded to repeated solicitations and in the early part of May, 1900, the first meeting was called. Several hundred men were present in St. Charles' Hall, when Col. F. L. O'Reilly called the assembly to order. Col. O'Reilly was elected permanent chairman of the organization, or the the parish committee, so-called, Major F. M. Lally was elected secretary and James Mullen treasurer. A ways and means committee was appointed with Patrick J. Bresnahan chairman, Maj. Lally secretary, James Mullen treasurer, and including the following prominent men of the parish: William F. Norton, William H. Kelley, Luke Gilleran, M. J. Gleason, Richard Herrick, jr., Michael A. Martin, W. H. Houghton, John F. O'Rourke, T. B. McLaughlin, Dennis O'Reilly, John F. Murphy, Patrick O'Donnell, James W. Burns, Michael P. Griffin, John Gray, Richard F. Pad-den, Thomas Fenley, Thomas F. Scanlon, Andrew Kennedy, Daniel Sheehan, Michael McDonald, Edward L. Mee, Ald. Peter B. Mulvey, Stephen F. Gahan, Michael McCaffery, Dr. M. W. Maloney, Dr. William F. Barry, Michael Owens, John J. Heffernan, Esq., James O'Donnell. The committee was instrumental in securing the gift of the parishioners, which was presented to Rev. Father Mahoney on Sunday evening, August 19, 1900.

At a later meeting Rev. Thomas E. Ryan, Patrick J. Bresnahan, James Mullen, Maj. F. M. Lally and Maj. James W. Smyth were instructed to arrange the testimonial exercises and also to procure a memorial in commemoration of the event.

On June 26, 1900, occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of Rev. Father Mahoney's ordination and the forty-ninth anniversary of his birth. It was intended to have the exercises take place on that evening, but the reverend gentle-

man was ill at the home of relatives in Providence and it was postponed. As soon as the committee heard of his arrival home in August the date was fixed for the observance. The affair was nicely arranged and carried out in a most excellent manner. St. Charles' Hall never presented such a scene of beauty. The center of the stage was literally lined with choice potted plants and ferns. On the left, in a beautiful frame, made up in the papal colors, yellow and white, pleated and shirred on the front, were the large silver figures "1875." On the right of the stage reposed a similar frame, containing the figures "1900." Both of these pieces were surrounded by the national flags. Streamers and festoons in the national colors hung suspended from the chandeliers and from every conceivable opening along the wall. The papal colors were also conspicuous. The front of the gallery was the resting place for two large festoons of the red, white and blue. At 8 o'clock the available space in the large and commodious hall was taken by a gathering which represented every family in the parish. Dennis O'Reilly and Michael McCaffrey of the committee were selected to escort the honored jubilarian from the rectory to the scene of the celebration. On their arrival at the door they were met by Rev. Thomas E. Ryan, Chairman Col. F. L. O'Reilly, Secretary Maj. F. M. Lally, Treasurer James Mullen of the committee and Maj. J. W. Smyth, and ushered down the center aisle to the stage. Meanwhile Houghton's orchestra, W. H. Houghton, director, played "The Caliph of Bagdad" (Poeldeau), while the entire assembly arose and broke into loud applause. In the center of the stage a large easy chair was reserved for the honored pastor. On his right a table was placed and on this rested a huge bouquet of flowers. John J. Hefferman, Esq., was seated at the right of the table, and on Rev. Father Mahoney's left was Col. F. L. O'Reilly, who was to

preside over the evening's exercises. Seated on the stage, in addition to the committee, were Rev. John W. McCarthy, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, Rev. Charles C. Dauray, pastor of the Precious Blood Church, Rev. Napoleon Leclerc, pastor, and Rev. Mederic Roberge, assistant pastor at St. Ann's Church.

The formal exercise opened with the singing of a jubilee hymn by the Children of Mary Society, comprising several hundred young ladies. Miss Mary E. Kelly, organist of the Church, presided at the piano for this and all the musical numbers. The jubilee song was as follows :

Let us chant a rapturous lay,
Glad Te Deums, joyful singing,
And with grateful strains outstriking
Celebrate this glorious day.

Laboring long and faithfully,
Thou hast toiled for our salvation,
Now, to-day, with exultation
Do we hail thy jubilee.

Twenty-five eventful years
Since thou first began to labor ;
Works for God and for thy neighbor,
Speed the hours in smiles and tears,

Praises sing to God, our Lord,
May He still in blest affection
Keep thy name in benediction,
And thy zeal it crown award.

At the conclusion of the hymn, Miss Katie McLoughlin, in behalf of the Children of Mary Sodality, made a striking address, in which she wished the reverend gentleman long life and continued happiness. Miss McLoughlin is possessed of much elocutionary ability, and her address must have been pleasing to the honored pastor. Miss McLoughlin had hardly concluded when two little misses, Vincent Quinn and Sadie Kirby, gowned in white, marched on

the stage and placed in Rev. Father Mahoney's hand a silver tray containing \$250 in gold, the gift of the Children of Mary Sodality.

Rev. Father Mahoney was almost overcome by this unexpected interruption, and rose to thank the members of the Sodality. He said that after 25 years of priesthood he could look back and say that he had always tried to teach the Children of Mary obedience. It was a virtue which he had preached much about. "After all my talk they have shown disobedience to my express wish. But it is only in a personal matter. When there was a question of any good to be performed for the Church then there was no disobedience. They have always been my support, and have been ever ready to assist the priests in any way. I am thankful for all they have done in the past, and know that I can rely on their co-operation in the future. I will forgive their disobedience, but expect obedience in all things that concern the Church hereafter."

Col. F. L. O'Reilly, the presiding officer, said, in opening the parish exercises :

Rev. Father, Rev. Gentlemen, Ladies and Gentlemen :

As chairman of the parish committee to arrange for a testimonial to be tendered to our pastor, Rev. Father Mahoney, on the 25th anniversary of his ordination as a priest, it is my esteemed privilege to preside at the happy event. We are assembled here to show respect and veneration for our beloved pastor, and to congratulate him on the most important epoch of his life. Also to extend to him our hearty congratulations on his recovery from a painful and serious illness. We all rejoice to have him with us to-night in partially restored health. When Rev. Father Mahoney assumed charge of the parish, on the death of another beloved pastor, Very Rev. Father McCabe, he did not come here as a stranger, for he had been a priest in Woonsocket 24 years ago, as assistant to Rev. Charles C. Dauray, who honors us with his presence to-night. When he came here he was well known to the French and English-speaking Catholics of northern Rhode Island. When selected by

the Bishop to take charge of this parish he found hosts of friends. It would be a waste of time to speak of the labors that he has accomplished here. This Parish Building, which provides for all the wants of the parish, speaks in far stronger terms than any words of mine. When we have all passed away; when our places will be filled by our children's children, the work of Rev. Father Mahoney will stand out as a monument to his genius and labor. We are glad that he is with us to-night and glad that he will be with us in the future.

Col. O'Reilly then introduced John J. Heffernan, Esq., who was selected to make the presentation address. Mr. Heffernan was eloquent and powerful in his remarks and his tributes to Rev. Father Mahoney were many and beautiful. He spoke as follows :

Reverend Father, Respected and Beloved Pastor :

Your parishioners have gathered here to-night to commemorate in a fitting manner the 25th anniversary of your ordination as a priest of the Catholic Church. I am empowered in their name to congratulate you upon that glad event; to assure you that they fully appreciate the fact that they have as permanent rector one whose many admirable qualities of mind and heart have been broadened and cultivated in a school of experience, and to further testify that each and all express the earnest wish that you be spared for many years to continue and perfect the good work you have so happily begun.

It is generally embarrassing to a self-respecting man to hear himself praised in public, and on first thought you might desire that to-night we should show our love and respect in some less public and effusive way. There are some occasions, however, when the course we take is not only proper but eminently called for; that the present occasion is such all your parishioners feel and maintain. We celebrate the silver jubilee of your priesthood. This implies that in the ordinary course of nature two-thirds of your life has passed, that you have done something in this world, and perhaps it indicates that your more arduous work is done, you have well-nigh reached that age when a man finds pleasure in reviewing his years of strenuous and successful toil; and probably appreciating timely words of praise from those whom such constant and ennobling efforts have made his sincere and faithful.

Catholics always consider it their duty to honor their priests, who are the truly anointed ambassadors of Christ, who are delegated by the Divine authority to rightly announce the mysterious truths of eternal life, to perform the sacred rites which bring them in close contact with the Creator. On this occasion, beloved pastor, when we recognize that those acts you perform as a priest proceed from a heart filled with love and regard for our welfare, when we know that the integrity of your private life corresponds with your holy calling, to do you honor affords us the greatest pleasure.

Those who are not of our creed can hardly understand the close relation which exists between the Catholic pastor and his parishioners. Divorced as he is from all immediate family ties, we call him "father," and in this capacity we must meet him upon every important occasion in our spiritual life from the cradle to the grave. "He becomes," writes Cardinal Gibbons, "the servant of the faithful to whom he is assigned, he administers to them every morning at the altar and preaches to them the word of God; he responds to their summons night and day; he is to be the light to those that are in darkness; he is food to the hungry, a refreshing fountain to those that thirst after righteousness, a guide to the wayfarer, and father to the whole congregation."

As the father of his people he performs a work which is not always appreciated even by Catholics themselves, in that he shares with the parents the responsibility of properly instructing the children upon their true relation to God and their duties to themselves and to each other.

In this day of doubt and religious indifference what more important service can one man perform for another than to inspire him with a firm belief that the grave is not the goal of life, that "unto dust thou shalt return," was not spoken of the soul, and an enlightened faith in the truths of religion bring more genuine comfort, consolation and happiness, even in this life, than any honors, wealth or influence within the gift of this fleeting world.

We are entirely satisfied that your labors in this parish have been motivated by these priestly principles, that in the schools, both religious and secular, and in the various societies attached to the Church, you have labored to implant in the hearts of the children a constant love of the true and the beautiful and the good in every department of life, joined to a firm belief in the hallowed faith of their fathers.

As a monument to your zeal, your skill and your industry in this district stands this beautiful Parish School for the education of the young, which in all its appointments is not excelled by any in the city. But more enduring and mayhap endearing than this will remain the monument enshrined in the hearts of the children, where your memory will be greatly cherished, and your labors blessed, even to the latest day for the priceless boon of Catholic education which you have made so permanently accessible to every child of St. Charles' parish.

The men who command our lasting respect, confidence and affection are, as a general rule, not those who are continually forcing themselves within the public gaze, who are seeking after applause, who are anxious to become popular, but rather those who, valuing popularity at its true worth, pursue their way quietly and avoid publicity, who recognize the obligation which their position in life entails and can always be relied upon to perform their duties faithfully and well, who the longer we are associated with them the higher they rise in our esteem. These are the men who are desirable as friends and to whom we are willing to entrust our dearest interests.

We recognize in you, Father Mahoney, this type of a man. The years you have been with us have each one disclosed some admirable trait in your character. We soon saw your more than ordinary administrative ability, which is proven by the healthy financial condition of the parish; your charitable and other good works, done without display, are sufficient evidence of your kindly disposition, while in one particular respect you are an especial power for good in the community—you have placed high the rules of morality and conduct to be observed by your parishioners and have consistently maintained that standard. By an uncompromising hostility to hypocrisy in every form, by precept and example, you have strengthened and encouraged those who are living a good life and offer an incentive to all to become righteous, and thereby obtain your confidence and respect. We have thus briefly outlined our estimate of your character, and upon this happy and important occasion of your life we feel justified in stating it to you publicly and without reserve.

Soon after this celebration was decided upon a fund was obtained which veritably represents the offerings of every one in your parish. A portion of this fund was applied by us to the preparing of a suitable souvenir of this occasion, which will in a short time

be presented to you. The balance of this fund I herewith tender, that you may use it in any way that may add to your health and comfort. In itself it is not important, but as it truly conveys the feelings of your parishioners as expressed in the addresses, we know that you will value it. We again congratulate you and pray that God will give to you as long and happy a life as you yourself would wish.

Col. O'Reilly next introduced Maj. James W. Smyth, who had prepared an original poem for the occasion. Maj. Smyth's work glowed with lofty thought and conveyed a glorious tribute to the honored pastor. The following is the poem :

Around us is a sacred light,
Pervading all we see
Along Time's fast advancing flight
Toward eternity.
The deathless soul that light beholds,
And in it hears the voice
Of Him, who His great power unfolds,
And tells us to rejoice.

God sends a shepherd to each flock,
With power to teach His will
To man, on the eternal rock,
And thus His word fulfill.
Such is the priest we meet to prove
How deeply we can love;
This shepherd sent us from above,
Our hearts in prayer to move.

From infant slumber to the grave,
From birth to our last end,
To bless, to comfort and to save,
Our father and our friend.

A priest's the bright, triumphant light
To weary pilgrims given,
Ordained to guide us in the right,
O'er earthly paths to heaven.
Refreshing drink from holy springs,
And Christ's most sacred Host

In joy to every child he brings.
That souls may not be lost.

The pilot of life's fragile bark,
On which through storms we sail,
When breakers roar and night is dark.
And wildly blows the gale.
In Thee we trust to guide us o'er,
To anchorage at last,
Where waves in sunshine kiss the shore.
With storms forever past.

O, father, we assurance give,
On this, your festal day,
That love for you shall ever live,
And we shall constant pray
For happiness to bless your life
Good health to e'er be thine,
And light undimm'd by worldly strife.
Forever for you shine.

May haloed glow of the glory won
Crown with silver rays,
The work you have so nobly done—
Work worthy of all praise.
And when at last the time is here,
We pray you'll love to see,
You'll crowned be with garland fair,
Of golden jubilee.

When we put off this mortal clay,
In earthly life's decline,
May we enter that unfading day
Where lights eternal shine;
Where priests and people may rejoice
In endless jubilee,
Where we shall hear God's hallowed voice
For all eternity.

Rev. Father Mahoney now arose to respond to all these manifestations of esteem, gratitude, love, respect and devotion. His voice was broken as he opened his remarks. He spoke in part as follows :

I am thankful for the kind wishes expressed in the address. It shows me that I am held, if Mr. Heffernan voices the thoughts of the parish, in some esteem by the people. At the same time I am conscious that I do not deserve it. He has brought to my mind vividly what I have not been. I have just finished 25 years of priesthood, and I know that I am not all that a priest should be. Few human beings fulfill that ideal. I hope I can say I have done a little, not very much. I am thankful for these presents of the people. I would be indeed cold at heart if I did not appreciate these marks of esteem. I am far more pleased to learn that the work has been spontaneous, that it has come entirely from people of the parish. When I heard Friday what was to take place and learned this fact, I was pleased.

My dear friends, don't expect me to say much. I am not as strong at the end of 25 years as I was at the beginning. I finished my 25 years sick, and a curious fact is that the morning after my ordination, my first visit was to a doctor. I tried 25 years to keep straight, and at the end I tripped my toe. I have been ill three months through my own neglect in not caring for it. When I say that I have been out of bed but two weeks you won't expect much from me. I would like to say all that I should in order to thank you. If I had known in the beginning that there was to be an offering I would have prevented it. I know that times are hard and people haven't much money. There are a great number of poor people in the parish for whom I have much regard, who have respect for Faith and religion, and whose names on account of poverty cannot appear upon this testimonial. But it has been done and cannot be undone.

The priest is not always understood. I have tried to follow the teachings of my teachers in seminary and college. We were taught lessons of humility, taught to be servants of the people and of God. This idea was early impressed upon me. I felt that I must work for the good of others and the glory of God. When a priest asks for money people imagine that he is asking for himself. The priest must work for the Church, the people and God. I feel that I am not understood by the people of St. Charles. I often ask of the people for some good work, and they have always responded. No one can say that I ever asked money on my own account. I always ask for God's sake. I think if you remember these few years of my life I have tried to do this. It is one of the motives of my life. It is the ideal of the true priest. Thank God

I can safely say that in these 25 years I have tried to forget myself. I have done my work for God's sake and tried to inculcate that principle in the people. When the people organize a movement for His sake they are irresistible. When a priest is certain that he is doing a work for God's glory, religion and the people, although he may be opposed, in time the people are with him and the work succeeds, blessed by God. I have found the people of this parish with me. What little work has been done has been done with the co-operation of the people. I am glad that I finished my 25 years in the erection of a building of this kind. I hope it will do good. I feel that the children will say a prayer for the priest who helped to build it.

I am thankful for the strong Faith which exists in the parish. I feel sure that I have the confidence of the people. The generous responses to my appeals lighten the burdens of priestly duties. That is what gives delight and joy to the pastor.

At the end of six years I thank you for all what you have done for me. I know I have not done enough to repay you for what you have done for me. I thank you for your kind wishes and for the money. One word more. Don't think that this testimonial is going to shut my mouth for the future. I accept it as a personal testimonial. I thank you for showing me what I should be and what I will try to be in the years God gives me to live.

Rev. Father Ryan, Assistant Pastor of St. Charles' Church and Rev. John W. McCarthy, Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, followed in complimentary remarks eulogistic of the honored jubilarian.

The entire parish turned out *en masse* and crowded every niche and corner in St. Charles' Hall, anxious to pay homage and tribute to their beloved pastor. They honored Rev. Father Mahoney, and in doing so honored themselves. Never were the efforts of a committee crowned with such overwhelming success, and seldom has such a demonstration been seen in this State. Rev. Father Mahoney was presented two testimonials. One included twenty \$50 silver certificates, amounting to \$1,000, and the other, the offering of the Children of Mary Sodality, amounting to \$250 in gold. The former present was the gift of a grate-

ful people to a hard-working, zealous and never-tiring pastor. It was the spontaneous outpouring of the feeling of the united parish and the wisest manner of showing appreciation of services well and faithfully done. The demonstrations made at various portions of the exercises showed the esteem, respect and regard which the parishioners feel for their priest. In addition to the gifts the respected clergyman was presented addresses by prominent citizens and clergymen, in which he was congratulated in behalf of the people of the St. Charles and Sacred Heart parishes and the priests of the diocese of Providence. He was told without reserve of the manifold work he had done for the parish of St. Charles and of the kindly feelings of admiration and esteem felt for him by the priests and people alike. During the six years that Father Mahoney has had charge of St. Charles the parish has seen the most prosperous part of its career. Every movement that the new pastor has become associated with has reached a successful conclusion. His business foresight has been shown many times. The people repose the utmost confidence in him, and his counsel and advice are often sought in matters outside of those directly concerning their spiritual welfare.

The testimonial referred to in Mr. Heffernan's address, which is in the nature of a Memorial Volume, is one of the most beautiful pieces of art work ever seen in the whole length and breadth of the United States.

The artists were Messrs. Spencer & Clark of 29 Weybosset street, Providence, and these gentlemen have proven themselves true lovers of the art in which they are engaged, by, as it were, doing over seven times the amount of work for which they were paid. The whole work seems an inspiration, as well as a labor of love. No language can do justice to such work. It must be seen by the art critic's

eye and examined with the aid of a magnifying glass to be thoroughly appreciated. In illumination and illustration, in the harmony, blending and choice of delicate colors and tints, it does seem as if this work cannot be surpassed. The patience, care and critical study of every detail, the choice of outline, the design and judgment used even in the lettering of the address of Mr. John J. Heffernan, the poem of Maj. James W. Smyth and even in the names of the committee who conceived and carried out the jubilee celebration, as well as the names of over 500 subscribers to the celebration funds, all signify the splendid judgment of the artists, all the pen work being in what is known as modified German text, with the illuminations in brush work. The text in illumination is simply grand. Every first letter beginning a page is a revelation in design and coloring, and in the text where prominent sentences appear the letters are made prominent in illustration of the text. For instance, where the words "Silver jubilee of your priesthood" appear in Mr. Heffernan's address, the letters are in silver, and where the words "St. Charles' Church" appear, these are made most prominent in German text letters. All other expressive words are prominently brought out.

And now to begin with the first page, which is such a dream as only the true artist can dream. This, as well as the other pages, is in panel work, with a colored border forming the panel. At the upper margin of this panel are the following words: "Address to Rev. George T. Mahoney from his Parishioners." On the lower margin on a delicately colored ribbon scroll are the following words, which complete the text: "On the 25th Anniversary of his Ordination as a Priest." In the center of this panel is a most perfect likeness of Rev. George T. Mahoney, done in brush work by the artists, and is more perfect than any photograph. The picture is surrounded by a laurel

wreath, with illuminated work in fanciful and beautifully harmonized colors surrounding the wreath. On the right and left of this panel is a niche, terminating in a Gothic arch. In each niche is a torch, symbolic of the hope of eternal life. A delicate ribbon tracery illuminates the base of the torches. The whole of this magnificent work is done by the artists in colors, so beautiful and grandly blended that an artistic-loving person can gaze with great pleasure upon it for hours and hold it in memory forever.

On the second page is the beginning of the address of Mr. Heffernan. On this page, on the margin of the panel, is a picture of St. Charles' Church in colors, this being a gem of the artist's art. In referring to the panel here, as above stated, this is the uniform order of all the pages.

The third and fourth pages contain a continuation of the address. On the fourth page on the left margin of the panel is a picture of the parochial residence in colors. The illumination on the left margin of the fifth page is a cross. This page is a continuation of the address. On the sixth page, where the address is continued, is a picture of the Sisters of Mercy Convent, and on the seventh page, where also the address is continued, is a picture of St. Charles' School Building. The eighth page, where the address is also continued, is splendidly illuminated, as well as illustrated. On the left margin in this panel is a representation of a chalice, intertwined with grape and wheat vines, emblematic of the holy sacrifice of the Mass and of the bread and wine used in the sacrifice. The colors used in illumination are exceedingly beautiful. On the ninth page, the address being still continued, an open Bible is illustrated, resting on a reading desk, and about it appears a representation of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The address finishes on the tenth page, and at the close a palm branch is given in illustration.

Following the address is the poem read by Maj. James W. Smyth at the time of the Silver Jubilee exercises, and this, too, is grandly illustrated and illuminated in text and margins, the artists showing their great skill in bringing out the features of the poem. Following the poem are the names of the chairman and members of the general, as well as other subordinate committees. These are followed by the names of all donors, these being arranged in alphabetical order. The binding, in morocco, of this volume was done by a Boston firm, this firm being selected on account of the excellence of the work done there, so that the best of everything might be obtained in making the souvenir the best and greatest of its kind.

This work of intrinsic and enduring art contains about twenty-six pages of solid matter, besides leaves before the first and after the last solid pages. Between all of the solid pages there is an additional blank page of delicate paper to preserve the illuminated matter, so that in all it is a memorial to the parish of St. Charles' for at least a century to come. To Rev. Thomas E. Ryan, who conceived such a souvenir, and to the artists who accomplished the work, all praise and all honor is due. The length of the volume is fourteen inches and the width eleven inches. The material used in the text and illumination will endure for all time.

This art of illuminating, which may be considered a Divine art, was practiced through all the centuries before the invention of type and the printing press. It was by it that the Gospels and Epistles of the New Testament, as well as the whole text of the Bible was preserved. This art of illuminating was practiced by the Greeks and Romans, but it remained to the monks in the monasteries from the birth of Christianity down through the ages to bring that art up to its greatest and highest state of perfection. To

these monks the world is indebted for the preservation of the Gospels of the apostles of Christ. These illuminated works of the monks are treasured as far more valuable than gold in the libraries and museums of the old world. Among all these ancient illuminated works, the Book of Kells, now in Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, is said by all critics to be superior to all others. It is further stated that in delicacy of handling and in minute, but faultless execution, the whole range of paleography offers nothing comparable to that manuscript. In it there is not a false line, or any irregular interlacement. In one space of about a quarter of an inch 158 interlacements can be found with the aid of a powerful magnifying glass. These interlacements are formed of white lines, edged with black ones, upon a black background.

The Durham Book, known as St. Cuthbert's Gospel, now in the British museum, is only surpassed in grandeur among all those ancient illuminated manuscripts by the Book of Kells. The Durham Book is, perhaps, one of the greatest value among all the ancient manuscripts. After being centuries old, it was richly illuminated by the hermit Bilfirth, who prefixed an elaborate painting of an Evangelist to each of the capital letters at the commencement of each book. The whole was at that time encased in a binding of gold, set with precious stones. This rare work is interlined with the Saxon version of the original manuscript of the Latin text of Jerome.

These final sentences are given as an illustration of what is accomplished in the Grand Silver Jubilee Souvenir, presented to Rev. George T. Mahoney, Permanent Rector of St. Charles' Church.

CHAPTER XV.

MEMBERS OF THE ORDER OF SISTERS OF MERCY TOOK POSSESSION
OF THE CONVENT OF ST. BERNARD—SUPERCEDED THE LAY
TEACHERS IN THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

Under the pastorate of Very Rev. M. McCabe, on his return from St. Patrick's Church, Providence, to St. Charles' Church, Woonsoeket, members of the Order of Sisters of Mercy took possession of the Convent of St. Bernard, and superceded the lay teachers in the parochial schools connected with the Church. This was on August 20, 1869.

These holy women, whom even infidels respect, because of the purity of their lives and the sanctity which surrounds them like a halo of glory, have exercised an influence for good in the community ever since their advent here. Shut out from the vanities of the world these pious followers of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, find that repose and peace for the soul in prayer and good works, which the world, without Religion, cannot give. "Religion," as Chateaubriand says, "leaving the care of our joys to our own hearts, is like a tender mother, intent only on alleviating our sorrows; but also in accomplishing this arduous task, she has summoned all her sons and daughters to her aid. To some she has committed the care of those afflicted with disease, as to the multitude of Monks and Nuns dedicated to the service of hospitals; to others she has consigned the poor, as to the pious Sisters of Charity."

What an austere, self-sacrificing, yet beautiful life those saintly servants of God are, with minds constantly bent on the accomplishment of good works, whether as teachers in seminaries and parochial schools, or on the battlefield or in hospitals alleviating and consoling by their presence the sufferings of the sick and wounded. Faith, Hope and Charity are ever with them in all their ways wherever they

go. Beautiful and noble examples of their zeal, exercised for suffering humanity, even at the risk of sacrificing their own lives, are frequently furnished in plague-stricken districts where they have fallen victims to the ravages of pestilential diseases, contracted while alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted. This is the true heroism of those who are fortified with a belief in Christ's suffering and death for the salvation of created man, as found in all the teachings and doctrine of the Church. He established and left as a Divine heritage to those who within its fold follow the Way of the Cross.

A portion of Gerald Griffin's poem, entitled, "Sister of Charity," is worthy of being here given :

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters its breath,
Like an Angel she moves 'mid the vapor of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and clashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.

How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

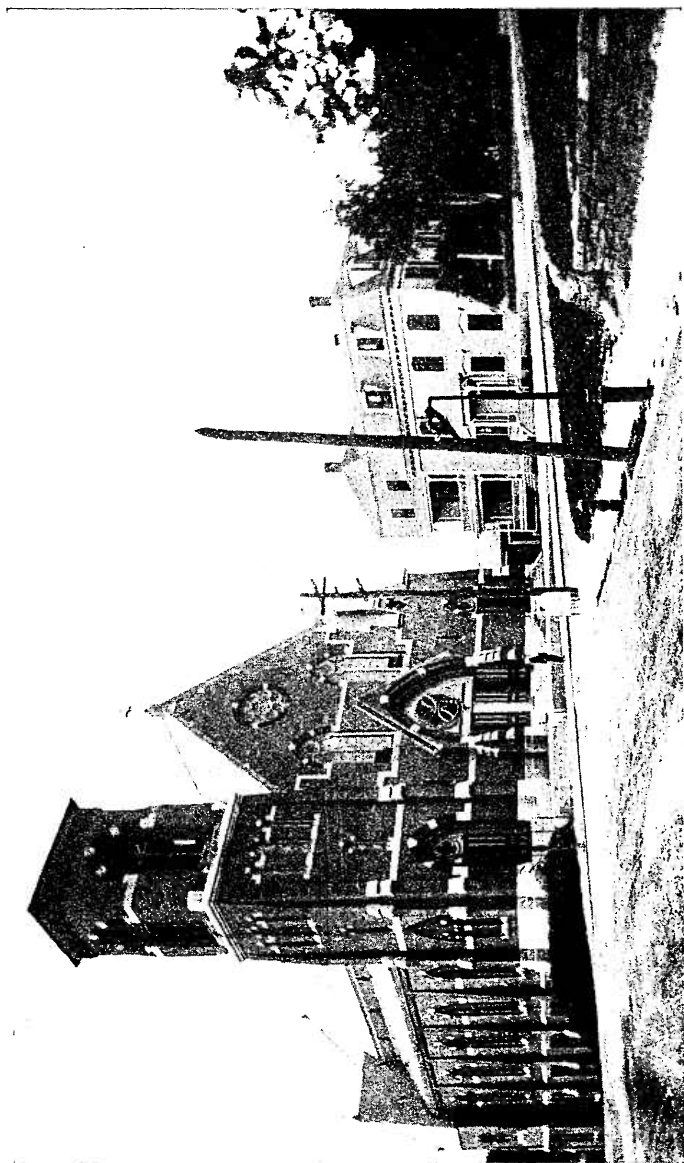
Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain :
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days.
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO, THE
PATRON SAINT OF ST. CHARLES' CHURCH.

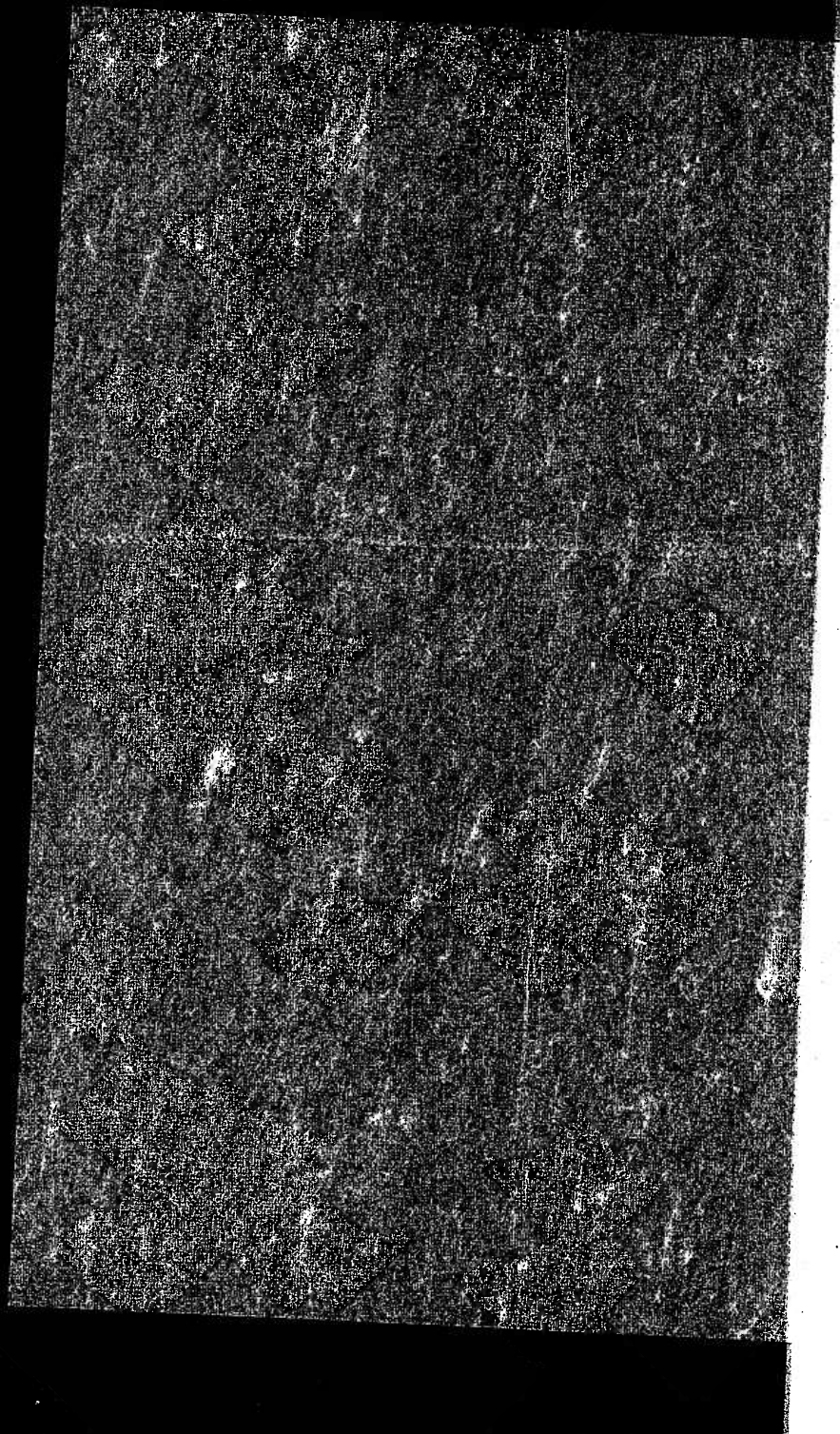
The history of St. Charles' Church could hardly be considered complete without a short biographical sketch of the Patron Saint of this church : Carlo or Charles Borromeo, son of Ghiberto Borromeo, count of Arona, and of Mary of Medici, was born at the Castle of Arona, upon the Lago Maggiore, in the Milanese, October 2, 1538. When aged

12 he received a gift of an abbacy from Julius Cæsar Borromeo, the revenue of which the saintly boy wholly applied in charity among the poor. He studied the civil and canon law at Pavia under the learned Francis Alciat. His father died in 1554, and although he had an elder brother, Count Frederick, he was requested by the family to take the management of their domestic affairs. Resuming his studies after a short cessation, he advanced rapidly and took the degree of D. D. in 1559. In 1560 his uncle, Cardinal de Medici, was raised to the pontificate with the name of Pius IV. This Pope, in the first year of his pontificate, made young Borromeo, who was then aged 22, prothonotary, and entrusted him with the privy seal of the ecclesiastical State. He was also created Cardinal-Deacon and shortly afterward was consecrated Archbishop of Milan. After his archiepiscopal see he established an academy of savants, and published their memoirs as the *Noctes Vaticanæ*. About the same time he founded and endowed a college at Pavia, which he dedicated to St. Justina, Virgin and Martyr, who was put to death by order of the Roman emperor Diocletian, and whose festival is celebrated on September 2. Saint Borromeo also in his zeal for the future welfare of the Church, established seminaries, colleges and communities for the education of young persons intended for Holy Orders. He met with great opposition in his efforts to establish law, order and discipline everywhere throughout his archdiocese. So great was this opposition that a conspiracy was formed to take his life. One of the conspirators fired a shot at him one evening in the Archiepiscopal chapel, under circumstances which led to the belief that his escape was miraculous. In the year 1576 the city of Milan was visited by a plague, which swept away thousands of people. On this occasion he went about giving directions for taking care of the sick and burying the dead, avoiding no danger

and sparing no expense. He also visited all the neighboring parishes, where the contagion raged. Continual labors and austerities shortened his life, and being seized with an intermittent fever, he died at Milan, November 4, 1584, aged 46. He was immediately enrolled among the saints, but was not canonized until 1610. In a crypt under the dome of the Cathedral at Milan—one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical buildings in the world—lies the embalmed body of this Cardinal-saint. The body is enclosed in a silver sarcophagus, faced with rock crystal.



Church of the Precious Blood.



The Precious Blood Parish.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHURCH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD—ITS ESTABLISHMENT, RISE AND PROGRESS—INSTITUTIONS IN CONNECTION THEREWITH—BRIEF REFERENCE TO FOUNDATION OF CATHOLICISM IN CANADA.

The French-Canadian residents have been a most important factor in the propagation of the Faith and the building up of the Catholic Church in Woonsocket. These worthy residents were reared under the influence of the Church in their Canadian homes. From infancy to manhood and womanhood they breathed an atmosphere pregnant with the spirit of religion. In the home, in the Church, in the Sunday school, they were surrounded with all that is purest and best in faith and morals. The early pioneer priests traversed the primeval forests along the banks of the St. Lawrence and erected the emblem of man's redemption wherever they went. The example of Samuel de Champlain encouraged the first French settlers in Canada, of which he was Governor, and the spirit of his example has remained with the French Canadians down to the present. This pioneer explorer in his early days, on the bleak and uninviting soil of that country, in giving his opinion of what Christians should do for Christianity, wrote as follows: "The salvation of a single soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire, and Kings should seek to extend their dominions in countries where idolatry reigns, only to cause their submission to Jesus Christ." He further adds that he undertook his Canadian toils among the Indians in order to plant in this country the standard of the Cross, and to teach the knowledge of God and the glory of His Holy Name, desiring to increase Charity for His unfortunate creatures.

In reference to the Indians he said that he would fain rescue from perdition a people living like brute beasts, without faith, without law, without religion and without God. Champlain went to Paris from Canada, and, after a conference with ecclesiasties there, obtained a subscription of 1,500 francs from bishops and priests for the purchase of vestments, sacred vessels and all other articles necessary for the celebration of Mass and the administration of the Sacraments. Pope Paulus V. authorized the mission and King Henry IV. of France furnished Champlain with letters patent for the establishment of a colony, designated as New France. Champlain, who was born at Brouage, France, in 1567, made his first voyage to Canada in 1603. He not only on his return to France obtained the articles necessary for use in Catholic rites and ceremonies, but he also secured the services of four Franciscan Fathers, namely, Rev. Denis Jamet, Rev. John Dolbeau, Rev. Joseph Le Caron and Brother Pacific du Plessis, to attend to the spiritual wants of the faithful.

The ship on which Champlain and these pioneer priests sailed from France left the harbor of Honfleur in April, 1615, and reached Quebec towards the end of May. A little Convent and Chapel were erected and on June 25, 1615, Rev. John Dolbeau had the happiness of celebrating the first Mass ever offered in the rude rock-built capital of the colony. This was in the reign of Louis XIII. of France, Henry IV., who granted the letters patent to Champlain for the establishment of the colony of New France, having been assassinated by Ravaillac in 1610. The date of that first Mass is now 284 years ago, being five years before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and 161 years before the adoption of the Declaration of Independence by the thirteen original States of what is now the greatest Republic of the world.

The descendants of these first French Catholic settlers in Canada have crossed the St. Lawrence in great numbers, within the past thirty years, from the Province of Quebec, and have established homes for themselves in every one of the New England States, but in no place have they prospered better or made more lasting progress than in this city of Woonsocket. It has been truthfully said that French is as generally spoken here as it is in Montreal. It is heard in all the stores and along the streets, until every one is accustomed to the sound. The community has become purer and better, because of the presence of this people, and also because of the Catholic training they receive. They are true to the Faith, faithful in the performance of religious duties, faithful in the observance of holy days of the church and obedient to the laws of municipality, State and nation. Hospitality and sociability are distinguishing characteristics with them. They love home and its associations, respect their priests, love God and keep His Commandments, and for this they are respected. A proof of their obedience to law is, that while great crimes against law are often heard of in other parts of this little State of Rhode Island, yet Woonsocket is free from such crimes. As a proof of the popularity of this race it may be stated that one of its members, namely, Hon. Aram J. Pothier, has held the highest office—that of Mayor—in the gift of the people of this city, and has held the second highest office—that of Lieutenant Governor—in the gift of the voters of the State. He represented Rhode Island at the Paris Exposition in the year 1889 by appointment of Gov. Herbert W. Ladd and has again been chosen by Governor Elisha Dyer to represent Rhode Island at the Paris Exposition of 1900. He, as well as other members of this race, has represented the city in the General Assembly, and at the city election which took place in November, 1899, one alderman and five councilmen were elected as follows :

Alderman, Godfroy Daigneault; Councilmen, Louis Gobeille, George E. Bouvier, Joseph San Souci, Joseph C. Mailloux and Zephir Sylvestre. There are representatives of the race in every other department of the city government, some of whom are as follows: Joseph W. Trinque, clerk of the school committee; Pierre J. Fleurant, member of the school committee; Gustave A. Gers, tax collector; George F. Rousseau, clerk of the board of assessors; Frederick Dulude, tax assessor; Philippe Boucher, a member of the sewer commission; Joseph Proulx and Arthur C. Milot, members of the license commission; Alphonse Gaulin, Sr., member of the water commission; Alphonse Gaulin, Jr., coroner; William Landry, city sergeant and messenger; Dolphis Sylvestre, superintendent of street lights; George N. Girard, health officer; Gaspard Drainville, inspector of petroleum; Alphonse Gaulin, Sr., park commissioner, and also others in minor offices.

The foregoing makes a splendid showing for this people. Many of them also stand high as bank officers, lawyers, doctors and merchants.

The French-Canadian portion of the Catholic population of Woonsocket was, until 1873, identified with St. Charles' Church, and attended services in the church from the first settlement of this worthy people here until the year herewith named. During all of this time they were active supporters and energetic workers in the cause of religion and assisted by generous contributions toward the building of the present St. Charles' Church.

In 1866, under the pastorate of Rev. Francis J. Lenihan, Rev. Lawrence Walsh, who had studied in Canadian colleges and was proficient in a knowledge of the French language, was sent here by Right Rev. Bishop McFarland, at the request of Father Lenihan, to attend in a special manner to the spiritual wants of the French Catholics.

This reverend gentleman continued his ministrations here until his appointment in 1868 to the pastorate of St. Patrick's Church in Hartford. That he was appreciated by the French people was attested by the presentation to him of a valuable gold watch and gold chain; these presents being accompanied by an address of regret, because of his being removed. Rev. James A. Princen, Rev. Francis Belanger and Rev. Antoine D. Bernard followed each other in succession as priests appointed for spiritual duty among the French-speaking Catholics. During Rev. Father Bernard's curacy a separation took place between the French and so-called Irish-American Catholics by the formation by order of Bishop McFarland, of a distinctive French-Canadian Catholic parish, of which Father Bernard was appointed pastor. Religious services were held for a considerable length of time, at which the new congregation attended, in a hall in a building owned by the Harris Woolen Company on North Main street. During services there collections were taken up for the purchase of land and the erection of a Church. These collections were generous and amounted in the aggregate to a sum sufficient for the purchase of a site for the proposed church. A purchase was made on August 27, 1873, from John A. Bennett, of 38,250 square feet of land, the lot being 225 by 170, and bounded by Carrington avenue, Park avenue and Hamlet avenue. The day after the purchase of the land several men went gratuitously to work in making excavations for the foundation walls of a Church 165 feet in length by 72 feet in width, the intention being to have a tower 172 feet in height. The work of putting in the foundation progressed rapidly under the pastorate of Father Bernard.

Rev. Antoine D. Bernard, the first resident pastor of the French people, was born at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, in 1839; studied in the Catholic college there and after gradu-

ation he studied theology in the seminary at Troy, N. Y., and was ordained a priest by Cardinal Archbishop McCloskey on March 27, 1869, being the Saturday preceding Easter Sunday. After ordination he was appointed assistant pastor to Rev. Father Quinn at Moosup, Connecticut, and from there was transferred to Danbury, where he was for a short time assistant pastor to Rev. Philip Sheridan. From Danbury he was transferred to St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket, as assistant to Very Rev. M. McCabe, and at the same time to attend to the spiritual wants of the French Catholics. In 1873 he was appointed first pastor of the French Catholics of Woonsocket. In 1874 he was appointed pastor of the parish of St. James, Manville, where he built the Church there, and in 1887 was appointed pastor of St. John's Church, Warren, from which pastorate he resigned on Wednesday, December 22, 1897, after twenty-eight years of priestly duty.

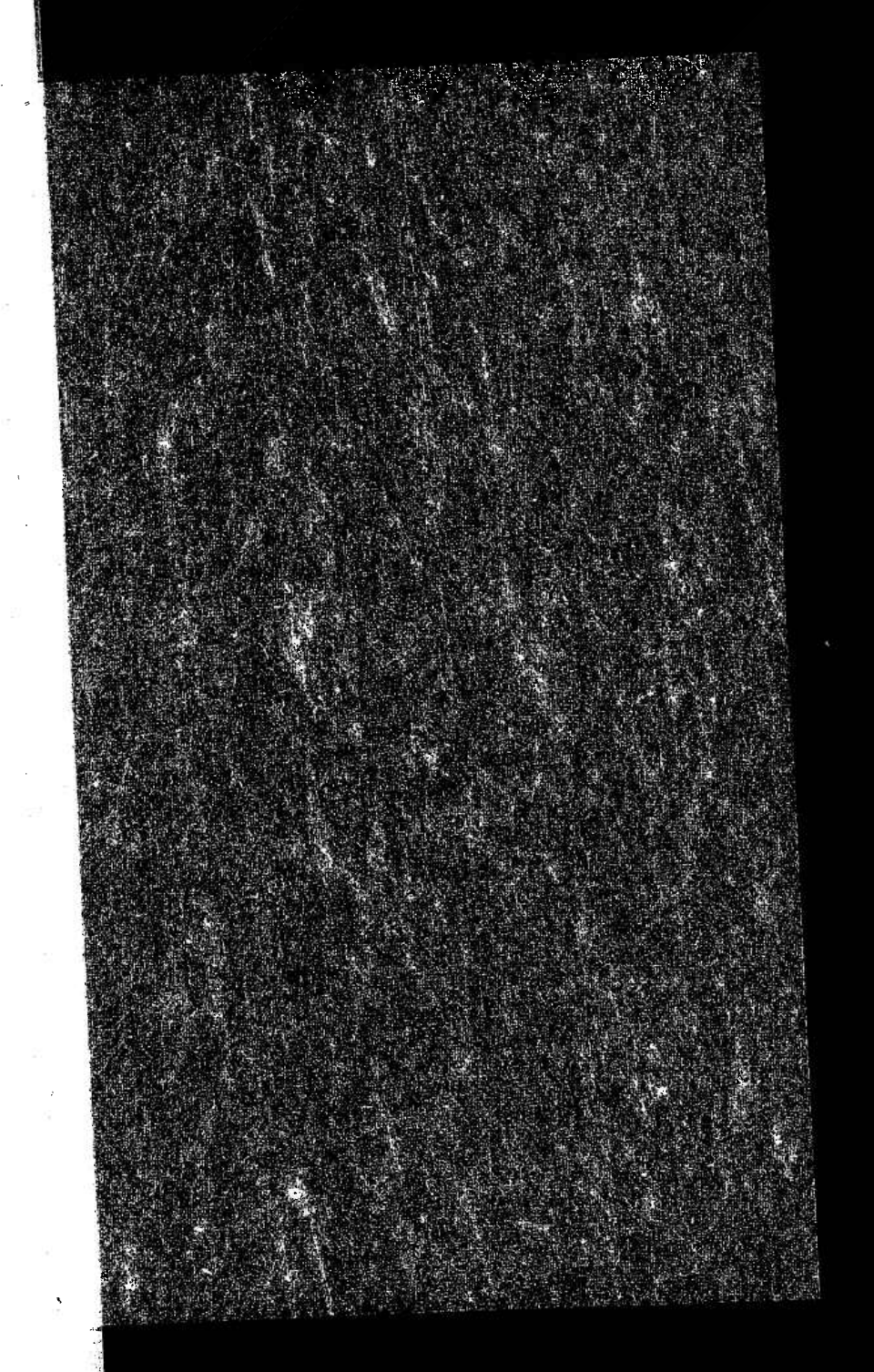
Rev. James Berkins, a Belgian priest, succeeded Rev. Father Bernard in the pastorate of the Church of the Precious Blood parish.

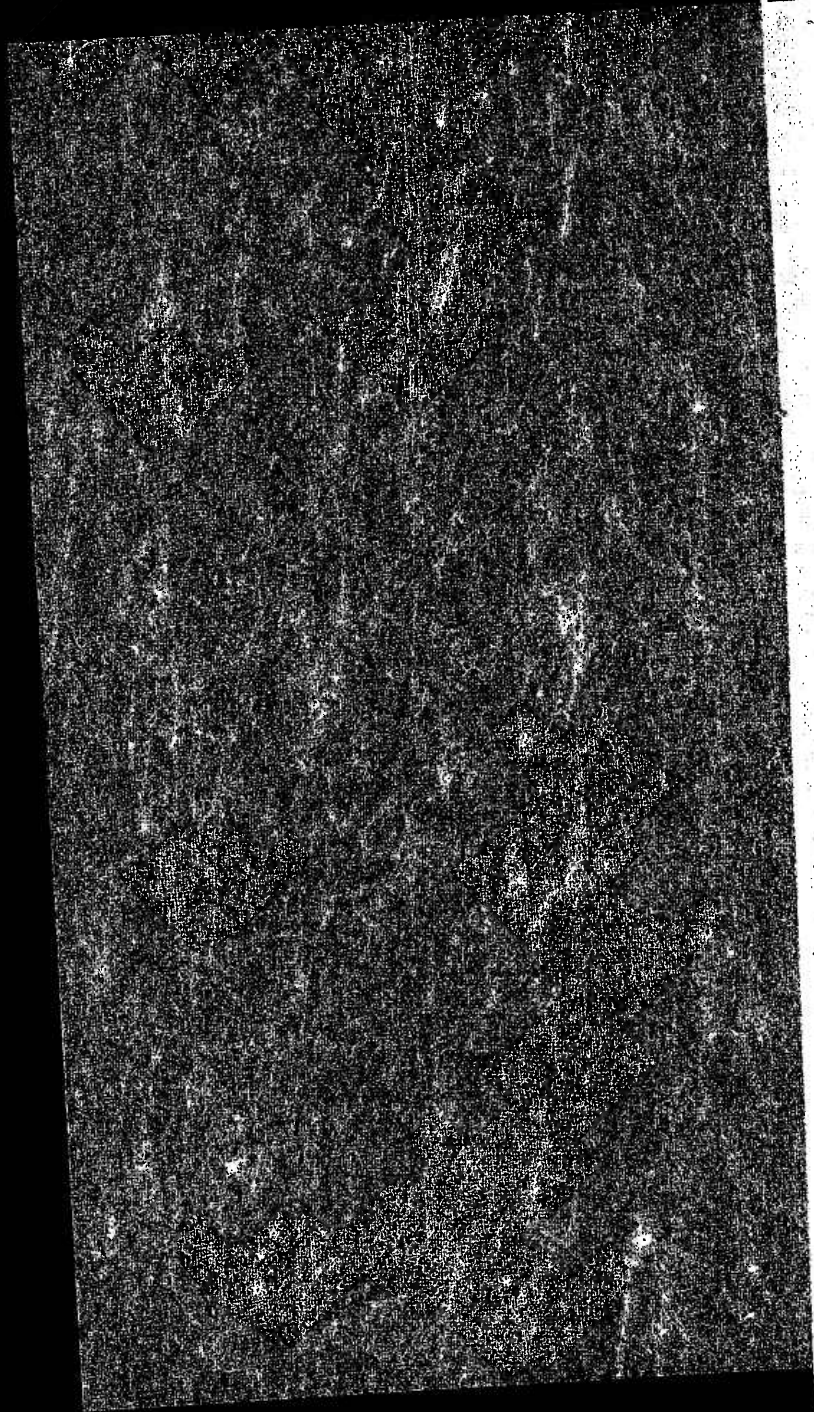
On October 25, 1874, the corner stone of the new edifice was laid by Very Rev. Lawrence McMahon, Vicar General of Hartford diocese.

Rev. Father Berkins was transferred to St. John's parish, Slatersville, in the beginning of the year 1875, of which he was the first resident pastor. He was subsequently removed to St. Michael's Church, Greenville, at which he assumed the duties of pastor on November 14, 1875.

Rev. Charles C. Dauray, the present revered and most highly esteemed pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood, (L'Eglise Du Precieux Sang) succeeded Rev. Father Berkins as pastor on November 12, 1875.

This dearly beloved priest and accomplished and most







REV. CHARLES C. DAURAY,
Pastor of the Precious Blood Parish.

highly respected gentleman was born at Marieville, province of Quebec, on March 15, 1838. After pursuing an educational course in the college of his native town, he studied theology in the seminary attached to the college and was ordained a priest by Right Rev. Charles Larocque on December 17, 1870. He was a teacher in St. Hyacinthe College before being raised to the priesthood and after ordination was assistant pastor at St. Ceasaire, and while there accepted a professor's chair in the college at St. Marie. From there he went in succession to St. Antoine and St. Denis, in both of which places he was assistant pastor.

He came to the United States in 1872, and was appointed pastor in September, 1873, of the parish of Notre Dame de Sacre Cœur at Central Falls by Right Rev. Bishop Hendricken, where he officiated until his appointment as pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood, on the date above stated.

Father Dauray took hold with earnest zeal and went forward with the building of the church and had the satisfaction of seeing work on the walls completed and the roof on at the end of the year 1875. On February 2, 1876—Candlemas Day—the structure was blown down by a terrific gale which prevailed on that date, causing a direct loss of about \$25,000.

Father Dauray, though keenly feeling what this great loss meant to his congregation, yet was not disheartened. Encouraged by the voice of his people and assured by the sympathy of the whole community he went forward with enthusiastic ardor in the work of rebuilding the ruined structure, and had the pleasure and happiness of seeing his efforts crowned with success by a completion of the edifice in 1881. On Sunday, July 17, of that year the rebuilt Church was solemnly dedicated.

The ceremony of dedication was carried out by Right Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken, Bishop of Providence diocese,

who was assisted by Right Rev. Bishop Lefleche of the diocese of Three Rivers, Province of Quebec, Right Rev. Bishop Moreau of the diocese of St. Hyacinthe and Very Rev. Michael McCabe, rector of St. Charles' Church and Vicar General of Providence diocese. There were about forty priests present from various places, several being from Canadian dioceses.

Right Rev. Bishop Moreau was the celebrant of a Pontifical High Mass on the morning of that date, with Rev. P. J. Bedard of Fall River, Deacon; Rev. I. A. Nadeau of Granby, Province of Quebec, Sub-Deacon; Rev. Charles Paulin of St. Dominique, Province of Quebec, Master of Ceremonies; Very Rev. M. McCabe, Assistant Priest; Rev. Louis Richard of Three Rivers, Rev. Canon L. M. Archambeault of St. Hugues, Province of Quebec, Deacons of Honor, and Rev. Alexis Bouvier of St. Marie Monnoir and Rev. J. Provost, assistant pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood, censer bearers. There was a banquet in the afternoon and vesper service in the evening.

The building of the Jesus Marie Convent on Hamlet avenue and the building of the parochial rectory on Carrington avenue are among the works accomplished by Father Dauray. In 1895 he saw work completed on one of the most beautiful monuments of his zeal, namely, the new Jesus Marie Convent at the junction of Carrington avenue and Park avenue. This beautiful building was dedicated at Thanksgiving in 1895, on which occasion there was a three days fête, beginning on Tuesday, November 26, and ending on Thursday (Thanksgiving Day), November 28. This was also made the occasion of celebrating Father Dauray's silver jubilee of ordination.

This grand celebration, which was carried out under the direction of Rev. Eugene Lessard, then senior assistant pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood, and now pastor

of St. James' Church, Manville, was a brilliant event. Dr. Joseph Hills was president of the organization formed for the purpose of carrying out the fête, and Dr. Joseph H. Boucher was vice-president. The church was splendidly decorated for the occasion and was crowded in the evening. All the churches in the city, Catholic and Protestant, were represented in the large assembly. Members of the Woonsocket delegation to the General Assembly and about all the city officers were present.

The following priests were present: Rev. Charles C. Gaboury, New Bedford; Rev. Alfred Lemieux, Superior of the College of St. Marie de Monnoir, Province of Quebec; Rev. Joseph Beaudry, St. Marcel, Canada; Rev. Joseph Carbonneau of St. Helene, Bagot, Quebec; Rev. C. H. Jeannotte, North Adams; Rev. J. N. Beaudry, Biddeford, Maine; Rev. J. M. M. Cadieux, Professor of Philosophy in the College of St. Marie de Monnoir; Rev. Noel Rainville, North Hampton; Rev. Louis Larocque, Manchester, New Hampshire; Rev. Alphonse Graton, Central Falls; Rev. George Lavallee, Fall River; Rev. Joseph Gaboury, New Bedford; Rev. Father Gingras, Fall River; Rev. Father Van Dernoot, Putnam, Conn.; Rev. J. A. Labelle, Ashton; Rev. Father Soly, Professor in the Seminary at St. Hyacinthe; Rev. Father Massicotte, Fall River; Rev. I. Sylvain, Fall River; Rev. Hormidas Deslauriers, New Bedford; Rev. Joseph A. Bourgeois, Rev. J. A. Laliberte, Rev. Mederic Roberge, Rev. J. A. Fanteux and Rev. Father Brodeur of Woonsocket.

Dr. Joseph Hills delivered an address in the name of the parishioners of the Church of the Precious Blood. Addresses were also made by Hon. Philippe Boucher, at that time a member of the General Assembly; Hon. Aram J. Pothier, Mayor of the city of Woonsocket; Rev. Hormidas Deslauriers, New Bedford, a former assistant pastor of the

Church of the Precious Blood; Alphonse Ganlin, Jr., Joseph Monette, Col. L. B. Pease, Col. F. L. O'Reilly, Judge Livingstone Scott and Major James W. Smyth.

The officers of the committee having charge of the exercises consisted of Rev. Eugene Lessard, honorary president; Dr. Joseph Hils, president; Dr. Joseph H. Boucher, vice-president; Joseph Jalbert, treasurer, and Ovide Plasse, assistant treasurer.

The members of the committee were as follows: Felix Gariépy, President of the St. Jean Baptiste Society; Henri Pouliot, President of L'Institut Canadien; Adelard Archambeault, Esq., President of Cercle National Dramatique; Louis Joseph Grenier, President of the League of the Sacred Heart; Mrs. P. C. Cote, President of the Ladies of St. Ann Sodality, and Miss Rose Anna Lussier, President of the Children of Mary Sodality.

On Thursday, November 28, Thanksgiving Day, and the last day of the fête, there was a procession in the early morning, which was taken part in by Garde Richelien, Captain Paul St. Jacques, commanding; St. Jean Baptiste Society, Felix Gariépy, president; L'Institut Canadien, Henri Pouliot, president; Cercle National Dramatique, Adelard Archambeault, president.

Rev. Father Dauray was the celebrant of a Solemn High Mass in the Church with Rev. Charles Gaboury, Deacon, Rev. P. McLoughlin of St. John's Church, Slatersville, Sub-Deacon and Rev. Hormidas Deslauriers and Rev. Joseph Lavalée Masters of Ceremonies.

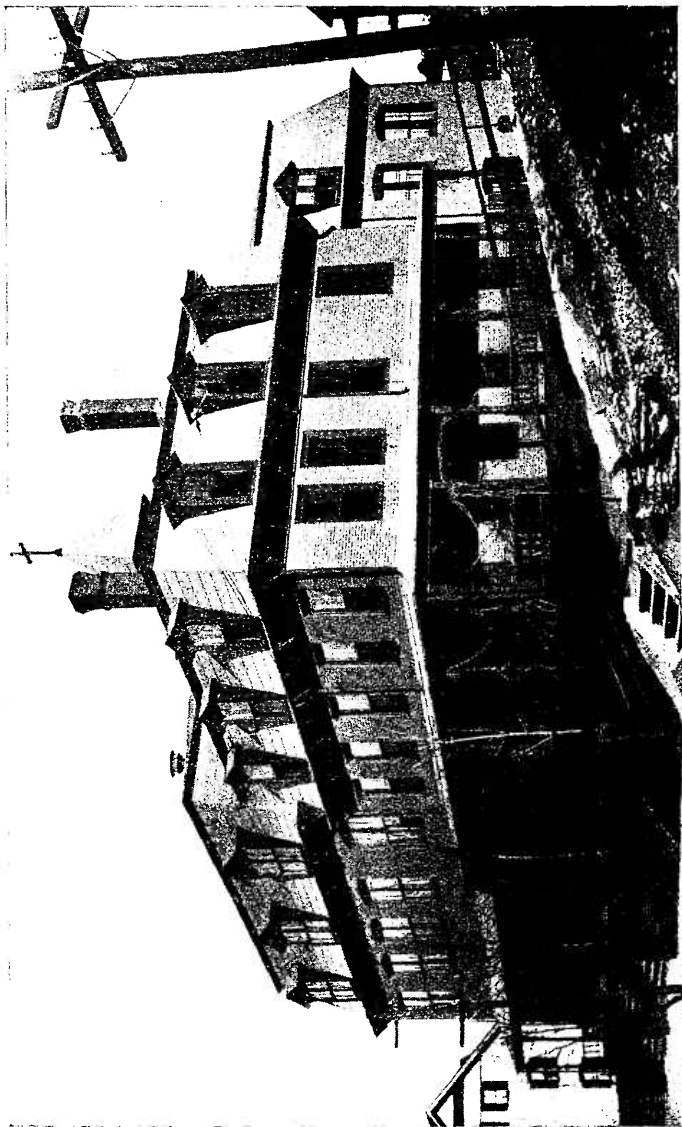
It may be said of Rev. Father Dauray that with his advent here began the marked progress and prosperity of the French-Canadian people, until they lead in about every avocation, and as the owners of their own homes are unsurpassed. Father Dauray has been ever true to his people. He has kept up the gentlemanly dignity and bearing of a

priest, and has always been true in his love as the pastor of his people. Under his influence and guidance they have prospered and are prospering. He is the true *cure*, the word implying care or fatigue, a word which is well applied to him, as he has never shrunk from either. Again he is hospitable, charitable and kind, characteristics which must be admired and applauded. His people will show their appreciation of him on the day of his silver jubilee for his twenty years of earnest labor in their midst, by substantial tokens of esteem.

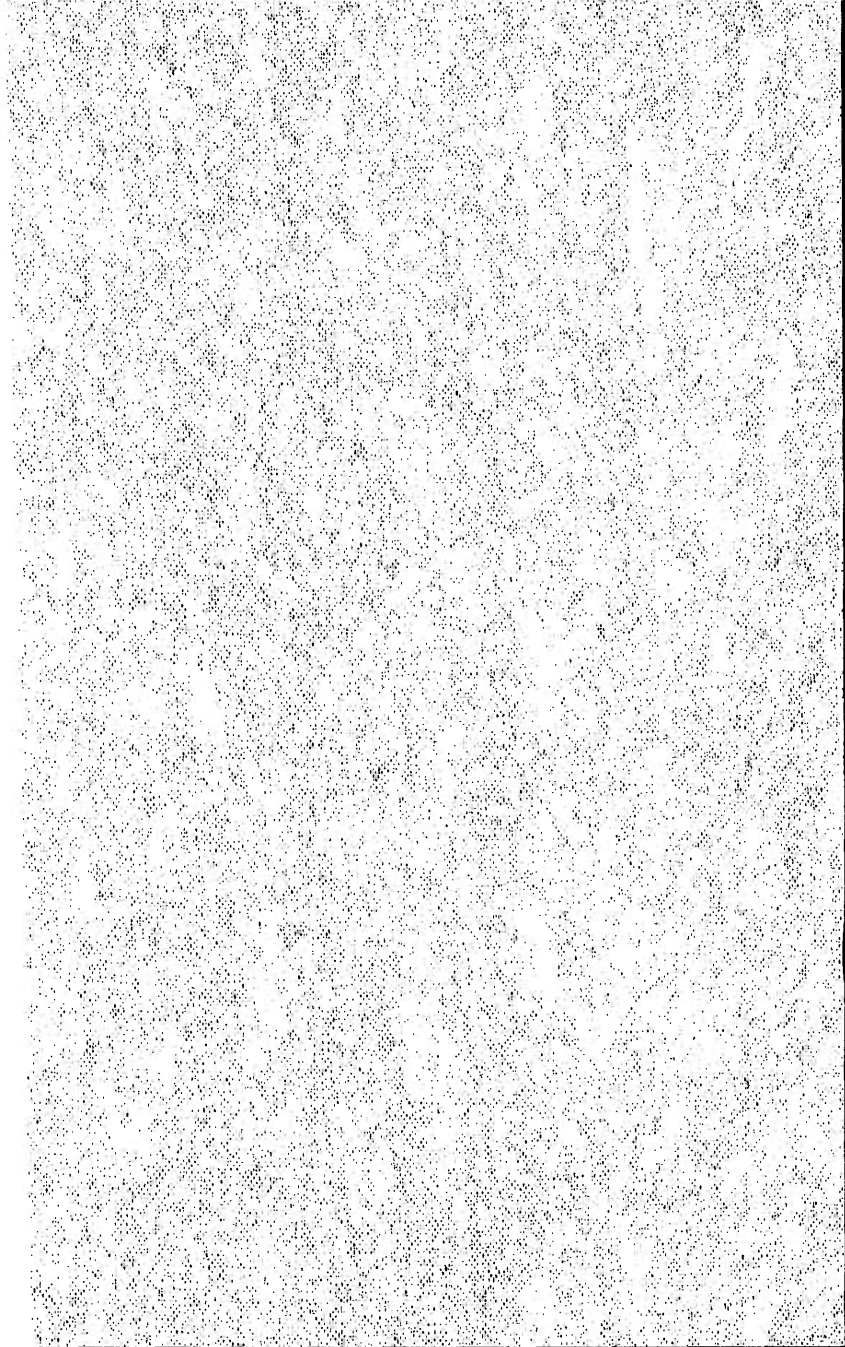
These people believe in organization. They have a number of flourishing societies in this city, prominent among them might be mentioned the St. Jean Baptiste Society, one of the oldest if not the oldest French-Canadian organization in Woonsocket. In fact, the history of this Society is the history of the French people in Woonsocket. From its institution, over a quarter of a century ago, the members of this Society have been and are among the most prosperous and progressive in the town and city of Woonsocket. The name St. Jean Baptiste, adopted by the Society, is dear to every French-Canadian. With it is associated the Agnus Dei or Lamb of God. It recalls the history of St. John preaching in the wilderness as the pioneer of Christ. It recalls the gospel truth of Christ's baptism by St. John in the Jordan, when a voice from Heaven exclaimed, "This is My Beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The people forming this Society and adopting this name were the pioneers of the French-Canadians in this section. They came with love of country, love of their religion and love of God, and at the same time true to the land of their adoption, and that they have prospered with such guidance and such characteristics is amply proved in about every occupation which they have entered. As merchants, manufacturers, professional men, contractors and

builders, workers in the metals or in the labor of the farm they have always been successful. The hundreds of homes they have built have contributed to the prosperity and growth of our city. In the building up of temples in which to worship God they have also shown zeal, energy and perseverance. The Cross of the pioneer on the banks of the St. Lawrence has been changed to the stately Church edifice on the banks of the Blackstone, with still the Cross at the highest pinnacle.





St. Ann's Church and Convent.



The Parish of St. Ann.

CHAPTER XVII.

PARISH OF ST. ANN—FATHER LECLERC—BRIEF SKETCH OF AN
EARNEST WORKER FOR THE CHURCH—UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS—THE NEW GYMNASIUM BUILDING.

In 1890 there arrived in Woonsocket a young priest who brought with him credentials from Right Rev. Bishop Harkins to build up a parish within certain lines laid down. The young priest was Rev. Napoleon Leclerc, come to minister to the spiritual wants of a portion of the French Catholic population, set off from the older parish of the Church of the Precious Blood. He arrived here full of ardor and enthusiasm, these being backed up with business tact and unflinching energy, a Napoleon in more than mere appellation.

Rev. Napoleon Leclerc was born in St. Cecile de Milton, P. Q., in September, 1861; came to the United States four years afterwards with his parents, who settled in Harrisville. Five years later the family moved to Providence, where Father Leclerc attended the public schools, and after graduation pursued a classical course in St. Hyacinthe College, and then entered St. John's College, Brighton, Mass., where he studied theology for four years.

On June 25, 1887, he was ordained a priest and in July of that year was appointed assistant pastor to Rev. Father Mahoney at the Church of Notre Dame de Sacre Coeur in Central Falls. On Jan. 16, 1890, he was appointed pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste at Woodlawn, where he built a parsonage, and shortly after its completion came to Woonsocket.

On arrival here the new pastor consulted prominent

men of his parish about the location and purchase of a site for a Church and parsonage. The result was the purchase of a lot from Bouvier & Gaulin, with a frontage of 205 feet on Cumberland street and a depth of 230 feet, running back to Gaulin avenue. Another lot, with a frontage of 205 feet on Gaulin avenue and running back 235 feet, was also purchased. Three other lots, with an aggregate frontage of 160 feet and a depth of 120 feet, were subsequently purchased.

After the purchase of the first land in October, 1900, the erection of a building was entered upon, which included a Church, a parochial dwelling and school rooms. This building is 110 feet long by 60 feet wide and has an ell 40 by 36 feet. The whole structure is three stories high, with a French roof. The Church located in the building has a seating capacity of 1,000, and is filled at six services held each Sunday, these being four Masses, a Sunday school and a vesper service. A little over 1,000 children attend the Sunday school, 600 of whom receive general instructions each Sunday from Father Leclerc, the remaining 400 being instructed by the Sisters.

There are twelve school rooms and a reception room in the building, the schools being attended by 700 pupils, presided over by thirteen teachers, seven being lay teachers, the others being Sisters of the Presentation of Mary, who came here from their Convent home in Montreal in September, 1893.

The erection of the first building was begun in May, 1891, and was finished in November of that year. Immediately on the establishment of the parish of St. Ann, and for ten months afterwards, the parishioners attended services held in the basement of the Church of the Precious Blood, this privilege being granted by the kindness of Rev. Father Dauray.

St. Ann's Chapel on Gaulin avenue was dedicated with pomp and ceremony Sunday morning, November 22, 1891. At an early morning service Right Rev. Bishop Harkins confirmed a class of over 200 children, after which he addressed them on the sacrament they had received, and hoped it would keep them strong in the Faith during life.

The dedication of the Chapel took place at the 10:30 morning services, Right Rev. Bishop Harkins, in full canonicals, officiating, assisted by these priests: Very Rev. M. McCabe, Vicar General of the diocese; Rev. Napoleon Leclerc, Pastor of the Church; Rev. Mederic Roberge, assistant pastor; Rev. Father Payan of New Bedford, Rev. Father Jourdin of St. Charles' Church, Providence; Rev. J. H. Lennon of Pawtucket, Rev. George T. Mahoney of Central Falls; Rev. John T. Lynch, assistant pastor of St. Charles' Church; Rev. Charles Dauray, Pastor and Rev. Eugene Lessard and Rev. Joseph G. Lavallee, assistant pastors of the Church of the Precious Blood.

A procession, consisting of the Bishop and priests, was formed at the chancel rails, which proceeded to the church entrance. The procession from there proceeded around the church, the Bishop and priests chanting responsive psalms and the Bishop sprinkling the walls with holy water. When a circuit of the church was made the processionists proceeded up the center aisle, chanting the litany of the saints as they proceeded. The reciting of the litany was finished before the altar, after which the Bishop and priests proceeded around the interior of the church, chanting psalms, and the Bishop sprinkling holy water as he went. The dedicatory service was finished at the altar, after which the Bishop blessed a beautiful statue of St. Ann. This statue, which cost over \$200, was purchased by the ladies of the congregation and represents St. Ann in the act of instructing the Blessed Virgin. The dual

statue is on a pedestal on the gospel side of the altar. After the blessing of the statue a solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Payan, with Rev. Father Lavallee as Deacon, Rev. Father Lessard Sub-Deacon and Rev. Father Roberge Master of Ceremonies.

Rev. Father Dauray, Pastor of the Church of the Precious Blood, preached the sermon, after the first gospel of the Mass, taking for his text this passage from the Psalms :

How lovely are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord!

The reverend gentleman proceeded to say that these words of King David began one of his most beautiful canticles. This psalm overflowed with love and admiration for the house of God. After Jacob awoke from sleep, in which he saw as a vision a ladder standing upon the earth, with the top thereof touching Heaven, exclaimed: "How terrible is this place! This is no other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven." Such should be our language of love and admiration to-day in dedicating this new temple to the Lord. Let us open our hearts and be grateful for the favors God has bestowed upon us. We are sometimes unmindful of the glory of God's temple, in our worldly ways, and forget that the Creator of Heaven and earth is always within the Church erected for His habitation. Let us consider the greatness of the Catholic Church and the part it plays in the economy of the Christian life of this world. First, the Catholic Church is the house of God and the Gate to Heaven, because God dwells therein, and is really present in the blessed sacrament of the altar. Second, the Church is the house of God, because therein all homage, praise and adoration is rendered to Him. In it is offered up the holy sacrifice of the Mass, this sacrifice being established by Christ Jesus, the Son of God. Third, the Church is also the house of man, because there the most important events of man's life takes place. It is there he is made a Christian at the baptismal font. It is there he is fortified by confirmation and holy communion. It is there where the marriage ceremony is performed which unites in Christian bonds the husband and wife, receiving in this ceremony, when worthily received, the blessing of God. It is within the Church that the last remains of the faithful in Christ receive the last rites on earth before being consigned to their last resting place in the grave.

Within the Church we find symbolism of all that is noble. We find there the spirit of truth, and also see in the Cross, the symbol of our salvation and redemption, and in the images of the saints we are reminded of the souls in Heaven. The priest in all that he does preaches the infallible truth, founded on the law laid down by the Almighty and eternal God. The Catholic Church preaches this eternal truth through all her churches throughout the world. The Catholic Church is the house of virtue, as well as the Church of truth. It is not alone sufficient that man should know the truth, but he must put it in practice. It is said it is difficult to be good. The Church gives us the strength to be good, and teaches us to be patient in our trials, and strengthens us to fight against temptations and frailties of the flesh.

The reverend gentleman at this point drew a very beautiful illustration of the manner in which God in Heaven, like the vision seen by Jacob, extends His grace, mercy and goodness from His throne above, to men on the earth beneath, thereby through His Church, leading all the faithful to that ladder by which they can ascend to Heaven. The kindness and goodness of God to His creatures is seen everywhere, but most of all in His Church. The cross placed on top of the Church proclaims salvation to man. The cross on the baptismal font opens the gate of Heaven to the infant in baptism. The cross on the confessional brings new life to the erring penitent who finds himself, if truly sorry for his sins, re-established in the grace of God. The cross on the tabernacle of the altar points out the sanctuary of immortal life. There Jesus Christ, the Saviour, is seen; from there He rests upon the lips and enters the heart. O, Lord, Thy tabernacles are dear to me, because everywhere I can see Thy presence and contemplate Thy goodness. He admonished all to be faithful to God and the Church. He spoke words of praise for what the people had done in erecting the Chapel just dedicated. These people, he said, were at one time his people, and were at all times generous, obedient and faithful. A separation had taken place, and a new Church was established. He did not like the word separation, it was harsh and unmusical to the ear. There was a place in his Church these people once occupied. The vacancy which took place in the seats when they left was now filled by others, but the vacancy in his heart, because of the loss of so good a people, could never be filled.

In final conclusion he admonished them to continue the good

work so grandly begun, and be ever faithful to their pastor by being always filled with the love of God and in united obedience to His holy Church.

Many in the congregation shed tears during Father Dauray's final sentences. The Right Rev. Bishop ascended the chancel steps near the close of the Mass and addressed the congregation. He congratulated all on the good work accomplished and wished them to persevere in all things which will make the parish prosperous and keep the grace of God among them. The Catholic population of Woonsocket was very large and steadily increasing. Very Rev. M. McCabe could remember, the Bishop said, when a small wooden Church was large enough for all the Catholics in Woonsocket. Now there was the Church of the Precious Blood, St. Charles' Church and St. Ann's Church, all being filled each Sunday by large congregations. All ought to be united in the spirit of God and thereby work for His greater honor and glory.

The Bishop gave the benediction at the end of the Mass. The congregation present at the service was very large, all seats in the pews being filled. A large number of chairs arranged in front of the chancel rails were all occupied. The music of the Mass was well rendered by an augmented choir under the direction of Miss LeBlanc, who presided at the organ.

The interior of the Chapel is very handsome. The walls and ceilings are frescoed in subdued tints of old gold, relieved with Van Dyke brown striping and gold ornamentation. The altar is finished in cream color, with pearl color in the panels. The mouldings and other ornamentation are finished in gold leaf. The pews are finished in oak and black walnut.

The new rectory was built in 1893, the work beginning in April and ending in September. The parsonage, like

every other building of St. Ann's, is built for comfort and endurance. It is 42x49 feet, with an ell 22x21 feet, and ell and main building are two stories high with French roof above the second story. Pressed brick and granite trimmings are used in construction. There are twenty-eight rooms in the building, including bath rooms. All modern improvements are found in all the departments. The pastor and each of his assistants has a spacious sitting or study room and a chamber connected. It is attractively and at the same time comfortably furnished.

In 1894 the whole Church property was valued at over \$100,000, and on which the people of the parish in the short space of four years have paid over \$55,000, doing this through the zeal and untiring energy of their pastor. This is a wonderful and almost unparalleled record, but is by no means all this pastor and people have done.

One of the greatest events so far in this grandly progressive parish is the building of St. Ann's gymnasium and theatre. This is a splendid building, being in all its equipments unsurpassed in the State. The architecture is of the Moorish, or what some call the Romanesque order, a style borrowed from the Etruscans at the time of the decline in Grecian architecture. F. Walter Fountain was the architect and John B. Fountain, father of the architect, the builder, under the supervision of A. Charles Fountain, and constant and ever-watchful general direction of Rev. Father Bourgeois. To all the greatest praise is due for the best work ever put in any public or private building in the city. The first work was entered upon on May 23, 1894. During the whole work Father Bourgeois never left his post of duty from the time the foundation stone was laid until the dedication services were completed. The careful attention paid by him to every detail has terminated in conscientious work throughout, work which is the best of the best, each one

of the sub-contractors vying with each other in producing the best possible. In fact, it would be impossible to do poor work under the genial, gentlemanly, intelligent, and at the same time justly supervision of Father Bourgeois.

Let us enter the gymnasium portion of the structure. We find here an apartment 61x48 feet. It is sheathed with moulded-face Norway hard pine on walls and ceiling, finished in the natural wood. The ceiling is supported by six panel posts. In this room are the latest and best improvements known in gymnasium apparatus. There are eighty-four lockers with individual keys, built of white wood, connected with this apartment. Among the equipments are a circular running track thirty-two laps to the mile, two bowling alleys of regulation size, six chest weights, a neck machine, rowing weight, wrist machine, hitch-and-kick machine, breast bars, vaulting horse, one horizontal bar, one vaulting bar, a striking bag and drum, flying rings, traveling rings, climbing pole and rope, rope ladder, a large assortment of Indian clubs and dumb-bells, mattresses, bridge ladder, parallel bars, medicine ball, and jump stands. A billiard hall 30x30 feet, off the gymnasium apartment, is grandly fitted up. The walls are sheathed three feet from the floor, and above this is terra cotta finish on walls and ceilings, with hardware light bronze finish. A bath-room is on this floor, which has a water-tight and air-tight floor, and in which a vapor bath, sponge, plunge or shower bath can be obtained. Water closets, urinals and wash stands are connected with this apartment.

Leaving the first story we ascend through the main hallway to the second story, the stairway being eight feet wide, with easy grade of steps. The fresco finish on wall and ceiling is terra cotta, with solid bronze trimmings on doors. Two handsome arches are passed through, one from the billard hall and one to the main entrance from

Cumberland street. These are fashioned out of hard pine and finished in the natural wood.

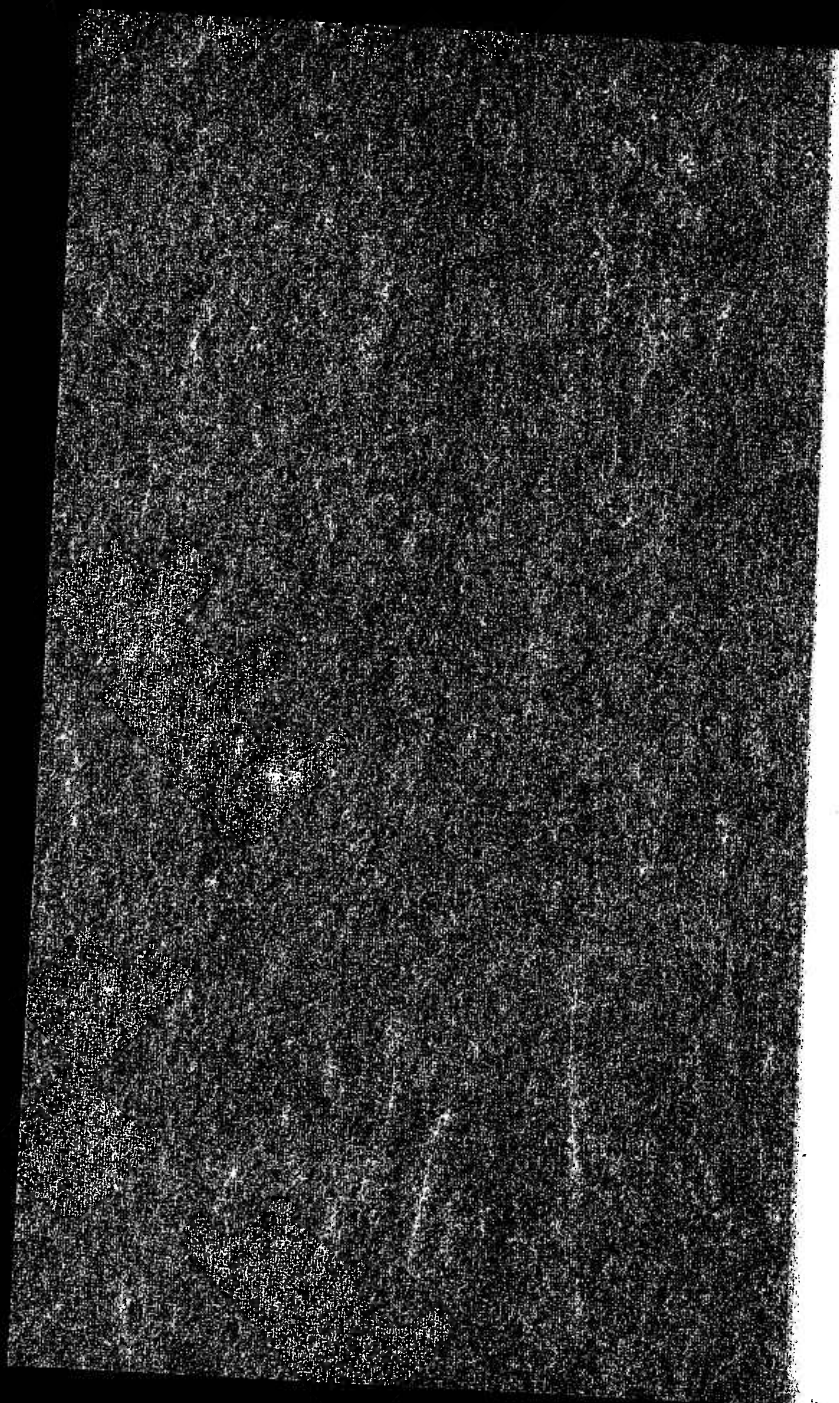
On the second story is the library and reading room, each being 18x30 feet and connected by folding doors. The floors are maple, with white wood sheathing and terra cotta fresco on walls and ceilings, a relief being given in pink frieze. Handsome furniture and rugs adorn the room. A smoking room, 15x21 feet, finished in blue fresco, with white wood sheathing and maple floor, is easy of access from the library and reading rooms. A board of directors' room is next in order, and is 15x18 feet, the ceiling and walls of which are finished in Quaker gray and slate, the Quaker color being probably put in by the artist as indicative of calm, calculating wisdom.

And now we come to the grand apartment, par excellence of all, namely, the beautiful theatre in which the eye has much to admire, the judgment much to delight in. Five doors lead from the corridor to the theatre, all opening out, the cosy little box office, 4x7 feet, being in the corridor. The architecture of the interior is old colonial style. The colors in the beautiful frescoing on walls and ceiling are rich in gold, cream, yellow, brown, green and olive. The fronts of the four boxes and balcony are adorned with cream color and gold, the harmony of colors here as elsewhere being all that critical eye could desire. The frieze, cove, panels on boxes and balcony, capitals, bases, laurels and coping are papier mache. The emblems used in decoration are music and art. Heavy burnished brass rails adorn the front of the gallery and also the tops of the boxes, and inclose the place set apart for the orchestra. Eight chandeliers, used for lighting, hang from the dome. On these are forty lights, twenty-four of which are electric and the others gas. The boxes are 8x8 feet and have Brussels carpets on the floors, and are furnished with lace

and silk plush draperies. The walls are finished in terra cotta and the furniture is of the willow style. The pro-cenium arch, 22 feet wide by 18 feet high, is very handsome. In the center is a scroll, on which are the letters "G. S. A.," and on panels right and left of the scroll are emblems of art and music. Similar emblems are used in decorating the inside finish of the dome.

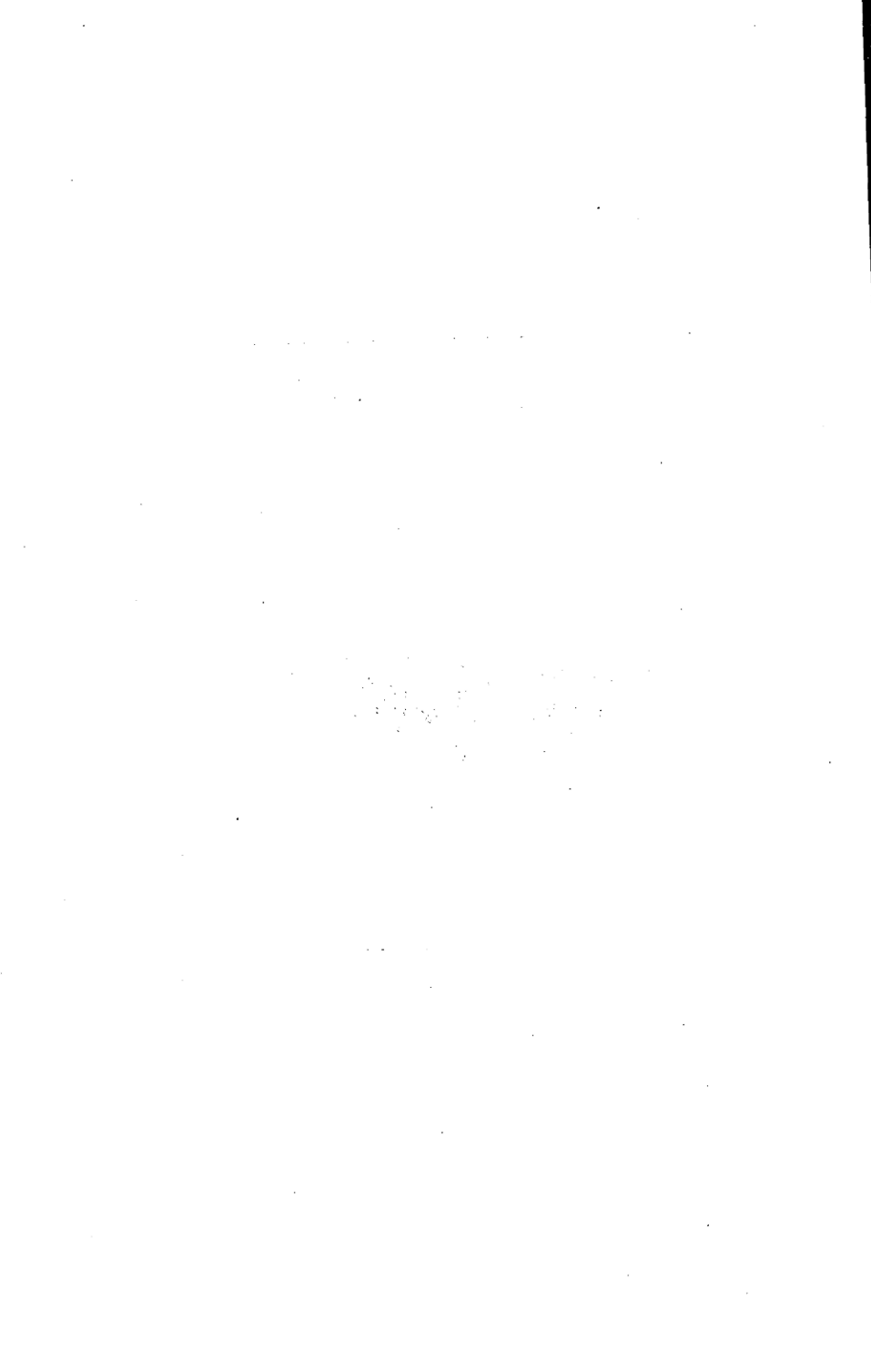
The theatre proper is 50x100 feet, with a seating capacity of 800 in balcony and auditorium. The seats are models of comfort, and are each furnished with hat and umbrella racks. The tops, numbers and section letters are of burnished nickel. The stage is 21 feet 6 inches by 50 feet. The drop curtain is a splendid piece of art. The scene is the citadel at Quebec, with soldiers on duty, the English flag flying, and artillery in position. The promenade is seen below the fortress walls, with many people passing to and fro, and far below is the St. Lawrence river, bearing on its bosom outgoing and incoming merchantmen, French and English men-of-war and pleasure steamers. The list of scenes is extensive, and they are all beautiful; in fact, in scenery and every other appointment and property, the stage is one of the best equipped in the State.

There is a beautiful palace scene, on leg-drop, with six wings, this number of wings being furnished every scene. A kitchen scene is hung on flippers, and has doors, fire place and a practical window. A gothic chamber scene of Louis XIV. style, is unsurpassed in beauty and delicacy of touch. A center door fancy, prison scene, garden scene, light and dark wood, landscape, ancient street, modern street, rocky pass, snow-drop, set houses, set cottages, piazzas, trellis arbor, set rock, set bridge, set water, together with set vases and set statuary make up a stage paraphernalia which it would be hard to equal. Above the stage are the dressing rooms, four in number each 8x12





REV. NAPOLEON LECLERC,
Pastor of St. Ann's Parish.



feet. There is also a green room, which is 12x14 feet, which is furnished with a first-class parlor set and has a handsome Brussels carpet on the floor. The corridor and stairway leading to the dressing rooms are carpeted. A large scenery dock room is off the corridor leading to the dressing rooms.

On Sunday, December 9, 1894, this beautiful structure, the Gymnasium of the Church of St. Ann, was dedicated with great pomp and solemnity by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins, assisted by a number of clergymen. It was an epoch in the history of the young Catholic parish which must go down forever on the records as a grand, progressive event, so far unparalleled in its completeness among the other parishes of the city. It was an event which all citizens were proud of, because St. Ann's gymnasium, blessed and dedicated, is a physical as well as a mental educational institution for young men, and young men being the hope of the city, State and nation, all that tends to their progress for good in all things must be pleasing to every patriotic man and woman. Crowds surrounded the beautiful building from early morning, the people assembled being in the majority members of the parish, who took pride in looking at a monument erected by their pastor through their generous gifts for their use and enjoyment.

In the evening at 7:45 Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence diocese, assisted by Rev. Napoleon Leclerc, rector of St. Ann's, and Rev. Charles C. Dauray, rector of the Church of the Precious Blood, blessed the building, by passing around the interior of the gymnasium and sprinkling holy water on the walls, while responsive prayers were recited. At a little after 8 o'clock a literary and musical programme of great excellence was carried out in the handsome theatre, which was crowded to overflowing by an audience composed of representatives of all classes

in the city, including clergymen, city officials, professional men, merchants, manufacturers and the laboring class, the last named being those whose generous contributions materially assisted in the erection of the building.

After two selections by the orchestra and a hymn by a sextet, Alphonse Gaulin, Jr., was introduced by Rev. Father Bourgeois, who presided as master of ceremonies. Mr. Gaulin occupied half an hour in an eloquent address in the French language, which was frequently applauded.

A baritone solo, with orchestra and chorus, followed the able discourse, after which Mayor Aram J. Pothier delivered the following address in English, which he supplemented by an address in French :

Right Reverend Bishop, Gentlemen of the Clergy, Ladies and Gentlemen :

“ I am grateful for the privilege of taking part in these interesting exercises. As Mayor of this city, wishing to see it amongst the most prosperous, well-administered and peaceful in the land, I cannot look with indifference at the sacrifices that are made to elevate youth. I feel that it is my duty to be here this evening, to encourage the movement so auspiciously begun. This stately pile bespeaks not only of the generosity of the people of St. Ann, it stands also as a monument to the intelligent foresight of those whose mission is to preach the brotherhood of men. The erection of such a building in a community is an event of the greatest import and significance, an event that all loyal citizens, of whatever creed, must hail with delight, for it means order, progress and liberty. As citizens of the proudest Republic which the world has known, we are interested in the maintenance of our institutions ; we want them to live that they may extend their influence for good to other nations. Our experiment, although extending over a century, is still an experiment, and the American

people—that great exponent of democracy—is responsible to the world at large for the success of popular government. Let order reign, let the laws be respected, let the spirit of obedience to authority remain the corner-stone of the Republic, and its stability is assured.

“ And yet, Right Rev. Bishop, ladies and gentlemen, however hopeful we may be for the future of the American commonwealth, we cannot overlook the dangers that threaten it. The sudden and immense development of the resources of the country, causing vast aggregations of capital to control these resources beyond safe limits, the indiscriminate immigration permitted, the relaxation of the family ties often due to our divorce laws, the discontent amongst the masses due to real causes or sometimes to the demagogical utterances of cheap politics, the intemperate habits of many—all of these things have given rise to social and economic problems hard to solve, but that can be solved, nevertheless, by the application of the rules laid down by Christianity. The influence of religion, which preaches fraternity to the rich and poor, which speaks of virtue, of justice and of mercy, is needed to keep that necessary equilibrium in our social life without which order is impossible. All well meaning persons realize the importance of that Christian influence for the preservation of order, and they like to foster it by contributing to the erection of such buildings as this and of the many Churches which are the glory of our land. Churches are the fountainhead of all the noble deeds of charity and devotion which brighten our national life. They give to mankind the sister of the poor, the nurse on the battlefield, the ministering angel of the hospital and house of refuge. They inspire the rich with that generosity which prompts him to share his wealth with others in erecting houses of learning, public libraries, hospitals, orphanages, etc. Assuredly

the world is better for all these things and we cannot refuse to acknowledge the debt of gratitude it owes to Christian institutions. I am happy for one to proclaim this evening the grandeur of that Christian ministration and influence, and to encourage you all in your commendable efforts to render that ministration and influence more and more fruitful.

“Believe me, my friends, a Church, or a building as is dedicated this day, will help to raise better children, make good citizens—and good citizenship is what the American Republic expects and demands. It is a patriotic motive, indeed, which planned this undertaking. The youth of St. Ann’s needed a place where they could meet and rest after the labors of the day to breathe in an atmosphere of refinement and tranquility; they needed something to counteract the dangers of the street and of our present tenement system, and here we have this splendid edifice built for that purpose. I see in this project a promise of better, more enlightened citizenship, and in common with all, I rejoice.

“My friends, he is not a patriot who does not try to check, in the measure of his ability, the individual or group tendencies for wrong which exist in this country. He is not a patriot who cannot see or cares not to see, while enjoying the plenitude of freedom, protection and security under our liberal institutions, the dangers of bad, vicious or ignorant citizenship; who does not see in the rapacity of monopoly, in the blindness of the ignorant classes, in the disregard of law, a menace to the republic; who does not, when the remedy is found, help its application by his vote or influence. Manhood unfettered by prejudice or ignorance—real manhood—is needed for the permanency of our system. The interest manifested by the parishioners of St. Ann’s shows that they understand their duties as citizens, and that they will endeavor always to fulfill them

well for the glory of their country and the honor of their race.

“Let me add here, ladies and gentlemen, that I believe myself to be the interpreter of my race and of many whom emigration has not sent to these hospitable shores, when I say that, while respecting the past, none of us or of them wish to introduce or perpetuate ideas or systems which are contrary to our American system. Men who have basked in the sunlight of American freedom have no desire to return to or uphold any other form of government than the one under we live prosperous and happy. Having once tasted the sweets of freedom and enjoyed its blessings, it would be impossible, nay unnatural, to adopt any other conditions but those compatible with our progress. The mingling of races may alter more or less the temperament of our people, may soften down the asperities of our social life, it will not affect our political life and tendencies. These are in the line of greater liberty, of greater emancipation. All insinuations against any class of our citizens, all questionings about their devotion to our institutions are unjust, and only good to breed rancor, which all fair-minded Americans must regret. Our flag floats to-day over a united people, the proudest flag of all, because it is the emblem of freedom, the most powerful because it is the flag of a vigorous and loyal nation. We owe respect to the past, but loyalty to this Republic, to its Union, is our only great duty. That duty, fellow-citizens of foreign birth, you have understood. Your blood has been given to prove this and no one has a right to question your patriotism.

“It may seem strange to some that the new elements which are forming our composite nationality, should worship the traditions of their respective races. Is not this natural, specially at this stage of our national development? Should it be a reproach for a man to love the traditions of

his family? Can we reproach the descendants of the Puritans, those sturdy pioneers of New England, if they cherish the memories of old England, if they love its literature, its chivalry, if they take pride in their blood? Is the Irish-American to be despised because of his emotions when he reads of his country's wrongs, when he hears the plaintive notes of the bards of Erin, when he glories in the achievements of his race? Is the British-American to be condemned because of his attachment for England, because of his admiration for a country which has attained such a commanding position in the world and which has produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon and a Newton? And the French-American whose birthright and ancestry entitle him to a first place on this continent with the descendants of the Pilgrims, whose forefathers were amongst the earliest pioneers in the new world, should they be blamed for their pride in that glorious past, when that past tells of the sufferings, privations and martyrdom of the missionaries of France, tells of the heroism of her soldiers at Yorktown?

“As an American, I fear not men whose hearts are still warm to the memories of their race's past. I fear not the rising generation of Americans who are formed in an atmosphere such as the youth of St. Ann's will henceforth breathe. Their place will be, I hope, with the truest and staunchest lovers and defenders of this their country. The great Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul has said: ‘America is the age!’ It is provided every American is educated to bear nobly the responsibility of citizenship. This education, young men of St. Ann's, you will receive under this roof. Our best wishes are for you.”

Major James W. Smyth and Hon. Philippe Boucher followed with addresses and after an orchestral selection Rev. Father Bourgeois introduced Right. Rev. Bishop Harkins as the apostle of the youth, and the Bishop said in French:

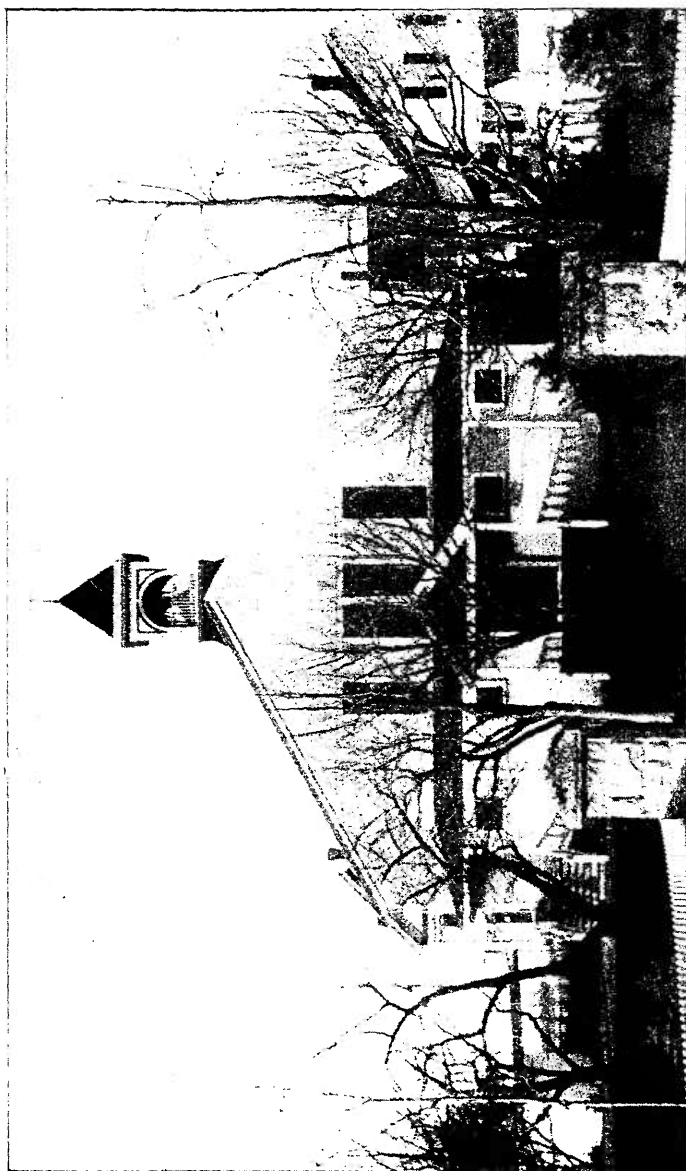
“Twice this evening have I heard that title of apostle of the youth coupled with my name. While I am grateful for the title I am not worthy of it, but I am always glad to do what I can for this part of my flock. It was a great pleasure for me this evening to offer this edifice to God. You might think it peculiar that I would offer to God a thing which in appearance is profane, but it is in appearance only, for while you are using this building and its complete gymnasium and other equipments you will develop physical strength, intellectual strength and moral strength, which will help you to become good Christians and upright citizens. Considering these facts it was my plain duty to offer it to God. By virtue of it you will acquire bodily strength, and the body is but the instrument of the soul, which commands us to place our various attainments at the altar of justice and of God. The erection of this building is in line with the doctrine of the Catholic Church that we educate and develop man by all his faculties.”

The Bishop then called on the young men to profit by its use. He said he hoped that they would be faithful to their mission, to their parents and their spiritual directors, who were doing so much for their welfare, and thereby become good American citizens, a title which means much and entitles them to the highest political places within the gift of the city and State.

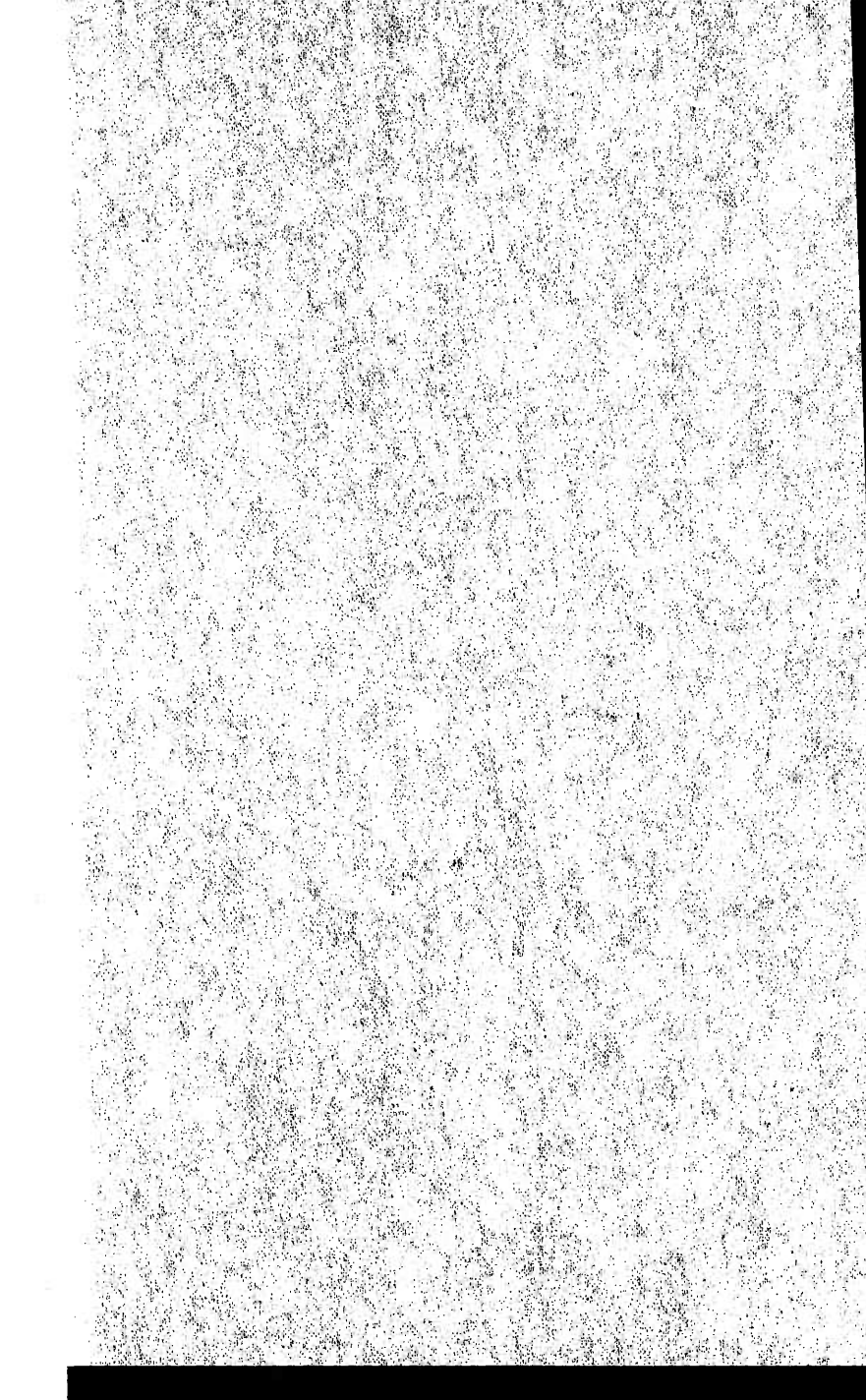
“You have a striking example here,” he said, “in your city, where one of your race will soon enter on his second term as the chief magistrate of your municipality. Young men, if you cannot all become mayors or governors, you can at least become good, loyal citizens, and your gymnasium and the directors will help you in attaining this.”

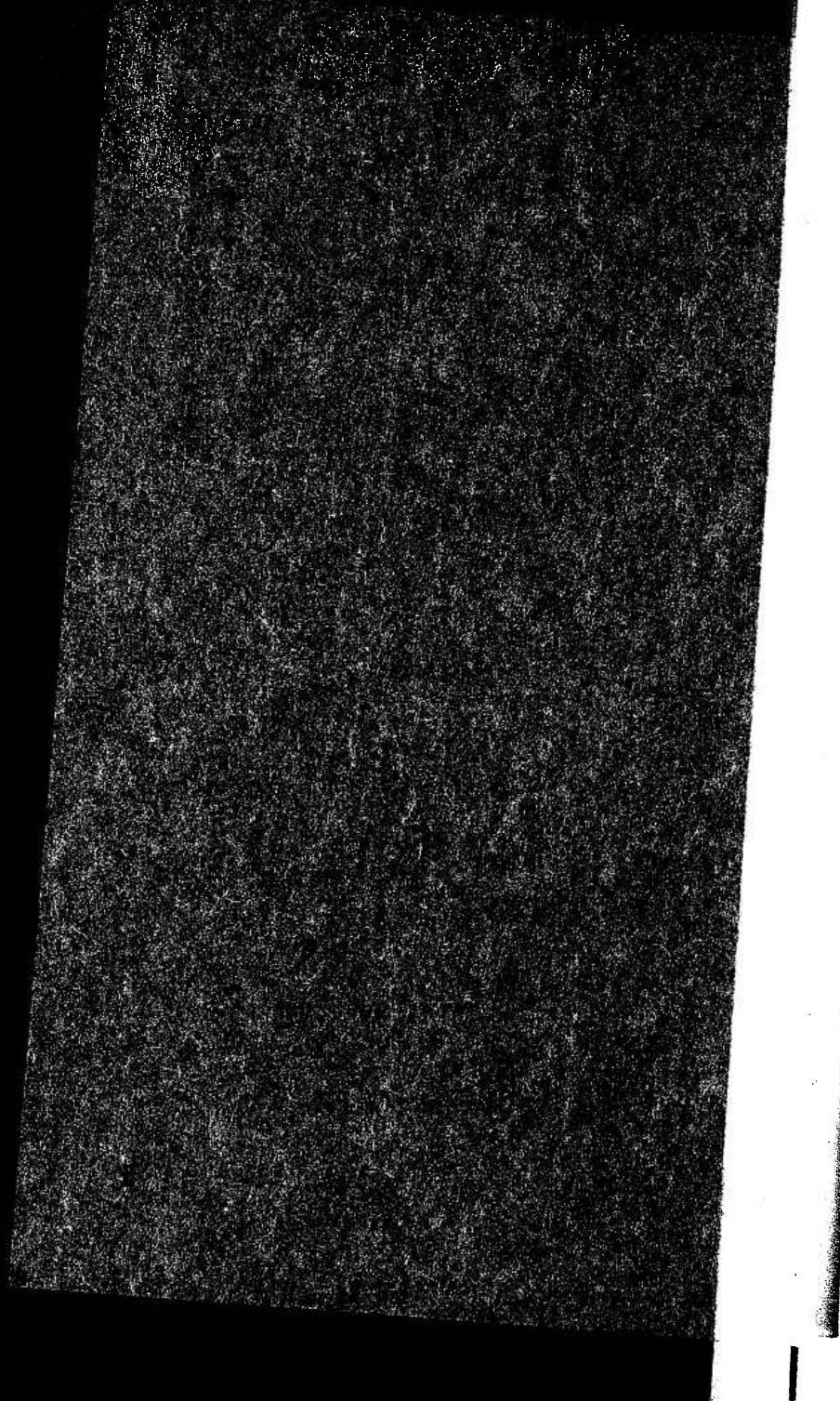
The Bishop also spoke in English, during which he praised the work of the pastor, a work he had requested him to enter upon, and which he nobly carried out. In

this work he was well assisted by the assistant pastors, particularly by him who came here to take particular charge of young men ; was also assisted by the architect who so ably planned the building ; by the builder who carried out the plans, and in fact by all who did work in connection with it, all of which was well and ably done. He hoped all interested would improve the facilities here offered, to the end that good citizenship might be the result, so that the dangers to our beloved country, referred to by the mayor, might be averted. He hoped the spirit of religion would be the guide and mainstay of all, so that God in His mercy and goodness might bestow His blessing on all to the final end.



Church of the Sacred Heart.





The Sacred Heart Parish.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NEW CATHOLIC PARISH—BISHOP HARKINS MAKES A DIVISION OF ST. CHARLES'—MAJOR PART OF THE SECOND WARD SET OFF—REV. JOHN W. MCCARTHY OF PROVIDENCE, THE PASTOR.

On Sunday, September 10, 1895, Rev. Father Mahoney, rector of St. Charles' Church, announced that during the week just past a division of St. Charles' parish had been made by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins. He said no doubt this was a surprise to many as well as himself. Very few were prepared for such an announcement. However, in the judgment of the Bishop such a division was deemed necessary and all were bound to willingly submit. In the end it would be for the greater good of the old as well as for the new parish. The people of the western section of the parish had labored under disadvantages for a long time, on account of being so far distant from the Church. The Church was no longer central. The matter of a division had been talked about for several years. Father McCabe emphasized the fact that such a division was necessary by purchasing a site for a Church in the western district several years ago. The people of that section saw the importance of having a priest in their midst and the Bishop deemed it necessary to gratify the desire of the people. Respect for Father McCabe's age and infirmities caused the Bishop to postpone action on the division during his life, and after the speaker's appointment to the parish of St. Charles hard times set in, which again caused a postponement of the division.

Here the line of division was given as beginning at the southern boundary line of St. Paul's parish in Blackstone,

and run down River street to the bridge crossing the Blackstone river northwest of the Alice rubber mill. The line will then be through the center of the Blackstone river to the bridge below Woonsocket falls, and thence through the center of South Main street and Providence street to the North Smithfield line. After explaining the lines he said the new parish contained 350 of the finest families in the city. They had made many sacrifices to attend Mass and their children had made sacrifices to attend Mass and Sunday school. They have always manifested the strongest Catholic faith and a commendable devotion to religion. The new pastor has a people on whom he can rely. No people in the diocese were so well trained in a devotion to the Church as the people of St. Charles' Church. All the people were devoted to the Church, and only desired a change when a change was a necessity. An honor was conferred upon the new pastor by having these 350 good Catholic families as his parishioners. His hands will be lifted up and held up by the devotion of his people. If this parish of St. Charles had been central, said Father Mahoney, he would have protested against a new parish, but the people were drifting westward in the city, and priest and Bishop must submit to the wish of the people. As a general thing new parishes surpass the old ones in progress and enterprise, and he thought the new parish just made would not be an exception.

There was always a certain sadness and sorrow for separation, and certainly it was a cause of sadness to him in having so many excellent families leave the mother Church. What happens in every family happens in the Church. The children grow up to manhood and womanhood and are loved and cherished by their parents, but in manhood and womanhood they leave from under the parental roof and go off and start homes for themselves. In such a separation the heart-

strings of the parents are often torn. So it is with a pastor and his people. Here the first communion was made by many who are now leaving and that time and the associations formed here cannot be forgotten. This separation and this division, the pastor said, had upset plans he had formed. These plans were formed because he did not expect a division so soon. After the division there will be the same expenses as before. The same schools and the same Sisters will have to be supported and the same light and heat will be necessary in the Church. With more than one-third of the parish cut off the burden will be greater on those who remain. A greater effort is needed in order to meet expenses, but he knew the people would understand their position. He bespoke for the new priest every assistance, and what was in his power to do for him he would do. The people of the new parish were honored in having such a good priest placed over them. The object of all the work of a priest is for the good of the people. He felt that the people of the new parish would do all in their power to encourage and assist their pastor. This people go forth with his best wishes as well as his good will. He hoped God would prosper priest and people. He gave his blessing to the departing people willingly and cheerfully.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW PARISH—LARGE CONGREGATIONS WORSHIP IN HARRIS HALL—REV. FATHER MCCARTHY'S ADDRESS TO HIS FLOCK—THE ORGANIZATION OF A SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The first services in the new Catholic parish were held Sunday, Sept. 22, 1895, in Harris Hall, and the words of the new pastor, Rev. John W. McCarthy, were well calculated to gain for him the esteem and confidence of his people, which had already been made manifest in various

ways. The Irish Catholic people have at all times and under all circumstances rallied around their pastor. The tender and indissoluble tie of affection between the people and their priests, has come down through the ages from the days of St. Patrick to the present, and to-day is as strong and durable as ever. The suffering of that people in their own land and the suffering of the priests with them knit the band that will never be severed.

This new priest, coming here with the authority of the Bishop of the diocese, was received with that reverence, love and respect which the true Catholic is ever ready to generously give the pastor. There were fully 800 people at the 8 o'clock service, and more than that number at the 10:30 service, so that the new parish turned out in all its strength.

The Hall bore all the appearance of a place in which to worship God. An altar was erected on the platform, this being tastefully decorated. The white chasuble of the priest worn at this season of the year, indicated the purity of the sacrifice he offered, as well as the message of peace and good will he brought his people. He addressed the people at both services, the language at each service being in substance similar. Following is the text of his address at the 10:30 o'clock service:

MY DEAR PEOPLE:

"In presenting myself to you this morning, as your pastor, I do so in obedience to the wish of my superior, the Right Reverend Bishop of the diocese, who has seen fit to honor me with greater responsibility, and assign me to the material and spiritual work of a new parish in your midst.

Father McCarthy here referred to the wisdom and foresight of the Bishop in regard to all things ecclesiastical, and progressive in all things and therefore entering into

the spirit of the wants of the people deemed a new parish necessary. The reverend gentleman then continued :

“ I need not tell you that I welcome the work, for it is the great and glorious work of the priesthood. I realize to some extent the arduous work that is mine, the duty of watching over, teaching, encouraging and guiding you onward and upward in the works of God, but especially the difficult labor of erecting at the earliest moment a suitable temple of the living God. Be that as it may, I am prepared to engage in the work before me at the expense of every sacrifice of means, health and strength that God may give me to insure success.

“ A glance at the work of the Church hitherto done in Woonsocket is the strongest evidence of your Faith and piety, and gives eloquent testimony of the zeal and self-sacrificing labors of these devoted priests who have labored among you, particularly your late lamented pastor, Vicar General McCabe, whose saintly life will ever linger in your memories, and also the present zealous and respected pastor who succeeded him. For a continuation of a part of their good work I have been chosen, and with all the ardor and undiminished strength of twelve years of active life in the ministry I come to you to place at your disposal for the remainder of my life, if God wills it, my very best efforts. I cannot hope to be what your former pastors were, but in as far as I can I will be all to you. Be assured that with God's help, I shall be a true priest, friend, counselor and guide. In your prosperity I shall rejoice, in your sorrow I shall be your sympathetic friend and your spiritual and temporal needs shall be my needs and thoughts at God's altar. In return I shall expect of you kind consideration, generous co-operation and unwavering loyalty—three characteristics of good Catholics. Indeed, I have been convinced that you possess these qualities in a remarkable de-

gree. Our Right Reverend Bishop has assured me that you are a good, generous and virtuous people, and his opinion has been confirmed by those priests who have labored in your midst.

“Stranger, then, though I am, and unknown to you, I feel that you recognize in me one of those to whom Christ said: ‘He that receiveth you receiveth Me,’ and that the reception you give me this morning is because I come in His name. Christ bid His disciples salute the city and house into which they entered with the salutation of peace. With those words on my lips I come to you. To each individual here in this parish I say ‘Peace to his house.’ I come to you in the name of the living God, and I claim in His name, in virtue of my office, your allegiance and your love.

“You expect, perhaps, that I should allude to my plans for the material and temporal necessities of the parish. As yet I have no plans, except as you are all unknown to me my first duty is evident, which is to obtain that knowledge so necessary for the successful beginning of my work—to make myself known to you and to know you. In a word to be able to say with Christ, ‘Mine know Me and I know Mine.’”

The reverend gentleman stated that he would very soon make a visitation of the parish from house to house, and in this way hear the opinions of the people and learn their wants.

“With the end in view of building up the Church of God, with humility then, yet not faltering, I begin my work with you to-day, trusting to God and to you for assistance, without which I cannot but fail. Recognizing the greatness of the task before me and my own insufficiency, I ask of you the favor of your prayers, that I may be faithful to my trust and responsibility. It will be my constant prayer

that my efforts may be so directed that with God's help, I may win from year to year from you a measure of your confidence and trust. And reverting as my mind does this morning to another parish and another people with whom I closed forever on last Sunday the sacred relations of priest and people, I feel that if in coming years I can win from you a fraction of the love and trust they gave me, I shall be content. With you and me rests the duty of faithfulness, the consequences belong to God, and so we begin life together. I pray that God's choicest blessings may be yours."

At the close of his discourse Father McCarthy announced that services would be held in the hall each Sunday until further notice, the hours being 8 and 10:30. The 8 o'clock Mass would be children's Mass, but adults were also expected to attend. Communion would be received at this Mass by those prepared for the sacrament. Baptisms, marriages and funerals would, for the present, take place at St. Charles' Church, where confessions would also be heard.

About 100 boys and 140 girls attended the Sunday school session in St. Michael's school house on River street at 2 in the afternoon. Thomas F. Howe was in charge as superintendent, with John Smith as assistant and William F. Degnan clerk. William J. Ferris, Bernard J. Denneney, Bernard Brennan, Peter Smith and William Smith were the teachers. Father McCarthy was present and addressed the schools. The teachers in the girls' department were Miss Kate Walsh, Miss Annie Canning, Miss Annie Degnan, Miss Aggie Marrah and Miss Mary Byrne.

The beautiful vestments worn by Father McCarthy at the services and gold chalice used at the sacrifice were presents to him from the late Rev. Father Maguire, pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, Providence. Father McCarthy spoke in high terms of praise of what Rev. Father

Mahoney had done for him since coming here, and is delighted with the hearty reception accorded him by the entire people of the parish.

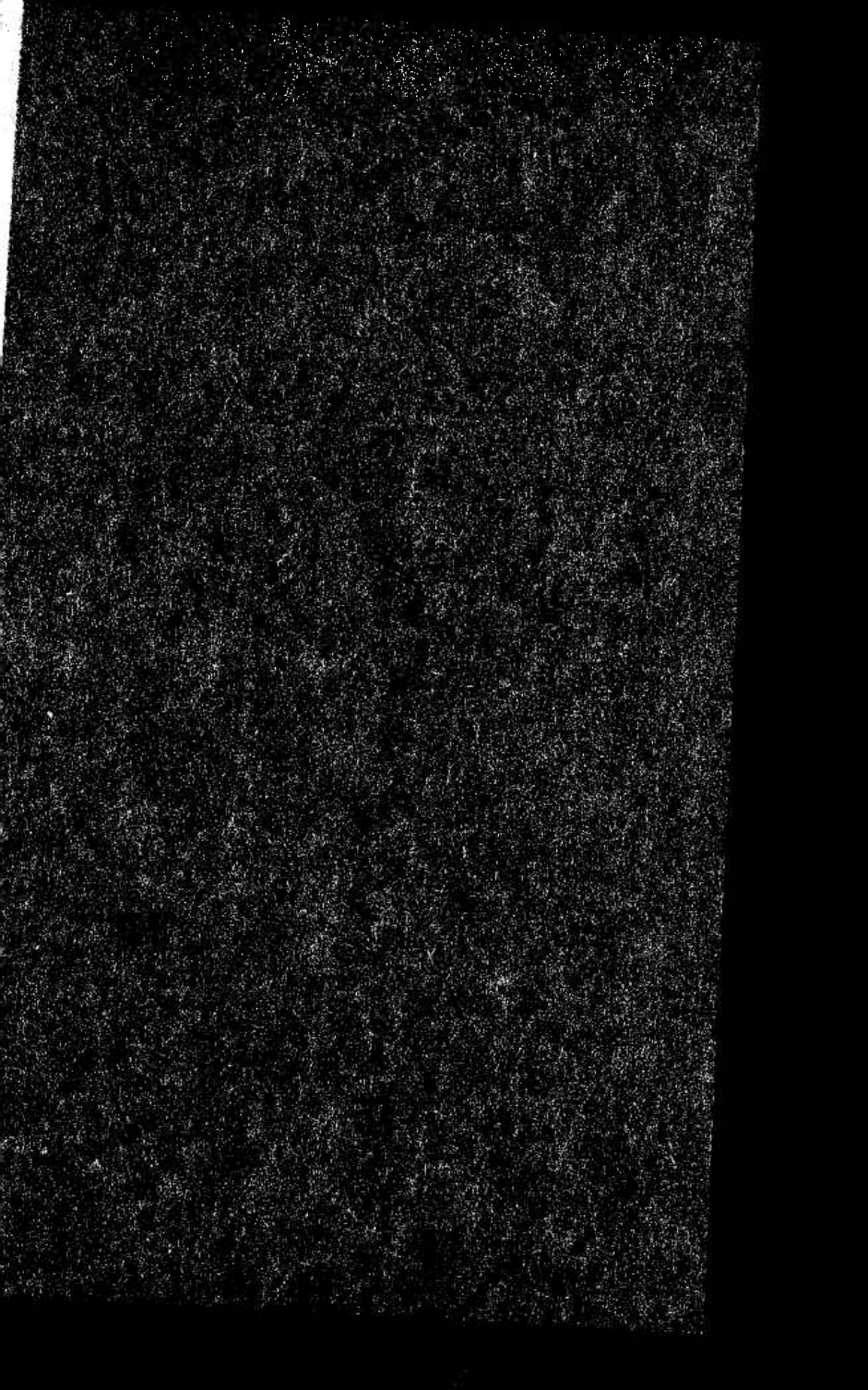
Father McCarthy immediately set about looking up a suitable site for the erection of a Chapel and after viewing several sites purchased the land on Second avenue, now owned by the parish, and on October 20, 1895, the foundation of a new Church was commenced. Just three months after the celebration of his first Mass in Woonsocket, Dec. 22, Rev. Father McCarthy sang his first Mass in the new Church. It is a plain but substantial structure, 90x60 feet, and capable of comfortably seating 832 people. Improvements were made at various times until to-day the Church is more spacious as well as beautiful.

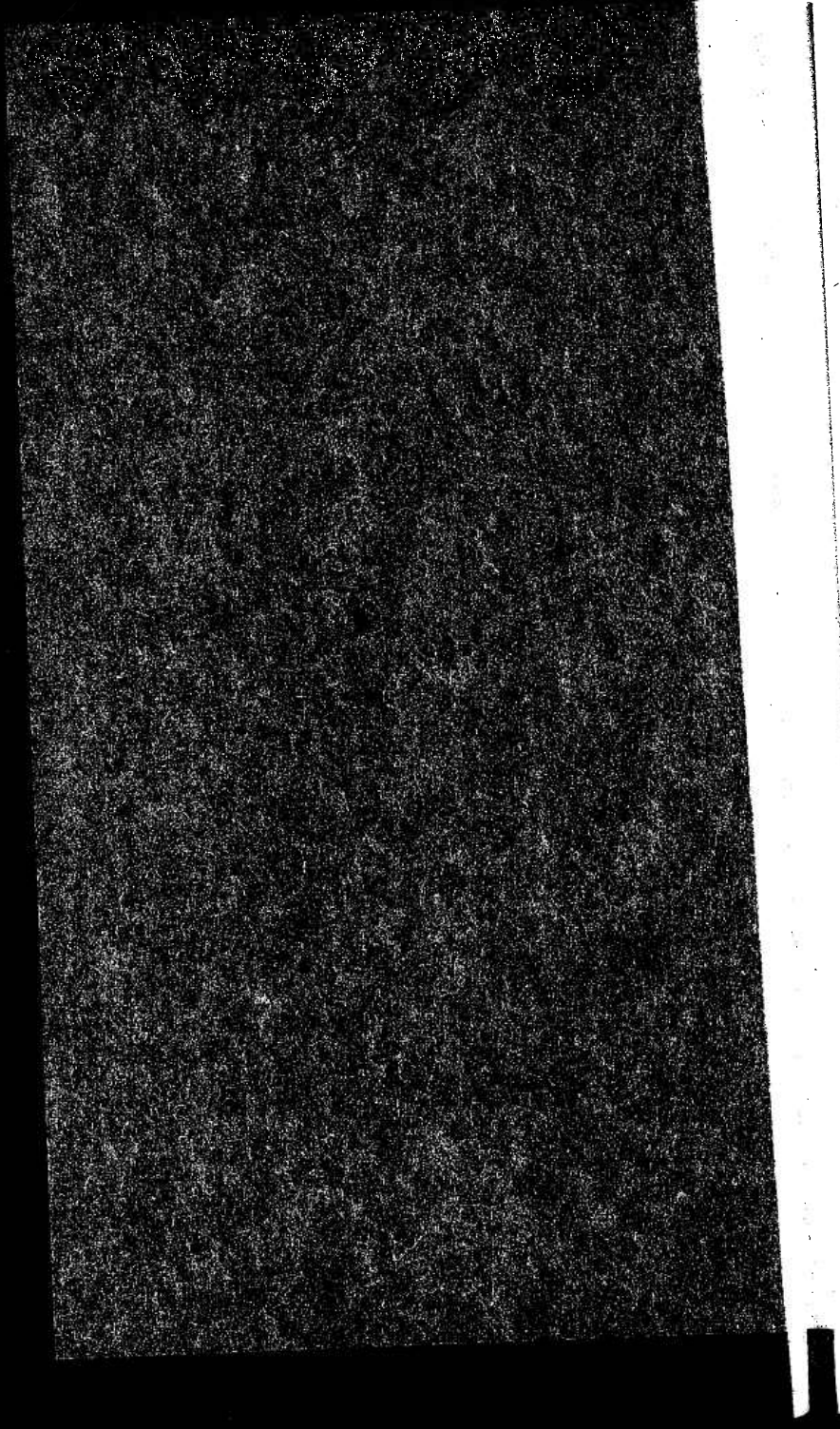
CHAPTER XX.

FATHER MCCARTHY'S FAREWELL—SAD LEAVE-TAKING OF PASTOR AND PEOPLE—DEPARTING PRIEST REVIEWS WORK OF PARISH, BUT, OVERCOME BY EMOTION, HE BREAKS DOWN WHILE THE CONGREGATION ARE IN TEARS.

On Friday, February 9, 1901, Rev. Father McCarthy received a letter from Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence diocese, containing his appointment as pastor of St. Mary's Church, North Attleboro, to succeed Rev. Charles J. Byrnes, deceased. The appointment came as a surprise to Father McCarthy, and a shock to the entire parish.

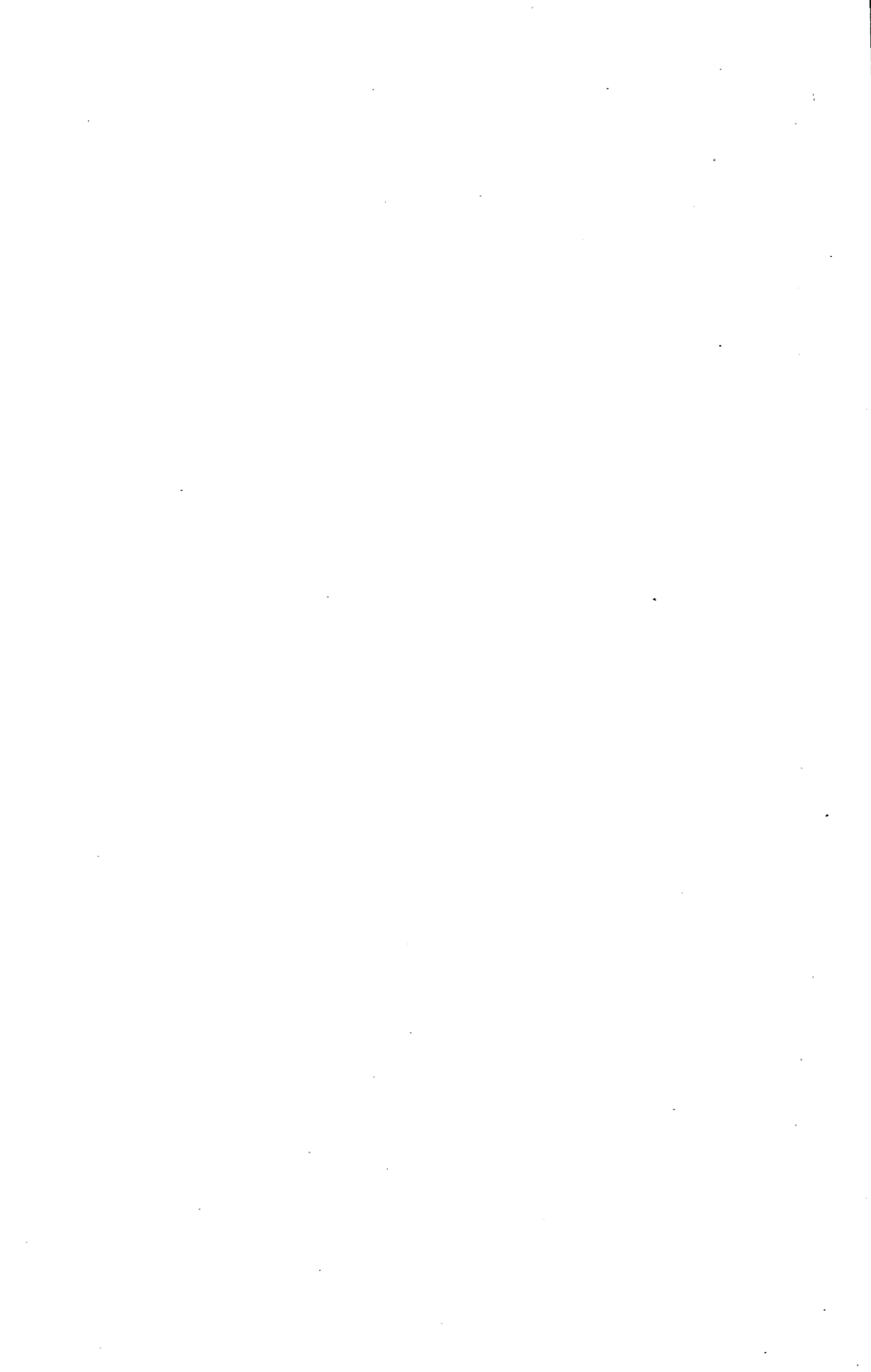
The following Sunday, Feb. 11, Rev. Father McCarthy, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church, preached his farewell sermon at the 10:30 o'clock Mass. The entire adult congregation was present and listened to his parting words. Sad, indeed, was the leave-taking of pastor and people. The sobs of the large gathering could be heard when he com-







REV. JOHN W. McCARTHY,
First Pastor of the Sacred Heart Parish.



menced, and before many words of farewell had been spoken every face expressed the grief of parting and few eyes but felt the "rush of tears." "In the silent manliness of grief" strong men wept, while the women expressed their sorrow in sobs. Rev. Father McCarthy was unable to finish his discourse, and broke down when about to utter the final farewell. Never was such a scene witnessed in Woonsocket; perhaps in few places has there been such an exhibition of love and affection shown between a priest and his flock. Being the first and only pastor of the young parish, everyone naturally felt an overpowering interest in the departing clergyman. His own devotion and loyalty for his congregation, his joy in their joys and sympathy in their sorrows, linked stronger than any earthly removal can separate the undying love between Rev. Father McCarthy and the faithful of his parish. On the other hand, their support and encouragement extended to him in all his trials and labors made him feel that he was among friends and that in leaving them he was giving up one of life's choicest pleasures. But as he himself said, he was obeying the mandates of his superior and doing nothing but his plain duty. Hundreds of parishioners remained to have a final handshake, for the beloved clergyman was so affected that his voice choked and he was unable to say good-bye. His sermon was full of touching allusions to the people of the parish and his work among them, and no one present could check the feeling of grief at his final leave-taking.

At the 8 o'clock Mass Rev. Father McCarthy bade good-bye to the children, though his eyes filled and his voice throbbed with emotion. As at the last Mass the scene was affecting, and the little ones were moved to tears. At evening vespers not a word was spoken, but sobs could be heard, and the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," by the boys' sanctuary choir was in such a mournful vein that

many were moved to tears. One of the saddest occurrences of the week took place the Monday following, when the beloved pastor addressed the Young Ladies' Sodality for the last time. The girls have worked hard and conscientiously with Rev. Father McCarthy for the advancement of the parish, and the reverend father felt this parting more than any other.

Part of what Rev. Father McCarthy said at the 10:30 Mass follows: "The words of St. Paul asking you not to set one man above another apply to me to-day. You have all heard the announcement which interests both of us, and I announce authoritatively to you that to-day I sever my connection with you as a priest." He then read the letter from Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, in which the latter said that the zeal and energy displayed by Rev. Father McCarthy made him confident that he would accomplish much in his new field for the greater glory of God. The letter concluded with the blessing of the Bishop on the new work.

Continuing, Rev. Father McCarthy said: "To-day I find myself placed in a position far from my liking, and not of my own selection. I am about to say good-bye. There are particular circumstances which make it particularly sad to say good-bye. My heart is almost too full to say even a word, and yet I must say a few words in farewell to my beloved people. Looking back it is only a little over five years ago that I arrived in this parish. There were special circumstances then which make it sad for me to leave to-day. One of these circumstances was the work of organizing a new parish. Coming here we had nothing. You belonged to a good old Church which the Vicar General and the generosity of the people had rendered free from debt. Almighty God wished it, and we here succeeded greatly. Not by my individual efforts. Every family in the parish

has done well. I testify to it here publicly. I always called you a generous people, and you have been generous. By the blessing of Almighty God, and through your loyalty to me, we have succeeded. In leaving a people of this class who could help feeling sad? I have my feelings. I am proud that you are a loyal people, and like all Irishmen and children of Irishmen, are a happy people.

“Without forcing, without persuasion, you have responded to my instructions. What parish priest could say more for his people? In financial matters you have not been found wanting. I am proud to-day that I leave you a church as well equipped as any for divine worship, all due to your co-operation and labors. I always felt that I could count on every family in the parish. I cannot praise you too much for what you have done. During those five years there was always business depression here; the Alice mill or some other industry would be shut down, and you were barely able to meet your own expenses. I am proud to-day of the financial standing of the parish. Many old parishes are still heavily in debt. Thank God that with His blessing we have ever been a progressive parish.

“In relation to spiritual matters, I feel that I have done my best. I have called the father, son and mother and the daughter to the altar, and if they have failed to respond, what more could I do? I can say that our parish is in a good spiritual condition. I want to compliment the young ladies of the parish. As members of the Sodality they have worked, materially and spiritually, for the parish success.

“I don't want to be set up for more than I am. We never get as high as we aim. I know I am not perfect and that the people have pardoned my weaknesses. I feel that I am indebted to the people of the parish for sympathy. There have been two deaths in my family during my pas-

torate here, and I knew that I had the silent and well-meaning sympathy of the people.

“Now, my dear parishioners, I am about to say that word which is hard to say—Farewell! I have done my best, I must say that I have had a pleasant sojourn here, I feel like a man on a pleasant visit, who feels that his time to go has arrived. I came as a stranger. My every thought, energy, and effort have been for the people of the parish. I think I have been faithful to my trust. I thought I might have been with you longer. I am happy in leaving you well equipped. My successor is a young man, full of energy, and, as he himself says, a happy man to be made pastor of this parish. I speak for him a loyalty from you. I am sure I am wanting in a great many things; you overlooked everything; you will forget the past and commence work again with a new pastor.

“My heart goes out to you this morning. I go with a divided heart. I am going in compliance with duty, complying with vows taken eighteen years ago at ordination. I trust that you will not forget me, that you will say a prayer for me, that to-day you will pray for me as I shall not cease to pray for the good, loyal people of the Sacred Heart. May we meet in the great hereafter, may we all—”

Here Father McCarthy's emotion overpowered him, and with a scarcely audible sob, Rev. Father McCarthy turned and continued with the Mass. His voice was still broken, the altar boys were crying, the congregation were in sobs, while the singing of the choir was imbued with so much sympathy that the entire scene was one that would make a stranger pause and ask, “Wherefore this love of people for pastor?” To set forth Rev. Father McCarthy's work, his manhood, his disposition, if adequately it could be done, is the best answer to this question.

It was truly a heart-to-heart talk, and no stage picture

has ever revealed the depth of genuine pathos shown in the farewell of Rev. Father McCarthy to his flock.

Rev. John W. McCarthy was born in New Bedford, Mass., in 1858, but while he was still young his parents removed to North Easton, Mass. He attended the public schools at North Easton and graduated from the High school. He graduated from Boston College and entered the Grand Seminary at Montreal, where he studied theology. He was ordained to the priesthood in December, 1882.

He was appointed assistant pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church in Providence, where he labored assiduously for thirteen years. September 10, 1895, he received his appointment as first pastor of the new parish of the Sacred Heart of Woonsocket. He celebrated his first Mass as rector of that parish on Sept. 22 in Harris Hall.

Rev. Father McCarthy soon afterwards purchased the land on Second avenue, now owned by the parish, and on October 20 the foundation of a new Church was commenced. Just three months after the celebration of his first Mass in this city, Dec. 22, Rev. Father McCarthy sang his first Mass in the new Church.

In his last annual financial report Father McCarthy, to the surprise of most of his flock, made the announcement that the parish was entirely free from debt.

These facts go to show the kind of a clergyman the Sacred Heart parish lost in the removal of Rev. Father McCarthy. The fact that the parishioners adored their spiritual father has been shown on many occasions. During the summer of 1900 Father McCarthy took his first vacation in eighteen years. On his return in August the people of the parish, in meeting assembled, presented him a purse of gold to the amount of \$500. Rev. Father McCarthy accepted it as a gift to the parish rather than to himself. The same year also the people of the parish con-

tributed half a thousand dollars for a new bell, and this was placed on the church and blessed with appropriate exercises.

The amount of work performed by Rev. Father McCarthy in the interests of his parish and people cannot be overestimated. Their interests were always his, and pastor and people worked in perfect harmony and concord for the greater glory of God.

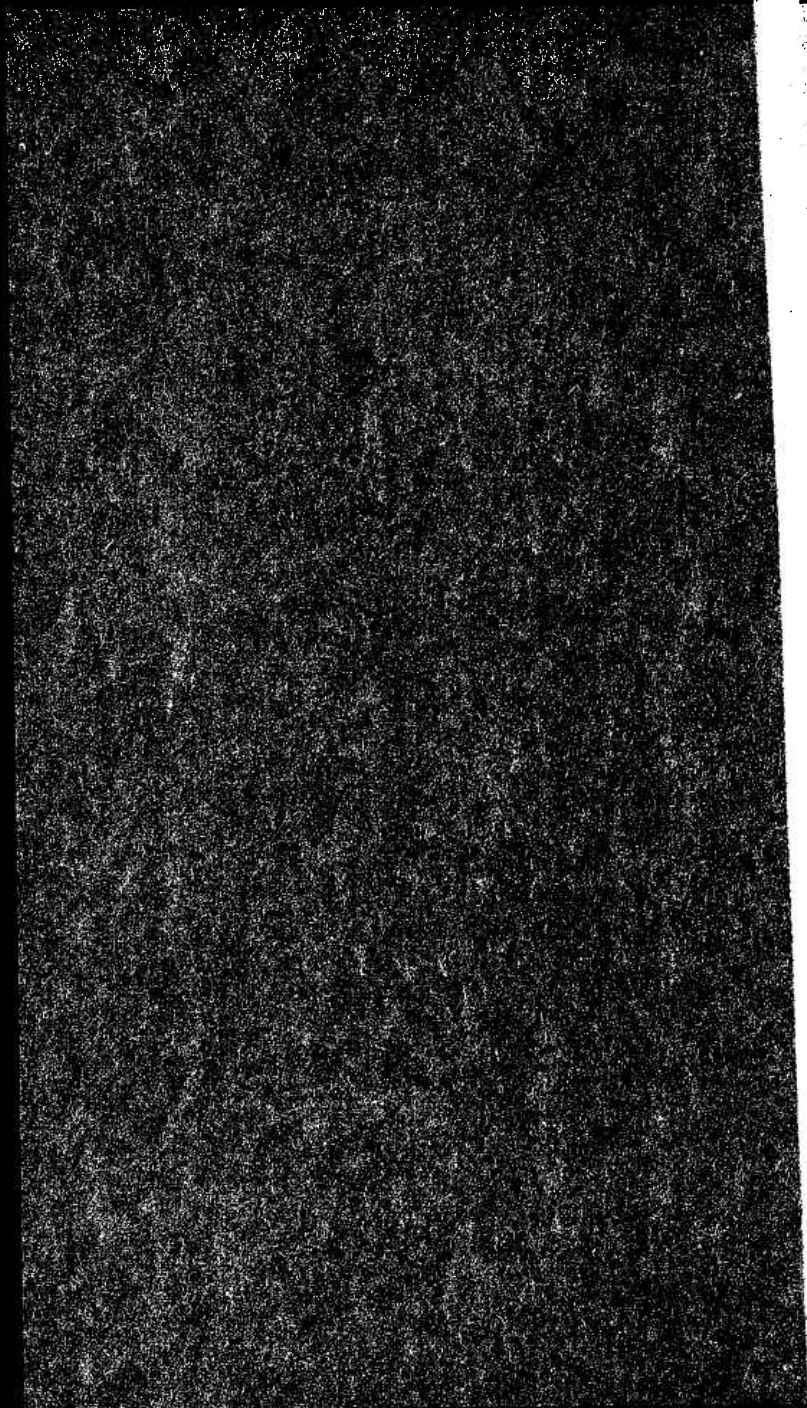
Rev. Father McCarthy's new appointment is in the nature of a promotion. He has a much larger parish, and is assisted by Rev. J. Edwin Cassidy of Woonsocket as curate. While all must join in congratulations for the advancement of Rev. Father McCarthy, the sympathy of the people goes out to him on his removal from a parish where he was beloved and admired by all, to an entirely new field, where he will be obliged to begin work anew.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NEW PASTOR—REV. FATHER T. J. LOUGHRAN PREACHES HIS FIRST SERMON IN SACRED HEART CHURCH—PAYS A TRIBUTE TO REV. FATHER MCCARTHY—ASKS FOR THE PRAYERS OF HIS PEOPLE.

Rev. Thomas J. Loughran succeeded Rev. Father McCarthy as pastor of the Sacred Heart Church. He delivered his introductory address on Sunday, Feb. 17, 1901, at the 10:30 o'clock Mass. His delivery of speech is forceful and impressive and he has the faculty of holding the strict attention of the congregation. His address was brief but to the point and he at once won the good will of his parishioners. The new pastor was received with the reverence, love and respect that every true Catholic manifests toward a priest. Father Loughran's address was substantially as follows:







REV. THOMAS J. LOUGHRAN,
Second Pastor of the Sacred Heart Parish.



“MY DEAR PEOPLE—In the strange vicissitudes of life there is none which appears more incongruous to us than the fact that the ‘Divinity that shapes our ends’ sometimes makes what is an occasion of sorrow to one person an event in the life of some other person that brings with it such unalloyed happiness that he cannot refrain from rejoicing with an exceeding great joy.

“That your former good pastor should be called upon, in deference to duty, to sever the ties which bound him so closely to his beloved flock, was indeed an occasion of sorrow both to himself and to you; but I will frankly say that it was to me an occasion of unbounded joy. If he were called away by death—or were degraded from his position to make room for me, I certainly would consider it to be very bad taste to rejoice in becoming his successor.

“If I am honest, then, in telling you plainly that I rejoice in the good fortune which has attended me in becoming Father McCarthy’s successor, when he has been invited to step up higher, you will credit me with the same honesty when I declare that I would reluctantly succeed to his place if he were made my stepping-stone to fame.

“I believe with Pope, that ‘An honest man is the noblest work of God,’ and whatever faults I may have committed in my lifetime, dishonesty has never been one of them. Since I have mentioned the name of the immortal bard and quoted from his incomparable ‘Essay on Man’ to give authority and emphasis to the point I wish to impress upon you, I will ask no apology to quote him again in making it plain that I am not without some ambition to secure for myself an honest fame. In speaking of the desire for fame, which is natural to man, he beautifully enshrines in immortal verse the sentiments I would express :

“Nor fame I slight nor her favors call;
She comes unlooked for; if she comes at all.

But if no other basis serve to raise my name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame,
Then teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays!
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise!
Undistinguished let me live, or die unknown:
Oh! grant an honest fame, or grant me none.

"You understand, then, I hope, my dear people, that what may have appeared to you a heartless performance, on my part, in coming before you singing alleluias where so recently the sobs from breaking hearts bore testimony to the grief which overwhelmed you, is, after all, but the plain, undisguised and fearless announcement of an honest man.

"Father McCarthy is a very dear friend of mine. I have always considered him to be a man of God and a trustworthy friend whose advice could be safely followed. In leaving this progressive parish to devote himself to the upbuilding of a larger—but I will not say a finer—parish, there undoubtedly must have taken place in his breast no small struggling between preference and duty. It is to his credit that duty triumphed. His untiring efforts to advance your interests in the material line as well evidenced in the beautiful Church property which he leaves to his successor—practically free from debt.

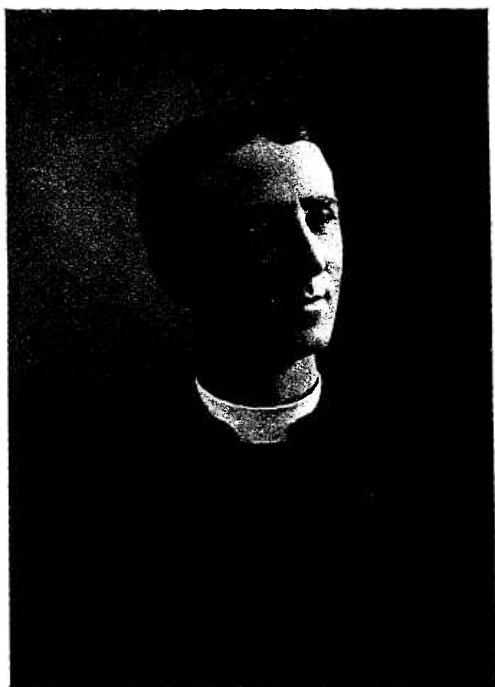
"Of his zeal for the promotion of your spiritual welfare, I will not presume to speak. It would be like treading on holy ground. Let it suffice to say that never was he known to hesitate, when duty called him, to administer to the sick and dying at any hour of the day or night. And never did he consider any effort too great or any means too trivial to win back to Christ some precious soul for whom Jesus died, who had, perhaps, wandered into 'the broad way that leads to perdition.'

"I enter upon my duties, then, as your pastor, with a desire to keep up the good work so well begun by Father

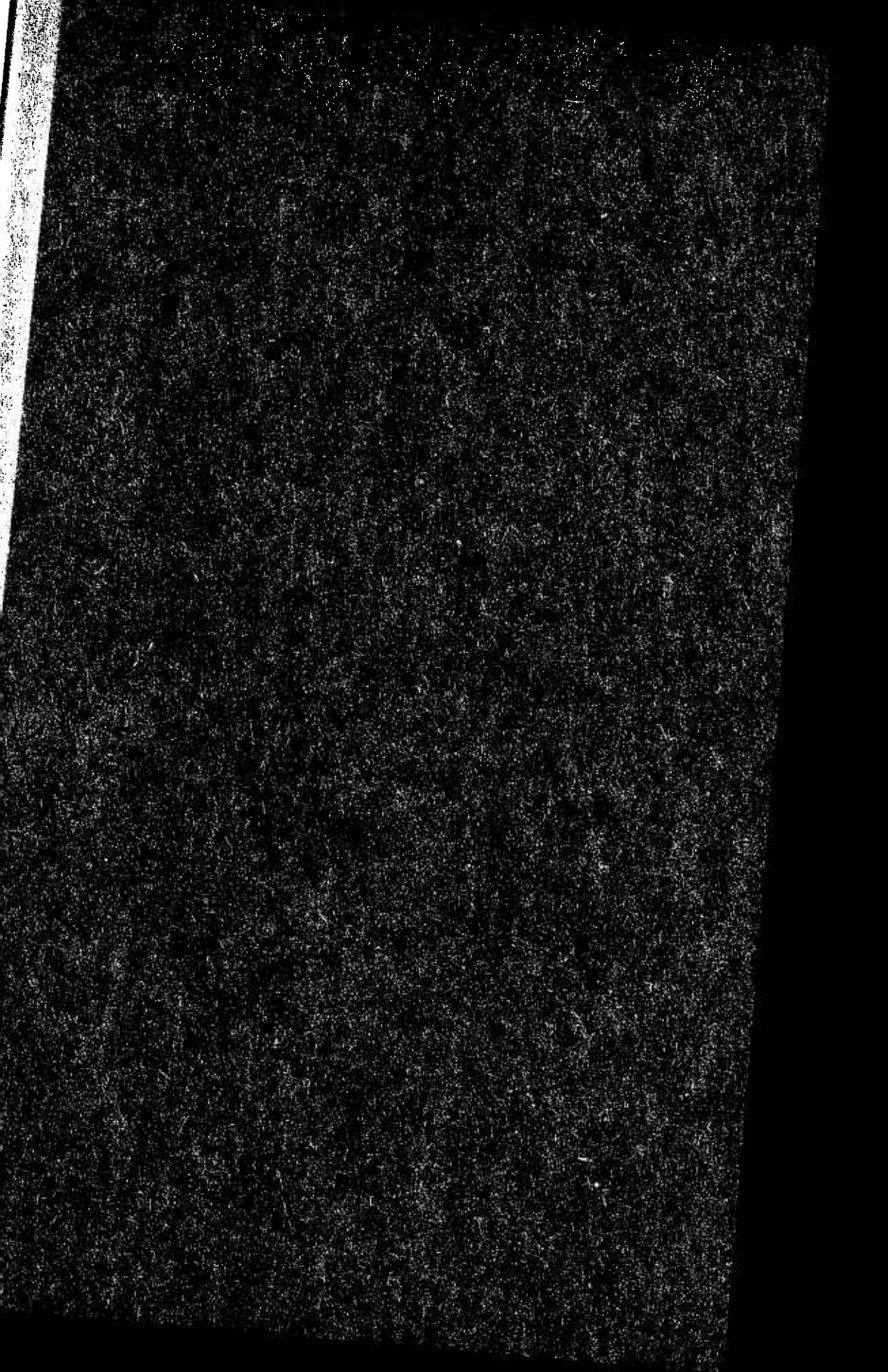
McCarthy. May God's blessing always attend us. And I ask through the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that, if it be God's will, I may live long amongst you and be able to leave to my successor—unencumbered by debt—an ideal parish, with a Church built on everlasting material, a school in which your children and your children's children to the third and fourth generation may be enabled to drink of the fount of knowledge purified by the eternal sunshine of God's abiding presence; where the little ones may learn to know their God and love Him and where they may be taught to recognize that He alone is the giver of all good gifts.

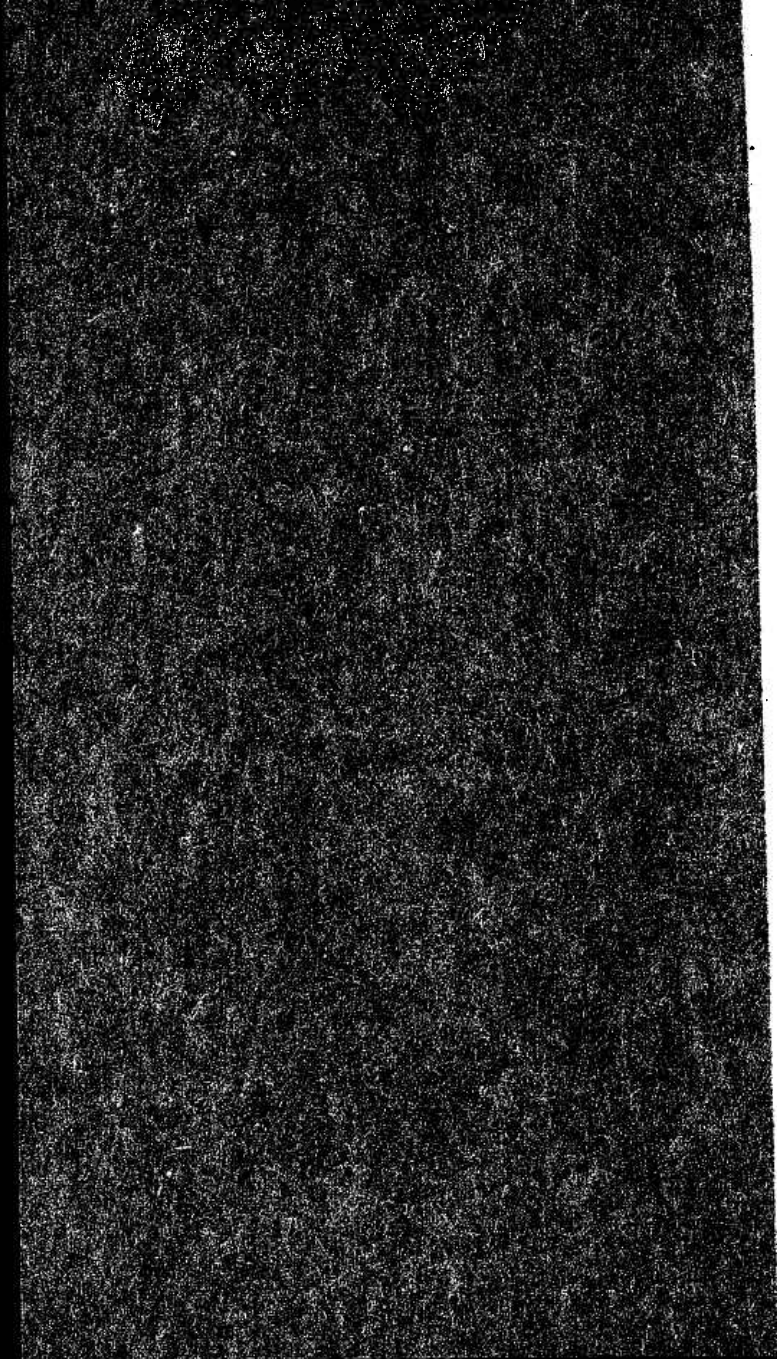
“I salute you, then, one and all, and ask your prayers that I may faithfully, fruitfully and faultlessly spend my life in your service.”

Rev. Thomas J. Loughran was born in Warren, R. I., where he attended the public schools, and later entered the Grand Seminary, Montreal, where he studied theology. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1886, by the Right Rev. Archbishop Fabre. His first appointment was at St. Mary's Church, Taunton, Mass., where he remained three years as assistant pastor. He was then transferred to the Sacred Heart Church in East Providence. He was again transferred to St. Theresa's Church at Olneville, where he remained some years, when he was sent to the Sacred Heart Church in Taunton, Mass., where he remained until he received his appointment as pastor of the Sacred Heart in Woonsocket.



REV. MEDERIC ROBERGE
Pastor of St. Louis de Gonzague Parish





The Parish of St. Louis de Gonzague.

CHAPTER XXII.

TWO NEW FRENCH PARISHES—LAYING OF CORNER STONE OF ST. LOUIS DE GONZAGUE CHURCH—IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY WITNESSED BY THOUSANDS—RIGHT REV. BISHOP HARKINS OFFICIATED—ELOQUENT SERMON BY REV. FATHER MAILLOUX.

In the year 1902 Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence diocese, created two new parishes in Woonsocket, taking a portion of the parishioners of St. Ann for a new parish in the Social district, and a portion of the Precious Blood congregation for the second parish, locating in the Globe district.

Rev. Mederic Roberge, senior assistant pastor of St. Ann's Church, was appointed pastor of the new parish in the Social district and Rev. Father Fortin was appointed for the new parish in the Globe district. These reverend gentlemen at once set about to select a suitable location to erect churches.

Father Roberge secured a lot of land at the corner of Rathbun, Privilege and Social streets, and the plans for the new Church were drawn and on Sunday, October 26, 1902, the corner-stone of the new St. Louis de Gonzague Roman Catholic Church was laid with great pomp and ceremony. The afternoon was perfect and thousands of people assisted by their attendance at the solemn service. The large crowd on Rathbun and Privilege streets formed an immense cross, symbolic and so appropriate to the occasion.

Right Rev. Bishop Harkins of Providence diocese officiated, and was assisted by a score or more of priests who, robed in the cassocks and albs, added to the impressiveness of the occasion as they marched about the building chanting their prayers of supplication and glorification.

The multitude, for such it was, seemed possessed of the spirit of the occasion. There was unusual quiet and the low chanting and the murmuring of the officiating Bishop could be heard a block away. It was an ideal day for such a ceremony. It was just cool enough to make marching very comfortable, so that the paraders were not fatigued at the end of their march. The sky was clear and the sun warm, and in fact, nature provided everything for the comfort of those participating and witnessing the ceremonies.

There was a parade in which 1,200 members of Catholic societies marched, the benediction of the stone by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins, the actual laying of the same, prayers asking for blessing upon the Church and the people of the new parish, music by the consolidated choirs of St. Ann and St. Louis' churches and the St. Ann's Band, and an eloquent address by Rev. Father Mailloux, curate of the new parish, tended to make the occasion one long to be remembered.

In the evening there was a banquet at the St. Ann's parish rectory in honor of Bishop Harkins.

The paraders, which included representatives from every Catholic organization in the city, under the marshalship of Maj. Paul St. Jacques, marched through Cumberland and Rathbun streets to Diamond Hill road to Garden street, then countermarched to Social street, through Social and Privilege streets to the Church. As the parade halted in front of the Church the Woonsocket Cornet Band played a medley of religious and patriotic airs, and the clergymen, headed by Right Rev. Bishop Harkins, marched up the steps and onto the platform. The Bishop was attended by Rev. Napoleon Leclerc, pastor of St. Ann's Church of this city, as Deacon, and Rev. Father Graton of Woodlawn as Sub-Deacon. The other priests who followed and took part in

the ceremonies were: Rev. J. S. Fortin, pastor of the Holy Family Church of this city; Rev. J. N. Sevigny, curate of the Holy Family Church; Rev. J. A. Laliberte of St. Ann's Church, who acted as Master of Ceremonies; Rev. P. A. McLoughlin of Slatersville, Rev. Mederic Roberge, pastor of the new Church; Rev. L. Giroux of St. Ann's Church, this city; Rev. N. A. Messier of Arctic Center, Rev. H. Sylvestre of Manville, Rev. E. Caron of the Precious Blood Church, Rev. H. O. Mongenais of Central Falls, Rev. Thomas E. Ryan of St. Charles' Church of this city, Rev. P. Darche of Waterloo, Que.; Rev. J. R. Bourgeois of Arctic Center, formerly of St. Ann's, this city, and Rev. M. H. Kittredge of St. Paul's Church, Blackstone, Mass.

The platform, which was the temporary roof over the basement of the church, was very prettily decorated. Over the corner-stone was a likeness of President Roosevelt, draped in the national colors, while the derrick which was used to lower the stone into place was covered with bunting, and the guy ropes were strung with flags of different nations.

The priests passed to the rear of the structure and carried out the rites of the benediction of the corner-stone. After this the priests, with Rev. Father Bourgeois as chanter, and the choir sang the Litany of the Saints and the psalm, "Nisi Dominus Aedificavit." Then followed the solemn rites of the laying of the corner-stone. It was lowered by four men on the derrick, Achilles Lessard, Albert Brunelle, Nazaire Tancrelle and Philip Deragon, while contractor John F. Fleurant and architect Walter F. Fontaine, assisted by John B. Lagasse, Harvey Lagasse and Evariste Dufresne, laid the stone. Bishop Harkins placed the first trowel full of mortar on the bed where the stone was to lie, using a silver trowel made for the purpose.

The stone was gradually lowered to its resting place, while the vast concourse of people, with heads bared in reverence, made a most imposing spectacle.

The stone bore the inscription, under a cross, the simple words: "St. Louis de Gonzague, 1902." In the lower portion of it had been inserted a copper box containing the following articles: Portraits of Right Rev. Bishop Harkins, Rev. Mederic Roberge, pastor of the Church, Rev. Napoleon Leclerc, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Rev. J. A. Laliberte of St. Ann's Church, a picture of the Church, the portraits of the trustees of the Church, Messrs. Arthur C. Milot and Norbert Decelles, of the contractor, John F. Fleurant, of the architect, Walter F. Fontaine, the names of the building committee, the names of the committee in charge of the day, Dosithe Beaudet and Paul St. Jacques, copies of the Evening Reporter, La Tribune and Evening Call for Saturday, Oct. 25, and several pieces of money.

As soon as the stone had been placed in position the "Miserere Mei Deus" was chanted by the priests, and the procession around the Church was begun by them. The choir, composed of both the choirs of the St. Louis Church and St. Ann's Church, sang "Veni Creator," and after the sermon by Rev. Father Mailloux they sang "Cantate Dominus."

When the procession had been completed the priests took seats at the front of the platform, and the curate of the Church, Rev. H. Mailloux, stepped to the front and delivered the occasional sermon. His subject was, "The Church as the House of God, and the Gateway of Heaven." In speaking to the vast multitude of people, Father Mailloux congratulated the parish on having done so much in so short a time. "A few months ago," he said, "this spot where we now stand was a mound of earth, almost a

wilderness, and now, through the magic power of a servant of God, we see here the raising of a temple to the honor of the Almighty. The Catholic Church, all through its past history, has erected these monuments, proving in stone the strength of the Faith. All through the centuries we have seen gatherings of people uniting in one place, giving their alms for the benefit of those houses of God.

“Churches we have seen in different forms in the wilderness, having for their dome the blue sky and for carpets the velvety green grass. There we have seen the people of their own countries, almost in a state of nudity, kneel down. We have seen them in ancient Rome in the catacombs, those underground Churches, and later, after the hard trials that the Catholic Church had to undergo at the hands of the heretics, we have seen, we may say, grow in one day, those magnificent Cathedrals that are yet the wonder of the world.

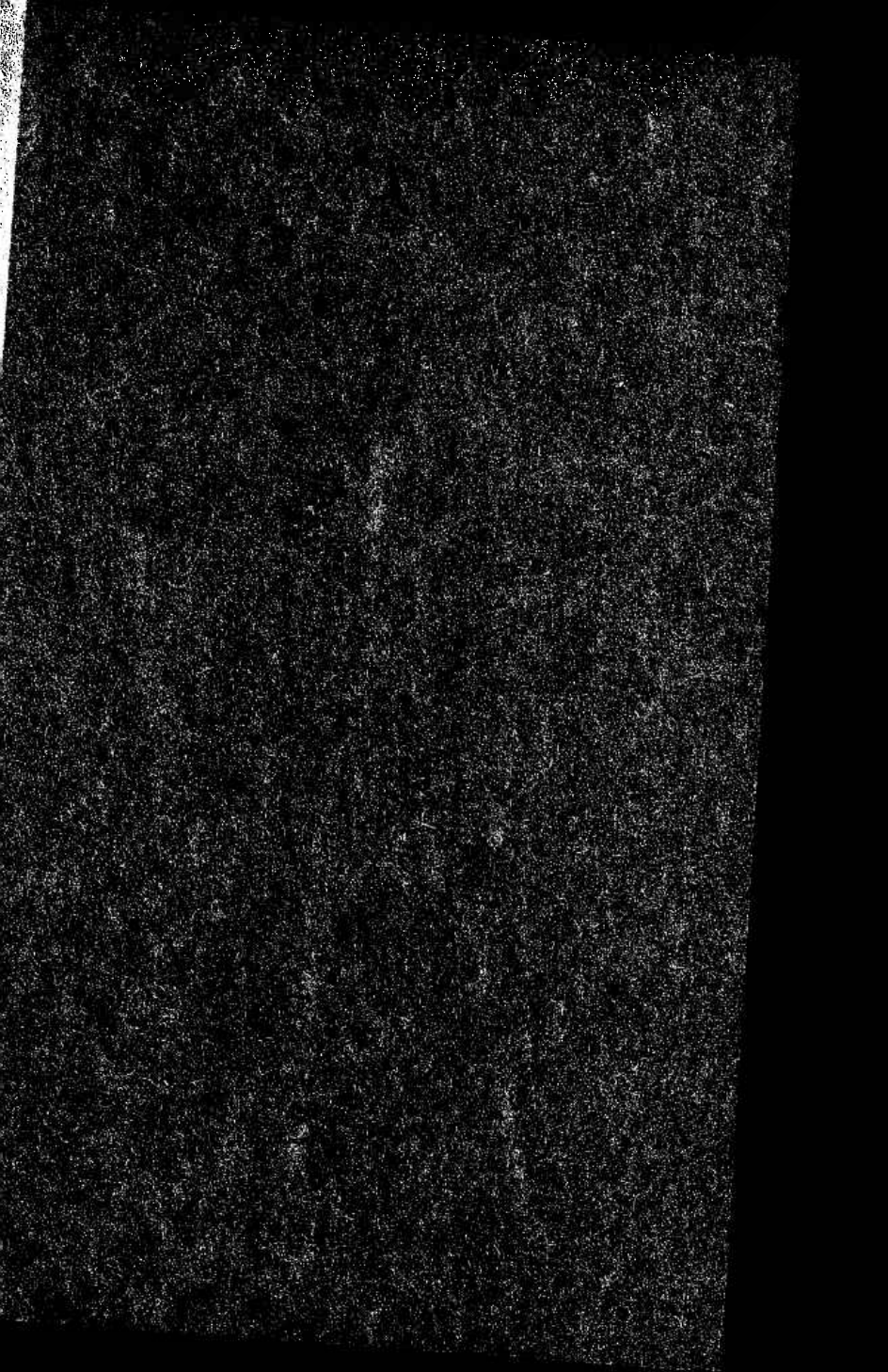
“The Church is the gateway to Heaven. Man has the means to Heaven in the Church, and also a temple where he can commune with God and hear the great disciples of God telling His truth and giving us all the means necessary to easily follow the path laid out by Christ to the great future.

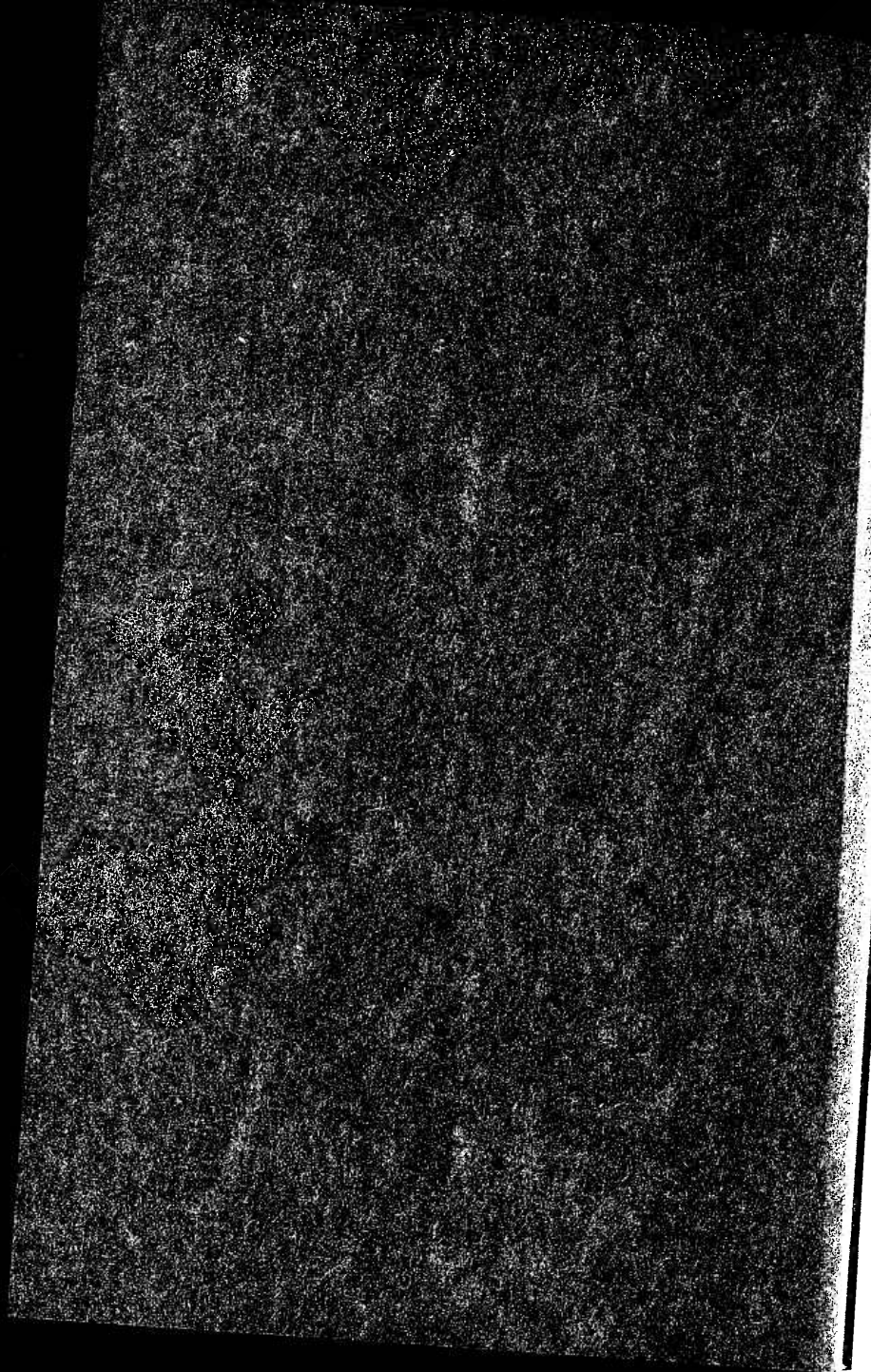
“We have a vast multitude of people here to-day, proving their Faith and their good will by their assistance at this ceremony.”

At the conclusion of the sermon Right Rev. Bishop Harkins gave the bishop's benediction, which closed the services.



REV. JOSEPH S. FORTIN,
Pastor of the Church of the Holy Family





The Parish of the Holy Family.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY FAMILY—THE NEW PARISH INCLUDES
OVER FIVE HUNDRED FRENCH FAMILIES—TWENTY-SIX HUN-
DRED POPULATION—REV. J. S. FORTIN THE FIRST PASTOR.

The new parish, recently formed by the division of the Precious Blood parish, is situated in the Globe district, and according to the census taken by the pastor, Rev. Joseph S. Fortin, upon assuming charge in March, 1902, had 520 families and a Catholic population of 2,660. Rev. Father Fortin celebrated Mass for the first time March 16, 1902, in the basement of the Precious Blood Church. He addressed his people and informed them that he had been appointed their pastor, and he desired their support in establishing a new parish and in erecting a new Church.

The trials that come to priest and people in the up-building of a new parish were treated at length, and after having explained the difficulties that are to be expected, the pastor asked the assistance and co-operation of all in the new district. The congregation were urged to be courageous and to remain steadfast and unflinching in their endeavors to construct a sightly house of worship and to establish a parish that would be a credit to the diocese. The first Mass, at 7:30, was celebrated by Rev. Father Laganier, and the second, at 10 o'clock, by Rev. Father Fortin, who announced these would be the hours for holding services until further notice. The pastor said that marriage ceremonies, funeral masses and high masses would be celebrated in the basement of the Precious Blood Church until other arrangements could be made.

In May, 1902, the corporation purchased of W. H. Whitman a large lot of land (41,500 square feet) situated at 414 South Main street. On the front of this lot is a dwelling which has been remodeled and made into a beautiful parochial residence.

July 9, 1902, the contract for building the basement of the new Church was awarded to Mr. Alfred Daigneault. It is 145 feet long and 70 feet wide, and seats about 1,000 persons.

Rev. Joseph S. Fortin, pastor of the Church of the Holy Family, was born in St. Anicet, P. Q., Canada, Feb. 6, 1859. His parents were Hermenégilde Fortin and Elizabeth (Moore) Fortin. After a classical and theological course in the Seminary of Quebec, he was ordained to the priesthood May 30, 1885, by His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau. He spent the first year of his priesthood in this Seminary, and in 1886 was appointed curate in Pointe Claire; in 1888, he was transferred to St. Cunegonde's Church in the city of Montreal. In 1890 he came to the United States, and was appointed assistant pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in New Bedford, Mass., where he remained ten years. February 6, 1901, he was appointed by Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, first pastor of St. John Baptist Church in Fall River.

February 28, 1902, he was transferred by Bishop Harkins to the new parish of the Holy Family in this city.

Rev. Father Fortin is assisted by Rev. G. H. DeFoy. He received his appointment as assistant pastor of the Church of the Holy Family in November, 1902. He was ordained to the priesthood the same day as the pastor, May 30, 1885, in the Basilie of Quebec.

The Diocese of Hartford.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF BISHOPS—RIGHT REV. WILLIAM TYLER, D. D., FIRST BISHOP OF HARTFORD DIOCESE—REMARKABLE CONVERSIONS—THE BURNING OF THE URSULINE CONVENT—DARING AND HEROIC ACT OF BISHOP BERNARD O'REILLY.

The diocese of Hartford, of which Woonsocket formed a part from the establishment of that diocese on Nov. 28, 1843, by Pope Gregory XVI., was the second see erected in New England.

Right Rev. William Tyler, D. D., the first Bishop of this diocese, was consecrated on March 17, 1844, and died June 18, 1849.

Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D. D., the second Bishop, was consecrated Nov. 10, 1850.

Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland, D. D., the third Bishop, was consecrated on March 14, 1858, and died October 12, 1874.

Right Rev. Thomas Galberry, D. D., fourth Bishop, was consecrated March 19, 1876, and died Oct. 10, 1878.

Right Rev. Lawrence S. McMahon, D. D., fifth Bishop, was consecrated Aug. 10, 1879, and died Aug. 21, 1893.

The present Bishop, Right Rev. Michael Tierney, D. D., was consecrated Feb. 22, 1894. The present diocese is 4,845 square miles in extent and comprises the whole State of Connecticut.

Right Rev. William Tyler, D. D., the first Bishop of Hartford diocese, was born in Derby, Vermont, on June 5, 1806. At the age of 16 he and his father, mother and the other members of the family were converted to the Catholic

faith and doctrine. He received a classical education at a seminary conducted by his uncle, Rev. Virgil Barber, at Claremont, New Hampshire. This uncle, as early as the year 1816, was principal of an Academy and pastor of an Episcopal church at Fairfield, New York, and became so impressed with the piety of an Irish Catholic servant girl, hired to do domestic work in his home, that he sought out the truths of the Catholic religion, which were expounded to him by Rev. Benedict Fenwick, afterward second Bishop of Boston diocese, who was at that time an assistant priest to Rev. Anthony Kohlman in New York city. Rev. Mr. Barber and his whole family became converts. His wife, in order that he might become a priest, entered a convent. A son, Samuel Barber, studied for the priesthood and was in due time ordained, both father and son joining the Order of Jesuits; Mrs. Barber and her youngest daughter, Josephine, became Sisters of the Visitation Order, and three other daughters became Sisters of the Order of St. Ursula. Mary, the eldest of these, became a professed nun at the Ursuline Convent, Charlestown, on August 15, 1826, being the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and remained in that institution until its destruction by fire, set by a "Knownothing" mob, in 1834.

The conversion of this pious and interesting family was due, through God, to the exemplary life, piety and devotion to the Faith of that humble Irish servant girl. Rev. Father Barber was subsequently professor of Hebrew in Georgetown College, where he died in 1847.

In explanation of how the Church permits a man, as in the case of Rev. Father Barber, to become a priest, while the wife of such a man lives, it may be stated that when, by mutual consent, husband and wife agree to separate, with the understanding that the wife will subscribe to vows in a religious order, and that the children of such father and

mother, if there are any, are amply provided for, the Church, under such circumstances, does not prevent them from consecrating their lives to God. All the conditions in this particular case were fulfilled.

Young Tyler, after completing an ecclesiastical course under his uncle, studied theology under the guidance of Right Rev. Benedict Fenwick and was ordained a priest in 1828. After ordination he was stationed at the Cathedral, Boston, where he remained for several years, and from there was sent to Aroostook, Maine. From there he returned to Boston and was appointed Vicar General. When the new diocese of Hartford was created in 1843 he was nominated its first Bishop, and was consecrated on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1844. He established his Episcopal residence in Providence. He took part in the sixth and seventh plenary councils of Baltimore.

Through his zeal many Churches were built in his diocese, and the number of priests was greatly increased during his episcopate. He died in Providence on June 18, 1849. His remains rest in the crypt of the new Cathedral. The Tyler School in Providence, one of the finest educational buildings in Rhode Island, was erected to his memory by Right Rev. Matthew Harkins.

Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly was consecrated second Bishop of Hartford. This reverend divine is worthy of more than a passing notice. He was born in the county of Longford, Ireland, in 1803; embarked for the United States on January 17, 1825, and on arrival proceeded to Montreal, where, after admission to the Grand Seminary, he entered upon the study of philosophy and theology. He was ordained a priest in 1831, after which he was appointed pastor of St. James' Church, Brooklyn, New York. During his mission there the Asiatic cholera epidemic of 1832

broke out. His services during the prevalence of that dreadful disease won the admiration of the whole community. Though twice prostrated by that scourge he rallied each time and renewed his heroic work of administering material aid, as well as spiritual consolation to those stricken with the disease. In December of that year he was assigned to missionary work at Rochester, New York, the field of his labor extending west of Auburn and east of Niagara Falls. His work was continuous here until 1847, when he was assigned to duty at Buffalo, being at that time raised to the dignity of Vicar General. After consecration as Bishop of Hartford he established his residence in Providence.

It was here during the fierce reign of bigotry, fostered and propagated by the evil spirit of "Knownothingism" in 1855, he proved to all concerned that he was a true, unflinching soldier of Christ.

A riotous mob surrounded the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and threatened the destruction of the building by fire and also threatened the inmates with death. The Bishop, with fearless courage, stood before the building and addressing the riotors, declared that he would protect the Sisters while he had life. His undaunted courage so awed the cowardly bigots composing the mob, that they departed without carrying their fiendish threats into execution.

That mob was not so successful as the one that on the night of August 11, 1834, set fire to the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, Mass., and reduced the stately building to ruins. A portion of one of the walls, on which was a cross, remained standing for many years after the fire, as a memorial of the bigotry which carried out the deed of destruction.

Bishop O'Reilly embarked for Europe on December 5, 1855, with the object of securing religious teachers for his schools.

Having accomplished the mission on which he started he left for home in January, 1856, taking passage on the ill-fated steamer Pacific, which was never after heard from.

Right Rev. Francis Patrick McFarland, D. D., the third Bishop of Hartford, was born in Franklin, Pennsylvania, April 16, 1819. He was educated for the priesthood at Mount St. Mary's College, and was ordained in New York on May 18, 1845. After ordination he filled a professor's chair for one year in St. John's College, Fordham. Leaving there he served as assistant priest for several months in New York City, and then was appointed to the charge of a mission at Watertown, New York. In 1851 he was made pastor of St. John's Church, at Utica, New York. On March 14, 1858, he was consecrated Bishop of Hartford, and like his two predecessors made Providence his home. When the new diocese of Providence was created he removed to Hartford, where he engaged in the erection of a Cathedral, Episcopal Palace and Convent, and continued this work until his health failed. He died in Hartford October 12, 1874.

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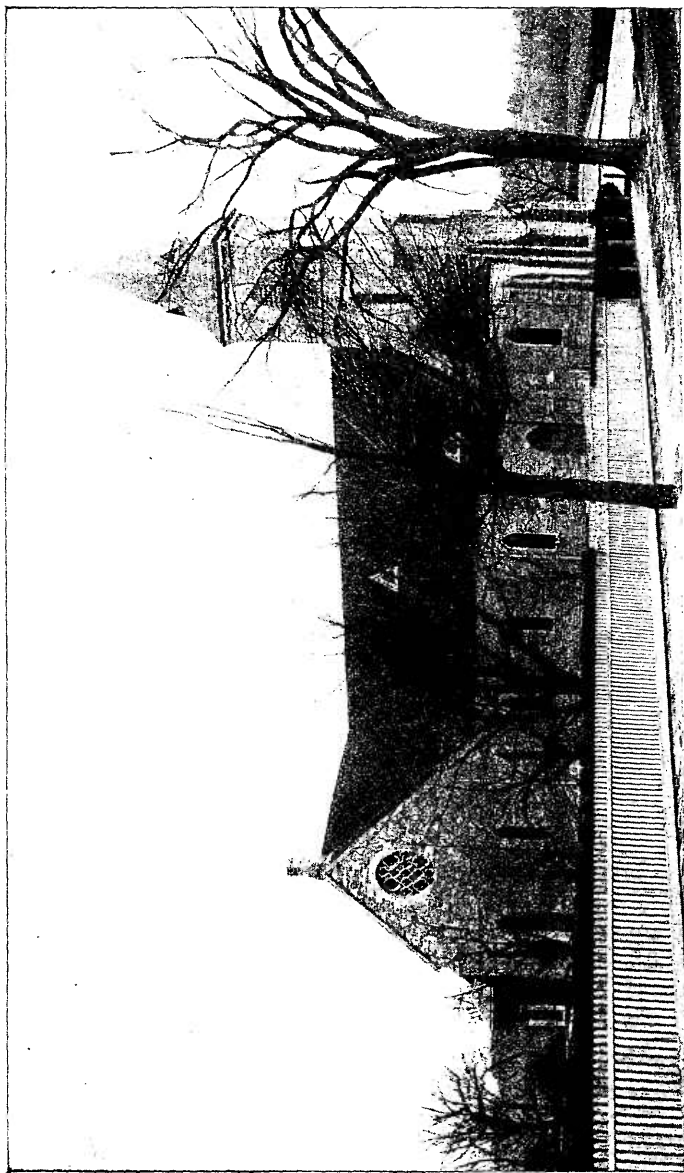
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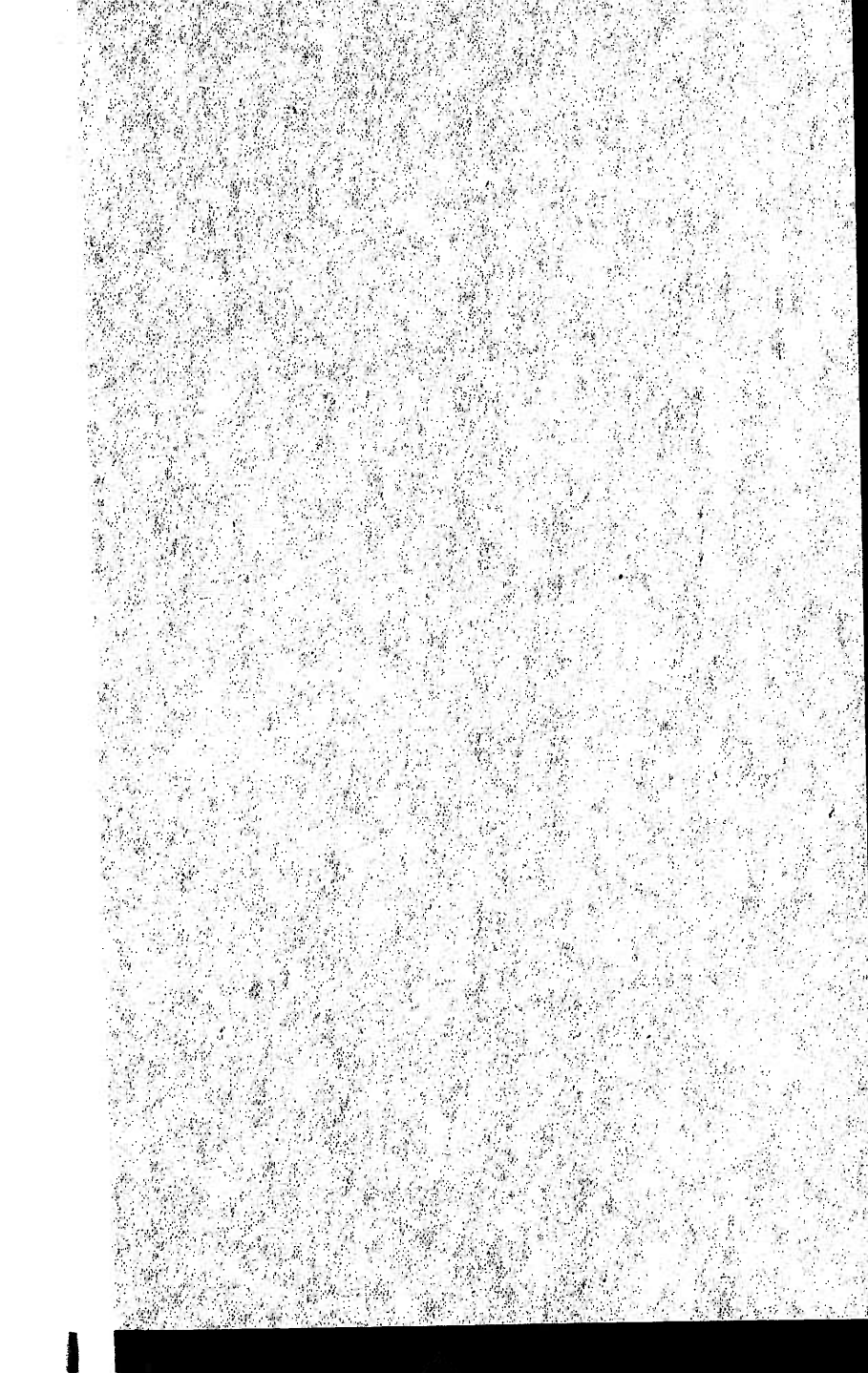
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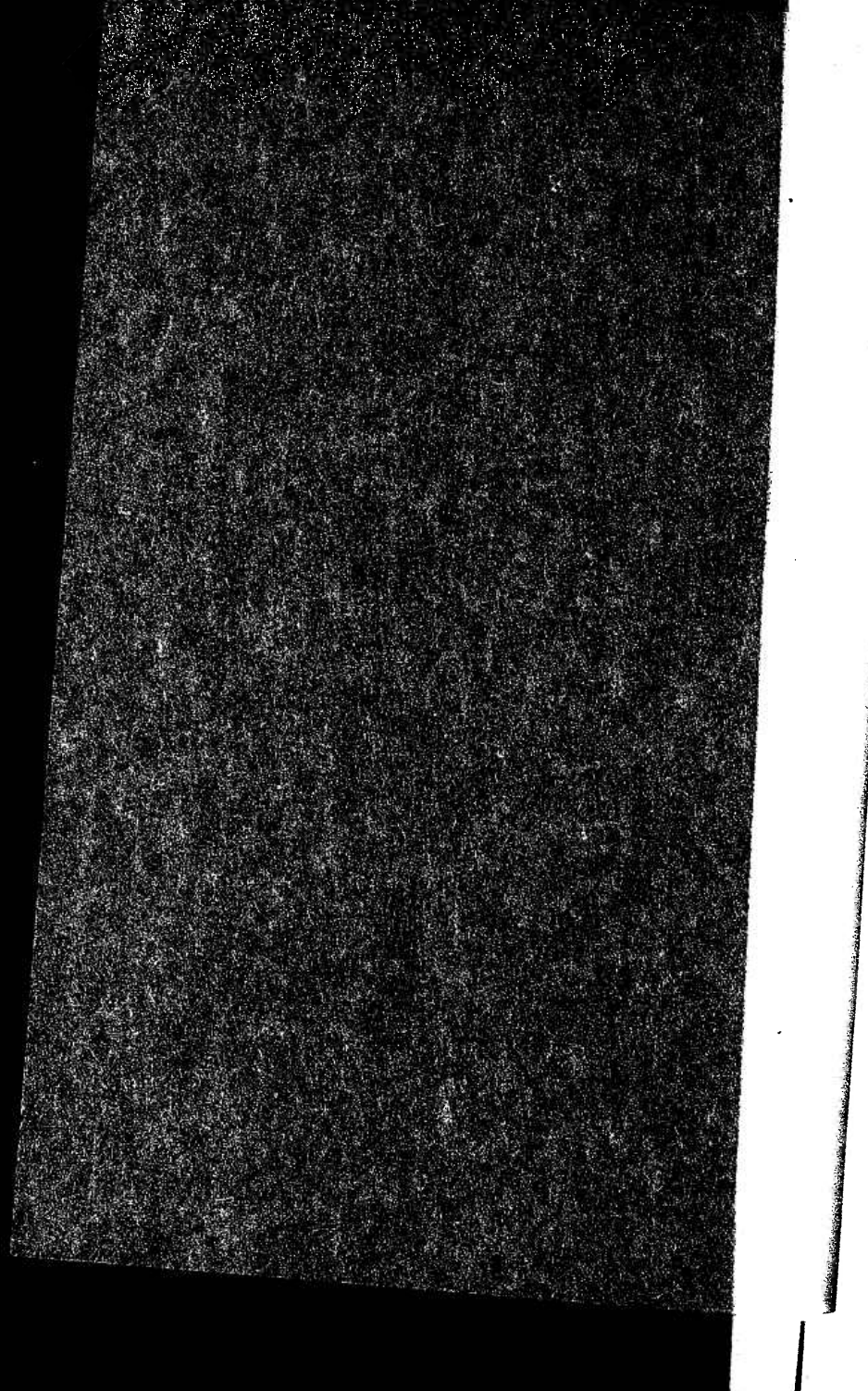
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St. Paul's Church, Blackstone, Mass.





St. Paul's Parish, Blackstone, Mass.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIRST MASS IN BLACKSTONE—FATHER FITTON THE CELEBRANT—
REV. CHARLES O'REILLY FIRST PASTOR OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH
—MAGNIFICENT GIFTS OF WELCOME FARNUM—REV. EDWARD
J. SHERIDAN—THE LIFE WORK OF REV. W. A. POWER.

The first Mass celebrated in the Town of Blackstone was in 1846, in the home of Edward McCabe, by Rev. Father Fitton, then a missionary priest from Boston, Mass. After this the Catholic people attended services at St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket. About 1849, learning that Rev. Charles O'Reilly, then pastor of St. Charles, was about to sever his connection with that parish, the Catholic people of Blackstone held a meeting and appointed a committee to wait upon Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick at Boston, to solicit the appointment of Rev. Charles O'Reilly to create a new parish in the Town of Blackstone. The committee were accompanied to Boston by Welcome Farnum, Esq., a wealthy Protestant gentleman, who was owner of many industries in the town, and was deeply interested in the welfare of its citizens. The efforts of the committee were crowned with success, and Rev. Father O'Reilly was assigned to the pastorate of Blackstone. He set about immediately to select a site for a Church. Mr. Farnum came forward and tendered to the new pastor as much land as he desired for a site for a Church, free of cost. The offer was kindly accepted and men of the parish commenced excavation for the foundation for a Church. The contract was let for the building of the same. Again Mr. Farnum, not content with what he had already done, presented Rev. Father O'Reilly with a large sum of money, and personally

solicited from every Catholic employe in his factories for money to help defray the expenses of the erection of the edifice. Mr. Farnum refused to accept less than five dollars where he knew the parties could afford that sum.

The contractor began his work in 1850 and finished early in 1851, and the Church was dedicated in 1853 by Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston. Rev. Dr. Moriarty, of Philadelphia, preached the dedicatory sermon.

Rev. Father O'Reilly remained in charge of the parish until his death, which occurred Sept. 29, 1857, aged 65. Father Charles O'Reilly was born in the county Cavan, Ireland, in 1792, where he received his education and was ordained a priest. After ordination he went forth as a missionary priest, his destination being the West India Islands, and erected a Church on one of these islands, after which he came to this country, locating in Boston, where for a time he performed missionary work. His remains are interred in St. Paul's Church.

Rev. Edward J. Sheridan, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Uxbridge, succeeded Rev. Charles O'Reilly as pastor of St. Paul's Church, Blackstone, in October, 1857, still retaining Uxbridge, Whitinsville, East Douglas and Manchaug as missions.

Father Sheridan was born in the province of Connaught, Ireland, in 1824, and immigrated with his parents to Canada, when aged 3. He received his education in St. Hyacinthe College, after which he studied law and opened an office in Portland, Me. Always having a spiritual longing for the priesthood he abandoned the pursuit of law and entered the Grand Seminary in Montreal, where he studied theology. His ordination as a priest took place in 1853, after which he was appointed pastor of Uxbridge by Right Rev. Bishop Fitzpatrick, with outlying missions extending to and including Millbury. He finished work on St. Mary's

Church, Uxbridge, the erection of which was begun by Rev. Charles O'Reilly.

In 1867 Father Sheridan was appointed pastor of St. Vincent's Church, Purchase street, Boston, and in 1871 was appointed pastor of St. Mary's Church, Taunton, Mass., where he died, Wednesday, Aug. 19, 1896.

Rev. Henry Marie Smyth, first assistant pastor of St. Paul's Church, was born in Monaghan, Ireland, in 1839; studied in St. MacCartin's College in his native town; came to the United States in 1860 and continued his studies in St. Charles' College, Elliott's Mills, Maryland; from there went to Nicolet College, Que., where he finished a collegial course, after which he entered the Grand Seminary in Montreal, where he studied theology. He was ordained a priest by Right Rev. Bishop McFarland of Hartford diocese, in S.S. Peter and Paul's Church, Providence, on Saturday, November 4, 1865, and celebrated his first Mass in St. Paul's Church, Blackstone, on Sunday, Nov. 5, 1865, having in the meantime received an appointment from Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston as assistant to Rev. Father Sheridan. He was assistant pastor of St. Vincent's Church, Purchase street, Boston, when he was appointed pastor of North Brookfield, Mass.; was commissioned Chaplain of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment by Gov. Alexander H. Bullock on October 3, 1868.

Father Sheridan was succeeded as pastor of St. Paul's Church by Rev. Father Bannon, who, after a few years, resigned on account of ill health. Then Rev. Dennis Scanlon was temporarily placed in charge of St. Paul's parish.

About 1870, Rev. William A. Power, then a young priest, serving as assistant to his brother, Rev. John Power, at Worcester, Mass., was appointed pastor of St. Paul's parish. He found the Church property encumbered with a

\$2,000 mortgage, which he at once set about to pay off. He soon had the entire parish in sympathy with him in his efforts to accomplish his purpose.

In 1872 a spire was built. In 1874 the building known as Institute Hall was built. It contains two neat halls and ante-rooms. One of the halls is used for Sunday school services and the other for parish purposes, entertainments, lectures, etc.

In 1879 he purchased land and built St. Augustine's Church at Millville, Mass., and ministered to its people until the arrival of Rev. M. H. Kittridge, who had been appointed pastor.

In 1883 the old Church was remodeled and much enlarged under the personal supervision and planning of Rev. Father Power. The cost of the improvements amounted to about \$20,000.

The Church, parsonage and Institute building occupy a commanding position on the hill near the passenger station of the N. Y., N. H. and H. R. R. The land covers an area of several acres.

Father Power was ever looking after the welfare and happiness of his parishioners, especially the young people, in whom he took a special pride. Soon after taking charge of the parish he organized St. Paul's C. T. A. and B. Society, also the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, the Guardian Angels' Society, St. Joseph's Society, St. Aloysius Society, Temperance Cadets and other organizations. His delight was in hearing the little ones declaim and sing. He introduced monthly Sunday school concerts, and, health permitting, was always present on such occasions.

In 1901, Father Power began the erection of a new parochial residence, a project he had long under consideration, as the old residence had become somewhat dilapidated. When he made his intention known to his parish-

ioners he informed them that the new residence would be erected without calling upon them for a dollar. The house was finished and ready for occupancy in June, 1902.

For several years past Father Power was so ill that at various times it was thought that he must die, but by good care and tender nursing his life was prolonged until the evening of September 1, 1902, when his spirit took its flight. Although many were prepared to hear of his death at any moment, when the announcement was made the news spread rapidly throughout the parish and many a silent tear was shed when it was realized that he, who had so often solaced their heart in time of trouble, was no more. No death in the town ever caused such profound sorrow. During his long pastorate Father Power had won the love and esteem of every Catholic heart in the parish. Old and young, rich and poor, all worshipped and idolized him as their beloved pastor.

Rev. William A. Power was born in Charlestown, Mass., October 22, 1837. He attended the public schools in his native city, from which he graduated with the highest honors. Arriving at man's estate, he decided to embrace the art of sculptor. After making all necessary arrangements he entered the studio of Stephenson, whose great work, "The Wounded Indian," was at that time attracting universal attention, and whose studio was located in Charlestown. Father Power put great energy into his studies and displayed artistic tastes of great promise. He inclined toward piety, and, while he loved the art he had chosen, at the earnest solicitation of the late Rev. George Hamilton, his pastor, he gave up his worldly pursuit to consecrate himself to the service of God, as a priest of the Catholic Church. He spent several years at St. Bonaventure Seminary, in Alleghaney, N. Y., and on June 6, 1866, at the age of 29 years, he was ordained a priest in the Cathedral

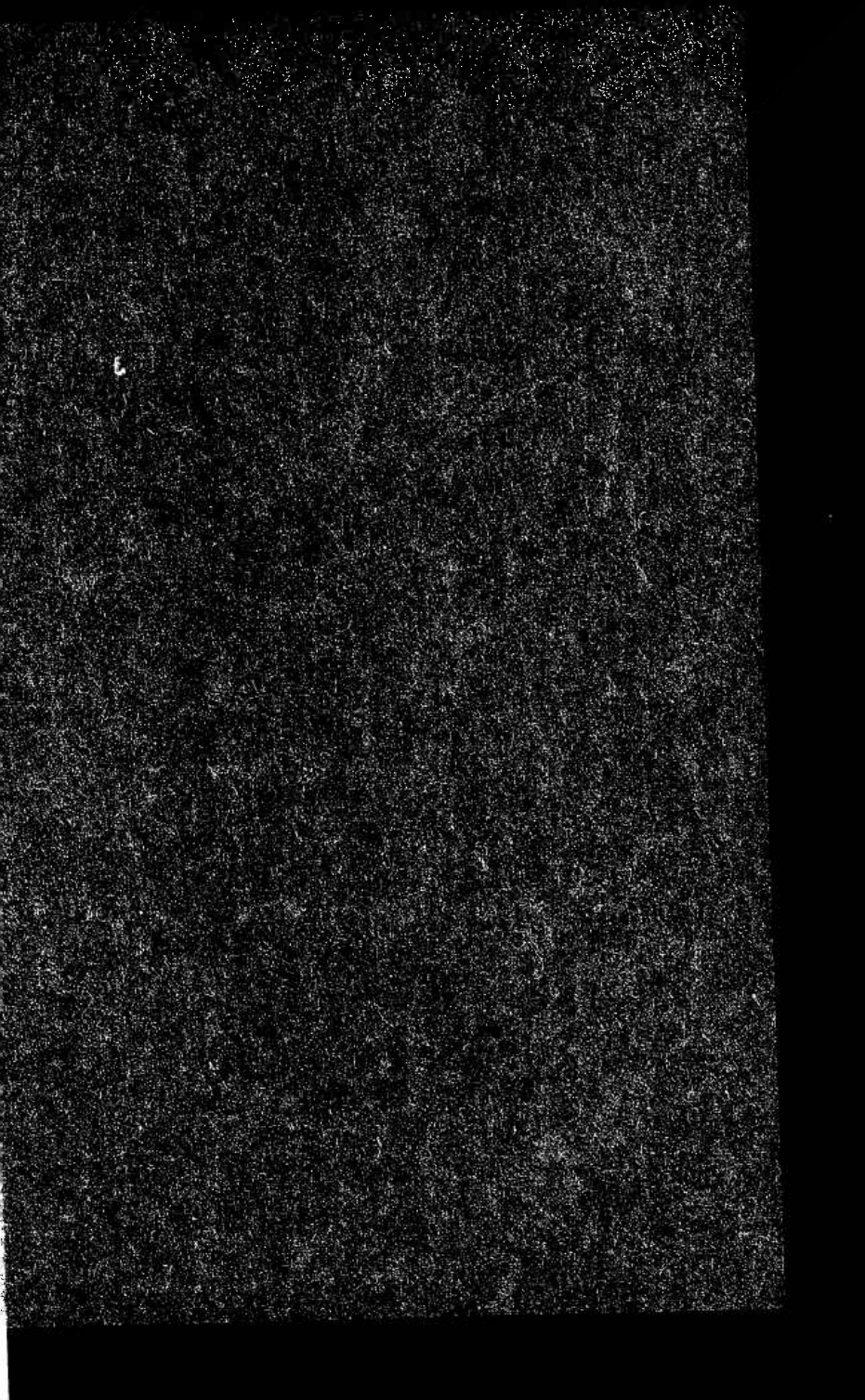
at Buffalo, N. Y., by the late Bishop Timon. After his ordination he was appointed assistant to his brother, Very Rev. J. J. Power, D. D., who had charge of the parish of St. Ann, Worcester. This parish included as missions St. Phillip's Church, Grafton, and St. Bridget's Church, Millbury. In his capacity as curate he labored with a zeal that attracted the attention of priests and people. So many good results were accomplished, morally and spiritually by the priestly brothers, that the people of St. Anne's parish loved and venerated them. Highly educated and gentlemanly in all their dealings, they were the exemplification of the true Catholic priest.

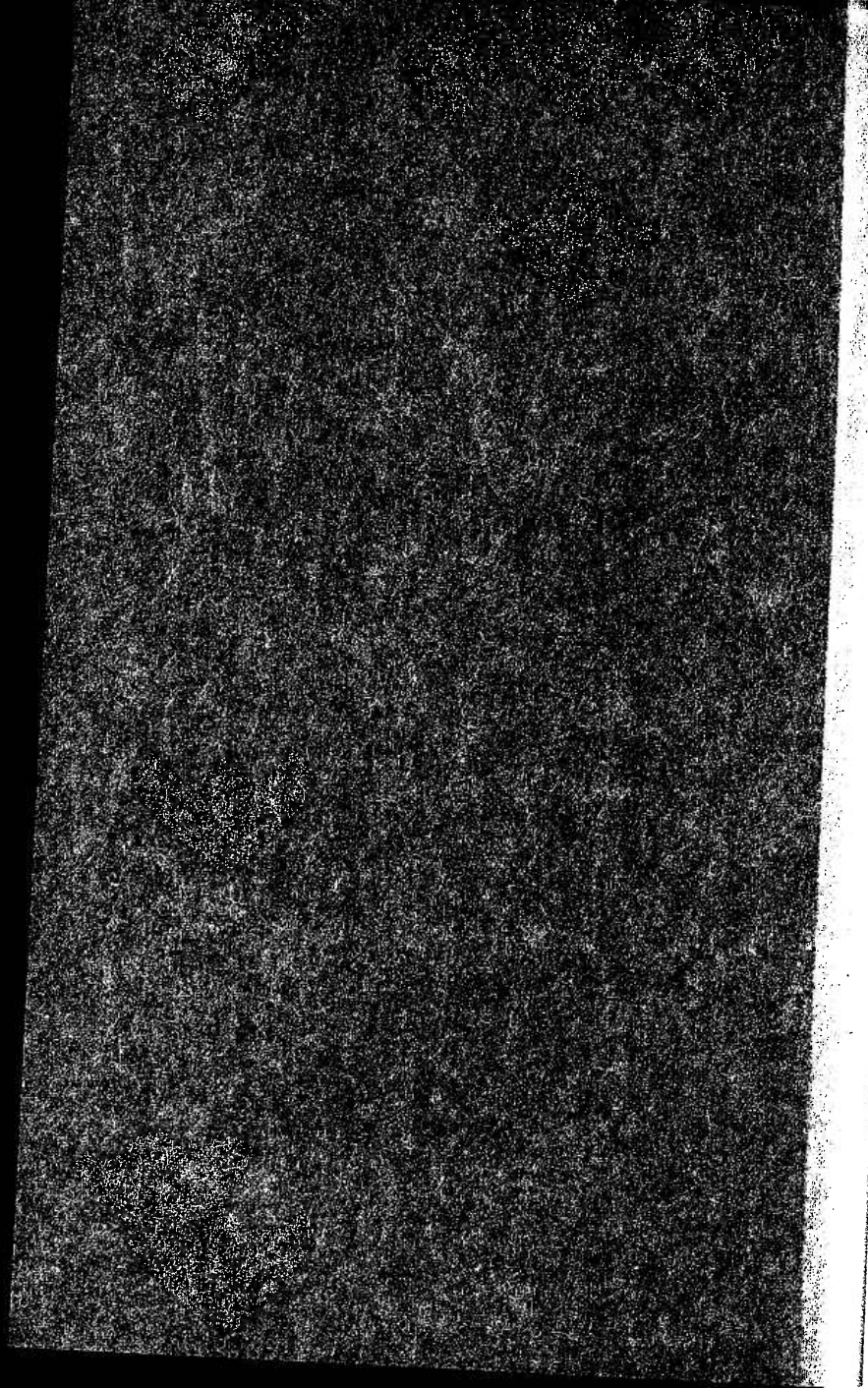
After nearly four years of faithful service in St. Anne's parish, Father Power was promoted to the pastorate of St. Paul's parish by Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, who but a short time before had been consecrated Bishop. Father Power took charge of St. Paul's parish in October, 1870, where he remained up to the time of his death, which occurred September 1, 1902, as above stated.

His brother, Very Rev. John J. Power, Vicar General of Springfield diocese, died at Worcester, Jan. 27, 1902.



REV. WILLIAM A. POWER,
Fifth Pastor of St. Paul's Parish, Blackstone, Mass.





CHAPTER XXVI.

FUNERAL OF REV. WILLIAM A. POWER—PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS
CELEBRATED BY BISHOP BEAVEN—REV. JOHN J. MCCOY
DELIVERED THE EULOGY—LARGE NUMBER OF PARISHIONERS
FOLLOWED THE REMAINS TO THE GRAVE—INTERMENT IN ST.
PAUL'S CEMETERY.

The funeral of Rev. William A. Power took place on Thursday, September 4, 1902, and was the largest and most impressive funeral ever witnessed in the Town of Blackstone. The services began at 10 o'clock A. M. at St. Paul's Church, where the body had remained in state since the Tuesday evening previous. Long before the hour for the services to begin there was an immense throng of people in front of the Church waiting for the opening of the doors. The doors were opened about 9 o'clock and there was a rush to get in, but many could not gain admittance, and contented themselves standing about the outside of the Church, where they could hear the service and singing. No man who ever passed away in that town was more honored than Father Power, Catholic and non-Catholic vied with each other in doing honor to his memory and in paying their last tribute of love and esteem to this saintly priest.

The ushers were: John L. Maroney, John F. Meaney, John Gaines, John Clarkin, John W. Smith, Vincent Farley, William Dorsey and J. P. Cunningham. Shortly after 10 o'clock the visiting priests left the Institute and marched to the Church where they filed into the seats reserved for them in the auditorium. When they were seated the services, which were solemn and very impressive, were begun by the chanting of the office for the dead. The chanters were Rev. Peter O'Reilly of Whitinsville, Rev. John F. Lee of Jefferson, Rev. C. A. Sullivan of Worcester, Rev. Levi Achim of Northbridge, and Rev. Michael Carroll of Greenfield.

At the conclusion of the office for the dead the officers of the Mass entered from the vestry and took their places at the altar. The Mass was a Pontifical Solemn High Mass and was celebrated by Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven, Bishop of Springfield. The officers were: Assistant priest, Vev. Rev. John T. Madden, V. G., of Worcester; Deacons of Honor, Rev. M. H. Kittridge of Millville, Rev. James Boyle of Pittsfield; Deacon of the Mass, Rev. John D. McGann, Westboro; Sub-Deacon of the Mass, Rev. James A. Hurley, Worcester; acolytes, Rev. James Meehan, Winchendon, Rev. William A. Hickey, Clinton; thurifer, Rev. Joseph Daly, Oxford; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. B. S. Conaty, Worcester; Assistant Master of Ceremonies, Rev. M. T. O'Brien, Worcester; Preacher, Rev. John J. McCoy, Chicopee. Three of the officers of the Mass were formerly curates under Rev. Father Power—Fathers McGann, Hurley and Hickey.

At the conclusion of the Mass, Rev. John J. McCoy of Chicopee, Mass., delivered a masterly eulogy. The absolution was given by Right Rev. Thomas D. Beaven. Seated within the sanctuary were Right Rev. Thomas Conaty, head of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., attended by Rev. John S. Cullen of Watertown, Mass., and Rev. Joseph Hanselman, President of Holy Cross, College, Worcester. There were also in the sanctuary Mgr. Thomas Griffin, Chancellor of the Springfield diocese, Worcester, and Mgr. Thomas McGuinness of Jamaica Plains, Mass. Bishop Conaty was dressed in his episcopal robes and the Monsignors wore their robes of office.

The music of the Mass was conducted by Daniel Downey, director of St. Paul's Church choir, Worcester, and the organist was Edward F. Howe of Worcester. The singers were Mrs. Daniel Downey, soprano; Mrs. Mary E. O'Hara, contralto; F. A. O'Gara, Martin Drohan, Daniel

Downey and Anthony J. O'Reilly. The organ prelude was "Rosamonde" (by Shuman). At the close of the services Organist Howe played the funeral march by Beethoven.

The Mass was the Gregorian Mass. At the offertory "Domine Jesus Christie" (Schmidt) was sung by a mixed quartet, consisting of Mrs. Daniel Downey, Mrs. Mary E. O'Hara, A. F. O'Gara and A. O'Reilly. After the elevation, "Pie Jesu" (Schmidt) was rendered by Messrs. O'Gara, Downey, Drohan and O'Reilly. At the close of the Mass the "Libera" was sung by the full choir. The services lasted two hours, and at the close the people passed by the catafalque and took a last farewell of the venerated priest who was so dear to them in life. There were over 70 priests present. Nearly all of these were from the Springfield, Providence, Boston and Hartford dioceses.

After addressing the prelates, the reverend clergy and the brethern present, Rev. Father McCoy began his eulogy, which was a masterly effort, poetic in style and graced with appropriate quotations from famed writers of verse. The text was Maccabees xv:12-13. The reverend gentleman after pronouncing the text spoke in part as follows:

"The Church does not make the day of death a sad one, but rather makes a festive day of that on which the saints go out. In this she differs from the nations who make a day of rejoicing at the coming of her heroes. The Church believes that death is simply a birth into life eternal and that there is jubilee in Heaven when the gates roll open for the incoming feet of a saint. Other people outside of the Church scarcely understand this.

"To be sure, at death the depths of affection break up and the honest story is told by lips and eyes. Still, back of the grief stands the shining Christ and that thought is the sweetest of all. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said that he noticed that in cases of those outside our Church and

that even in the cases of Christian ministers, many in their last moments are beset with doubt. But those who walk the wards of hospitals and the bloody battlefields know that the Roman Catholic knows how to die.

“We are all accustomed to death. It comes to every age and condition. The mother stoops to kiss the eyes that were open an hour ago; the school children who leaped along the pathways a few months ago now lie with the flowers; the youth who yesterday rejoiced in his strength now lies still and stark in the darkened house; the strong man who yesterday went into the fields in the hope of reaping the golden harvest lies under the waving corn, and the lamentations of his neighbors fill the air; the old man sits in the sunset and goes away with the shadows.

“And now death comes to the priest who works and lives in Death’s presence and who walks with Death. And our priest is come to die. And what is our priest? He is one taken from all mankind, one standing on a mountain with his hands, beatified with the blood of Christ, upraised, his eyes lifted to Christ, pleading for his people, one who stands under darkened skies and lifts his voice for his flock—one keeping the night watch while his lambs are safely under his care.

“No wonder his loss is felt! He was to his parish not only a priest, but a father and mother, a striving brother, and when he falls he lies upon the breast of every one in the parish, and his loss leans hard on the outside world and on the priests of his diocese. Our diocese is much poorer for the deaths of John and William Power. They were men rare in their high qualities and men professedly superior to many others. The night of the day on which the Vicar General was buried at Worcester the Bishop said: ‘And now when Father William goes, St. Paul’s Church at Worcester and St. Paul’s Church at Black-

stone will become ordinary parishes.' The prelate did not mean that the men who would succeed them would be other than deserving and excellent men, but meant that he did not expect to look upon their like again.

"Men paint convent walls in Italy with exquisite art and feeling even to-day. But no man has come in these later times able to restore Da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' so all the world stands still bemoaning the lost glory of the old master. The wall is still there, but this work, the illuminating of stone which gave to all the place the touch so singularly divine, is gone now and forever.

"If the priests were asked to raise monuments to their departed brothers, I think I could say what kind of memorials they would lift. Both would be of gray and enduring granite, taken out of the heart of the New England hills and speaking of steadfastness and sincerity—which were characteristics of the men. One would be a tall and slender shaft alone in the open. It would be severely plain, without any ornament save on its bold front where we would cut a human hand with the index finger pointing toward heaven. Men would read the word 'Justice,' and on the base I would have in raised letters, 'John Power.' Men would know who he was. The other would be low and deep and running wide and with tender vines and wild flowers running wildly over it and upon it gentle tracery that every one passed would read the words, 'Father William.'

"The Bishop an hour ago remarked that Father William Power was a princely priest. By that he meant that he was a prince among priests. Every priest is stamped with the image of the King. No man ever taught that lesson to his people better than Father Power. If one looked into his eyes one would see his characteristics—first, his sincerity. Before he was called to the altar he be-

gan to work at a marble calling with pointed steel on everlasting stone, no clay or plaster for that man. When he was called to the priesthood, still the characteristics came with him. One can imagine him stooping with chisel pointed and hammer raised when that sound from distance beyond distance called him like music to his vocation. When he became a priest all the glory of the priest shone in his life.

“The man was belted and sent out to do God’s battle and now to-day he is crowned king far in the spiritual city. He was the ideal priest. Perhaps his special characteristics were those which marked Christ, lowliness and gentleness. Not the gentleness of weakness. Any one who looked into the steady eye and saw that pleasant smile, could realize that back of all there lurked the lightning, and when Faith, right or defence of the lowly asked for it, some people have seen the flash.

“His Bishop can say that on the advisory board no man could express his judgment with such force and power as this priest. But he was never angered when his advice was not taken. He perhaps felt that it was his mission to go down into the mines and to bring up the pure gold, and that it was the work of his chief to handle and mold it. We must think of him as St. Francis De Sales and other men who were full of energy, but who are held up as saints of gentleness. Father William was a scholar, and after piety that is one of the best things to say of a priest. His scholarship was of the refined, uplifting character. He loved children and he loved music and all the things that make the people like unto himself and therein was his ambition of scholarship.

All those who have gone before him with traces of his fingers on their brow, all those are now about him in Heaven where they speak face to face with the King.”

Among the priests who were in attendance were Revs. Cornelius S. Kelley, Fall River; Thomas F. Carroll, Providence; T. J. Loughran, Woonsocket; W. J. Galvin, West-erly; A. E. Dwyer, Fisherville, Mass.; John F. Leonard, Warren, Mass.; W. F. Grace, Gilbertville, Mass.; J. A. Riordan, Ware, Mass.; D. F. McGrath, Holyoke, Mass.; Mederic Roberge, Woonsocket; Adrian Landry, Worcester; L. E. Barry, East Douglas; P. A. McLaughlin, Slatersville; J. J. Hussey, East Greenwich, R. I.; M. P. Kelley, Springfield, Mass.; W. J. Nagle, Woonsocket; J. J. Rice, Brighton, Mass.; T. A. McGovern, Springfield, Mass.; John W. McCarthy, North Attleboro, Mass.; John J. Mulcahy, Arlington, Mass.; Napoleon Leclerc, Woonsocket; James P. Tuite, Worcester; C. McSweeney, Fall River; Daniel Mullins, Southbridge; John F. Redican, Leicester; J. T. McDermott, Gardner; John Kenney, Northampton; E. L. Judge, Uxbridge; J. B. Hackett, Winchendon; John S. Nelligan, Miller's Falls; T. C. O'Connor, Leominster; J. A. Charland, Millbridge, Mass.; H. J. Wren, North Brookfield; M. P. Cassidy, Valley Falls, R. I.; P. Farrelly, Central Falls, R. I.; J. C. Tennian, Pawtucket, R. I.; Hugh P. Smyth, Boston; Patrick F. Haley, Oxford; P. L. Quaide, Millbury; D. H. O'Neill, Worcester; Albert J. Brault, Jefferson; M. P. Cavanaugh, Worcester; J. P. Phalan, Milford; J. P. Canavan, Milford; William H. Goggin, Worcester; Eugene Lessard, Manville; Charles C. Dauray, Woonsocket; T. E. Ryan, Woonsocket; James J. Chittick, Hyde Park; D. C. Riordan, Middleboro, Mass.; J. V. Campeau, Manchaug; J. T. Sheehan, Ware, Mass.; M. J. Murphy, Brookfield; James Donahoe, Westfield; John R. Murphy, Grafton; P. B. Phalan, Holyoke; J. J. Ryan, Cambridge; John J. Bell, Charlton, Mass.; J. H. Boland, Worcester; J. M. Cruse, Upton; Thomas Smyth, Springfield; J. O. O'Keefe,

Clinton; William F. Hartigan, Lee, Mass.; M. A. Griffin, Springfield; John A. Griffin, Mittineague, Mass.; Joseph Daily, Oxford; A. O'Grady, Spencer; M. A. Sullivan, Uxbridge; William F. Finnernan, Southboro, Mass., and J. J. Howard, Worcester.

When the people had passed out of the Church and the relatives of the deceased pastor had taken their farewell view of the body the casket was closed and the pall-bearers, John H. Kearney, John F. Campbell, Dennis Mullen, T. J. Rowen, James E. McCabe and Anthony Cormier, removed the body to the hearse from the side entrance of the Church. The honorary pall bearers, Right Rev. Mgr. Thomas Griffin, Rev. William Goggan, Rev. Thomas Ryan, Rev. D. Feehan, Rev. Charles Dauray, Rev. Daniel O'Niel, Rev. M. H. Kittredge, Rev. P. A. McLaughlin, took places in waiting carriages and the funeral cortege began to form. It was nearly 1 o'clock when it began to move. The hearse was drawn by four black horses with mourning trappings and was followed by about fifty carriages and several hundred persons on foot, including a large number of women.

The procession was viewed by thousands of people, as all places of business were closed for the day. When the procession arrived at the cemetery the usual services were held, the priests present, led by Rev. J. B. McGann of Westboro, sang the "Benedictus." After the services the vault was sealed up and all that is mortal of an exemplary, zealous and self-sacrificing priest was at rest.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FATHER POWER CELEBRATES HIS 25TH ANNIVERSARY—A THREE DAY'S JUBILEE—TWO BISHOPS AND MANY PRIESTS PRESENT—RECEIVED MANY VALUABLE TESTIMONIALS—WINDS UP WITH GRAND BANQUET.

Twenty-five years a priest, a quarter of a century in the service of God, is a record to be proud of and one that Rev. William A. Power of St. Paul's parish gloried in. The event occurred on Sunday, June 6, 1891, and was observed with impressive ceremonies.

The main altar in St. Paul's Church was tastefully decorated with calla lilies and white and red roses, and the lights of myriads of wax tapers added brilliancy to the scene. A beautiful floral tribute in the shape of a crown surmounted by a small cross, the gift of Thomas J. Rowan, stood on a small table in the sanctuary.

Promptly at 10:30 o'clock the officers of the Mass accompanied by the acolytes entered the sanctuary and a solem High Mass of thanksgiving was begun. The officers of the Mass were as follows: Celebrant, Rev. William A. Power; Deacon, Rev. M. H. Kittridge of St. Augustine's Church, Millville; Sub-Deacon, Rev. John T. Lynch of St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket; Master of Ceremonies, Rev. James Hurley of St. Paul's Church, Blackstone. After the first gospel, Rev. Father O'Kane, rector of Holy Cross College, ascended the steps of the high altar and delivered a powerful sermon on the priesthood.

The programme of the music rendered by the full choir under the direction of Miss Theresa Power, was as follows: "Kyrie," Lambilotte's mass; "Gloria," Lambilotte's mass; "Credo," Rosewig's; "Sanctus," Lambilotte's mass; "Agnus Dei," Lambilotte's mass; "O Salutaris," Knapp. Miss Sarah Dorrington presided at the organ. The solos

were sustained by Misses Mary Bradley, Maria McCarthy and Johanna Ryan, sopranos; Mrs. Eugene Moore, Misses Mary Murphy and Nellie McGuire, altos; James McCabe and Philip Masterson, tenors; and C. Dorrington, bass. Owing to the fact that the celebration occurred on Sunday, there were no priests at the Mass but those above mentioned.

At the evening service a large number of visiting clergymen were present. Institute Hall was crowded when the services began. The members of the different societies, St. Paul's T. A. Society, A. O. H., Division 10; Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, Rosary and Scapular Society and the Sunday school, taxed the seating capacity of the auditorium. The stage was decorated with ferns, potted plants and flowers, and above was suspended a tablet on which in large letters were the words: "Greeting to our pastor, Rev. William A. Power, June 6, 1891.

When the reverend gentleman entered the hall a well arranged programme was begun by the singing of the chorus "Welcome Pastor," by 200 Sunday school scholars, "A Life's Secret Told," was the next number, and an address from the Sunday school by Miss L. McMullen followed. The chorus "Song of Joy," by the choir was the fourth number. The sentiment "Father Power and the Town," was responded to by Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, John F. Campbell. An address from the women of the parish was next presented by Miss M. E. Riley, followed by a chorus "Heaven Bless Thy Name," by the choir. An address from the parish by Representative M. J. Carroll was then read. The address was beautifully engrossed on parchment. Then came the response to the address by Rev. Father Power. A thanksgiving hymn, "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name," by the choir, ended the evening's exercises.

During the evening, Rev. Father Power was the recipient of numerous presents. The most prominent were a substantial purse by the parish, which was presented in a plush, silk-lined box, on the base of which was the letters XXV, filled with gold; a solid silver crucifix from the people of Millville; a solid silver tea set from the united societies; a benediction set in white silk, hand painted, which included veil, stole and burse, also a sick call set in white kid, finished in white silk with gold mountings, in a leather, silk-lined box, in which was a gold pix and oil stock, from the women of the parish. Another present from the ladies was a heavy, solid oak framed picture of the Church, exterior and interior views, and exterior views of the parsonage and Institute building, and in the center an enlarged picture of the reverend pastor. The children of the Sunday school presented a solid silver berry dish, and the altar boys a silver library set. Rev. Father Power was deeply affected by these testimonials of the parishioners' love for him, and found it difficult to frame words to thank them for their handsome presents.

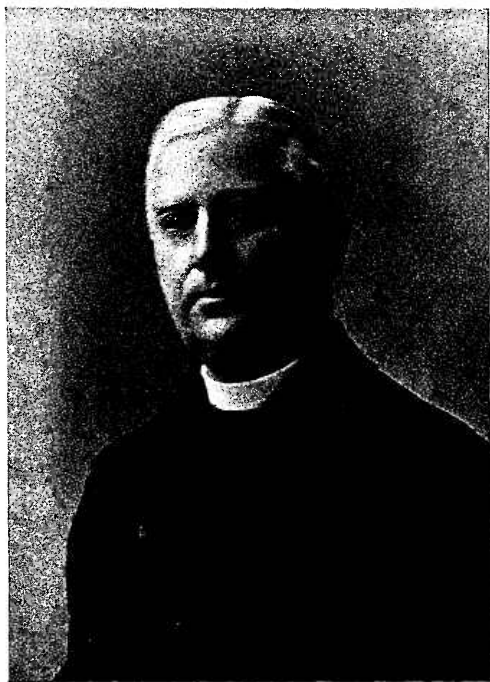
The celebration of the silver jubilee continued three days and wound up on Tuesday evening with a grand banquet tendered by Rev. Father Power to the two Bishops and about seventy-five priests.

Monday evening Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly administered confirmation to a class of 140 persons, many of whom were adults and several of whom were converts.

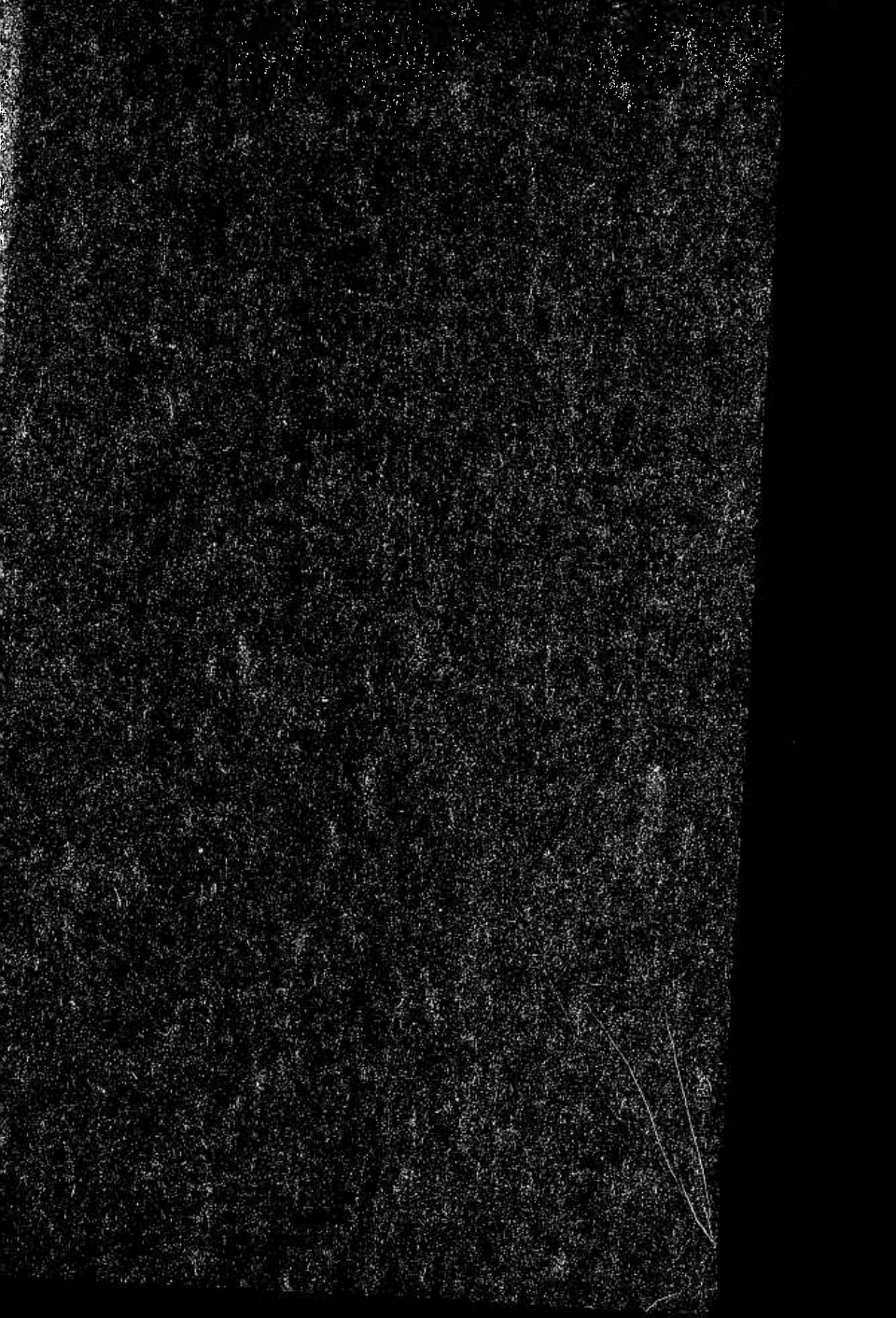
The Church was filled to overflowing with people who came to see the Bishop and witness the ceremony. The girls were dressed in white, with long veils and wreaths, and wore corsage bouquets. Promptly at 8 o'clock Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly, dressed in his robes of office, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Power and Hurley of Blackstone, Sullivan of Uxbridge, and Raftery of Woonsocket, entered the

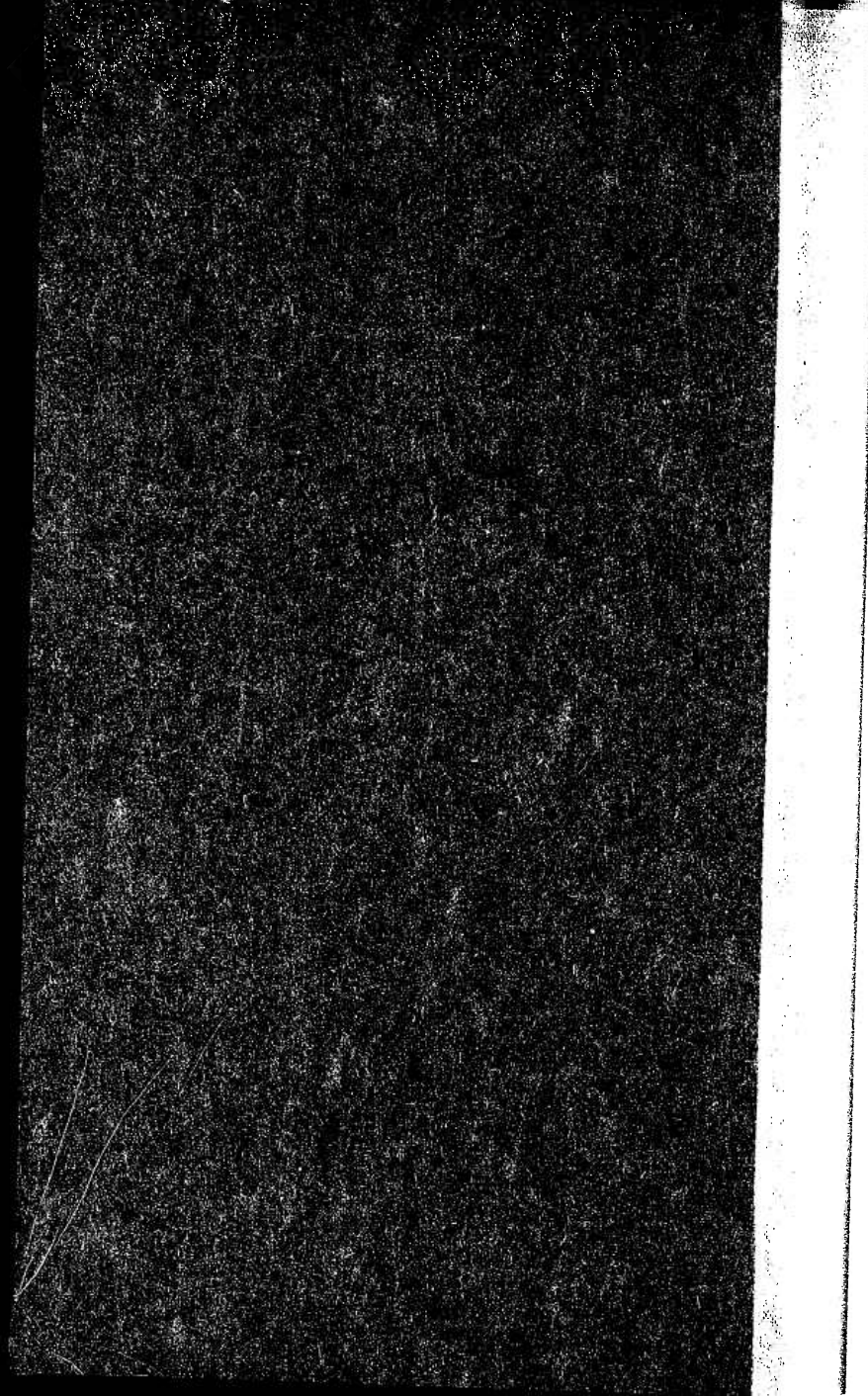
sanctuary. After a short service Rev. Father Raftery stepped to the front of the altar and preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his text: "Man's life on earth is a warfare." At the conclusion of the sermon the Bishop administered the sacrament. The service closed with the benediction of the blessed sacrament.

On Tuesday evening the banquet was held in Institute Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. There were two Bishops and seventy-five priests gathered around the festive board. At the head sat Right Rev. Bishop O'Reilly of Springfield, and Right Rev. Bishop Harkins of Providence. On either side was seated Very Rev. J. J. Power, Worcester; Very Rev. Michael McCabe, Woonsocket; Monsignor Thomas Griffin, Worcester; Rev. Dr. Stang, Providence; Bernard Conaty, Springfield; Rev. W. A. Power; Rev. T. J. Conaty, D. D., Worcester; Rev. Henry Robinson, S. T. D., Chicopee; Rev. M. A. O'Kane, Holy Cross, Worcester; Rev. Leo Boland of the Cathedral, Boston; Rev. Patrick Cuddihy, Milford; Rev. P. McLaughlin, Slatersville; Rev. D. Cronin, Hinsdale; Rev. James O'Brien, Boston; Rev. Michael Carroll, Fisherville; Rev. C. A. Sullivan, Whitinsville; Rev. P. J. Harkins, Holyoke; Rev. T. J. Sullivan, Uxbridge; Rev. C. Foley, Worcester; Rev. J. R. Murphy, Grafton; Rev. Dennis Scannell, Worcester; Rev. D. Shiel, Leominster; Rev. John J. McCoy, Westboro; Rev. James Tuite, North Brookfield; Rev. Robert Walsh, East Hampton; Rev. J. M. Mulcahy, Franklin; Rev. Robert Walsh, Worcester; Rev. J. D. McGahan, Jeffersonville; Rev. M. H. Kittridge, Millville; Rev. Fathers Callen of Florence, Ratigan of Cordaville, Goggins of Millbury, Bresnahan of Worcester, O'Neill of Worcester, Lavallee of Woonsocket, Roberge of Woonsocket, Tyrell of Worcester, Quinlan of Holliston, Lessard of Woonsocket, Feehan of Fitchburg, Dolan of Spencer,



REV. M. H. KITTREDGE,
Sixth Pastor of St. Paul's Parish, Blackstone, Mass. .





McGrath of North Adams, Raftery of Woonsocket, Quan of Webster, Cullen of South Framingham, Boylan of Oxford, McDermott of Gardner, Lee of Monson, Drennan of Amherst, Leclerc of Woonsocket, McGrath of Leicester, Finneran of Worcester, Tarpey of West Fitchburg, Cavanaugh of Milford, Lynch of Woonsocket, Patterson of Clinton, Conway of Winchendon, Grace of Worcester, Galvin of Northboro, Donahue of Southbridge, O'Keefe of West Springfield, McKaney of Bondsville, Deslauriers of Woonsocket, and Hurley of Blackstone.

A happy feature of the celebration was the presentation to Rev. Father Power of a rosewood chest containing a full table service set of sterling silver. The recipient was completely surprised. Rev. Father McKaney of Bondsville, made the presentation speech. Rev. Father Power replied in a fitting manner, thanking the donors for such a beautiful gift.

Thus terminated one of the most pleasant occasions in the history of St. Paul's parish.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

REV. M. H. KITTREDGE SUCCEEDS REV. W. A. POWER—SAD PARTING BETWEEN PASTOR AND PARISHIONERS—ST. AUGUSTINE'S PARISH HAS A LARGE BANK ACCOUNT.

Rev. M. H. Kittredge, for eighteen years pastor of St. Augustine's Church at Millville, was appointed successor of William A. Power as pastor of St. Paul's parish, at Blackstone. The announcement was the cause of great rejoicing on the part of the parishioners of St. Paul, but caused a corresponding depression of spirits to the parishioners of St. Augustine's Church.

On Sunday, September 7, when Father Kittredge bade his parishioners farewell he was greatly affected and there

was not a dry eye in the Church. Father Power and Father Kittredge were very intimate friends and the knowledge that Father Kittredge is to minister to the spiritual wants of the people he loved so well and to whom he ministered for so many years will be pleasing to him, if the dead can participate in the affairs of this transitory life.

The saddest parting was when Father Kittredge bade the Sunday school children good-bye. These children in whom he took such a deep interest, realized that they were about to lose a very dear friend.

When Rev. M. H. Kittredge took charge of St. Augustine's parish he found a debt of \$2,500 on the Church property. This he speedily liquidated, erecting at the same time the fine, handsome, commodious parochial residence, at a cost of about \$6,000. In 1888 he added a transept to the Church, increasing the seating capacity from 325 to 750. This, with the refurnishing of the Church, putting in steam heating apparatus and decorating the Church interior, etc., cost not far from \$12,000. In 1890 he had placed in the Church a beautiful organ at an outlay of \$1,200. In 1893, a sweet-toned bell, the gift of William J. Bowes, was placed in the Church tower. During the same year Father Kittredge purchased 20,000 feet of land at the easterly side of the parochial estate at a cost of \$800. The whole Church property is enclosed with a substantial stone wall. Handsome terrace work has been constructed, concrete walks built and the approaches to the Church beautified.

A few years ago Father Kittredge installed electric lights in the Church and residence and the basement of the Church, which is used for a hall.

Upon leaving St. Augustine's parish, Father Kittredge gave a financial account of the condition of the parish, which showed that there was in bank on interest \$12,334.03 ;

in hand the sum of \$279.61, making a total of \$12,613.64 credited to the parish.

In the eighteen years of his pastorate at St. Augustine's Church, Father Kittredge has organized and carried on successfully a Rosary and Scapular Society, a Young Ladies' Sodality, St. Aloysius Sodality and St. Augustine's C. T. A. Society.

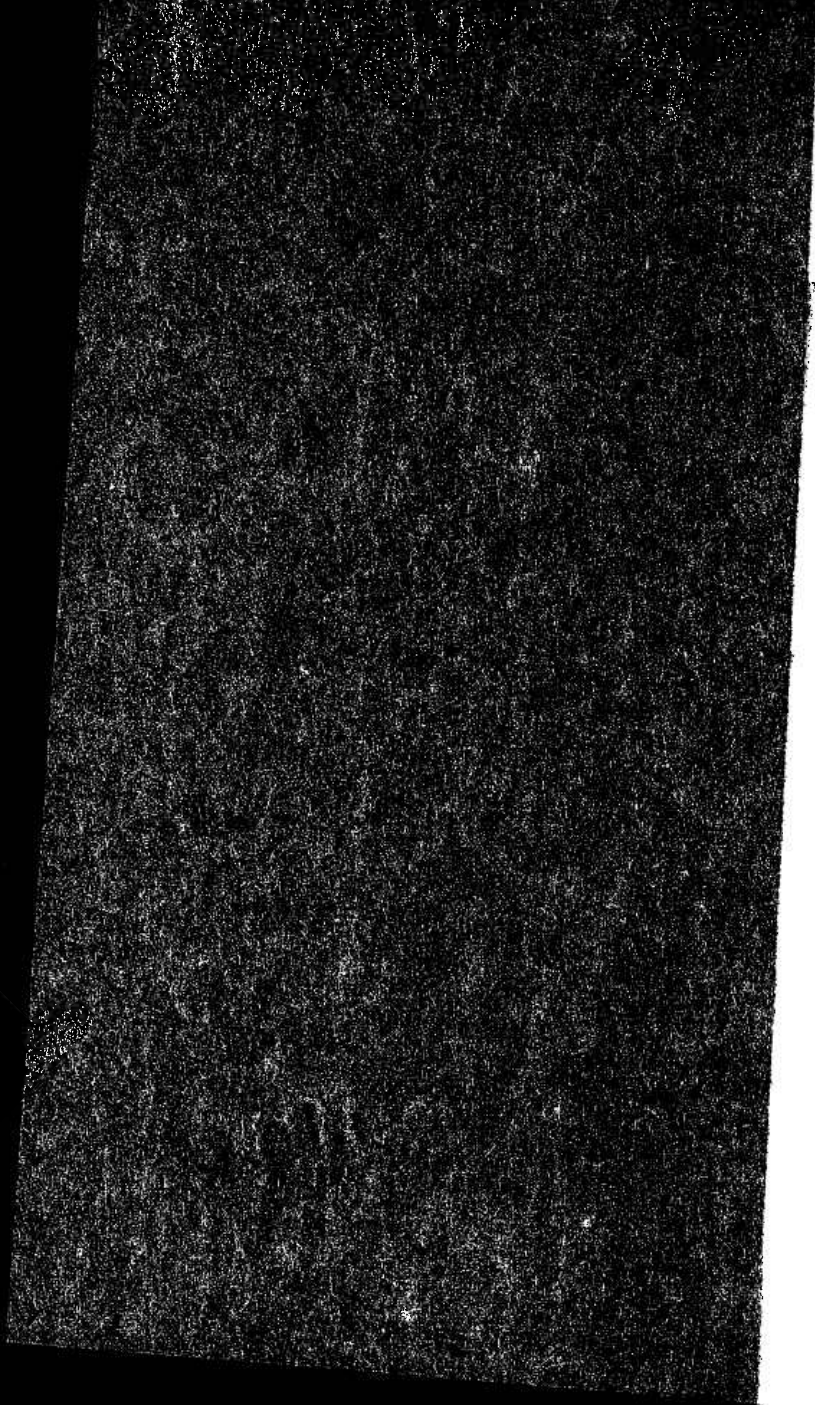
Rev. M. H. Kittredge was born in Clinton, Mass. He attended the public schools of that town and entered Holy Cross College, from which he graduated in 1875. He pursued his theological course in the Grand Seminary in Montreal and was ordained to the priesthood there December 21, 1878. After his ordination he spent six years as assistant at Westboro, Mass., coming from there to St. Augustine's parish, Millville.

NOTE.—Owing to illness, Major Smyth gave up writing on his “History” on November 4, 1899. This will in a measure account for dates given in the preceding pages. For facts relating to St. Paul’s parish we are indebted to Thomas McCooey, the well-known newspaper writer, and for many years co-worker with Mr. Smyth on many newspapers.

Part Two.







Brief Biographical Sketch

of

Major James W. Smyth,

Author, Poet, Orator, Newspaper Writer and
Musical and Dramatic Critic.

COMPILED BY
FRANCIS E. KELLY.



Major James W. Smyth.

END OF A BUSY LIFE—AUTHOR, NEWSPAPER WRITER, LECTURER,
POET, MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CRITIC, MILITARY MAN AND
LICENSE COMMISSIONER.

Major James W. Smyth, author of the preceding pages of "Catholic Church History," and who was cut off by the hand of Death in the midst of his cherished work, was born in the county of Monaghan, Ireland, in 1838. He was the eldest son of John and Ellen (McGee) Smyth. His father, John Smyth, gained considerable of a reputation in his own county for probity of character, integrity of purpose, and firm and unflinching zeal in the cause of religion and country. In lineage, he stood amongst the highest, being directly descended from the McMahons, Lords of Monaghan. From his very earliest manhood he identified himself with the national cause of his country; and in that cause he was ever fearless, bold and outspoken; ever ready to extend the warm hand of friendship to a friend, or the swift blow of a strong arm to an enemy. He taught his children together with the "Catechism of the Christian Doctrine," also the catalogue of the wrongs of Ireland, and, with the "Litany of the Saints," also the litany of the tyrants who oppressed that land, and thus did he fulfill his duty to his God and his country.

It will be seen from the above that James W. Smyth was taught from infancy the lesson of persecution and oppression of his native land, which he never forgot in after life. While in one of his poetic moods and thinking of these wrongs Major Smyth penned the following lines:

IRELAND.

How I love you, dearly love you,
Beautiful mother Ireland;
Dearly love you, fondly love you,
Dear old island, great and grand;
With the Faith of all your people,
Faith that never yet has faltered;
Never yet throughout the ages,
Changed in firmness or altered.

O, my heart goes out to you,
Dear and cherished mother Ireland;
And my thoughts are always of you,
You, my mother and my sireland!

Faith in Christ with you has lasted,
Faith, that wrong has never blasted;
Coming down through ages strong,
Still triumphant over wrong.

Still I see you in your glory,
Still I read your doleful story,
Still I see the bayonets glancing,
Still I see your troops advancing,
As legions charge in war array,
And are victors of the day,
And the land is free once more,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore.

O, my darling mother Ireland,
Still I love you, fondly love you,
Though years and years have pass'd away,
Still I see the sky above you;
In my visions of the day,
In my night dreams still I see you!

Glorious land of saints and sages,
 Renowned and blest throughout the ages,
 Grand old patriarch of the earth,
 You to noble sons give birth.

What am I? My days are numbered,
 Soon I'll sleep by death encumbered,
 In a grave on foreign strand,
 Far, far from dear old Ireland!

But o'er my grave shall shamrocks grow,
 Through summer sun and winter snow;
 Shamrock, from the land I love;
 Shamrock, spreading green above;
 Shamrock, from my dear old sireland;
 Shamrock, from my mother Ireland.

Shall I in my grave-dream see
 My dear, my cherished Erin free?

To the great God I fervent pray,
 That He, in mercy, speed the day
 When Erin's race so long oppressed,
 Shall be with holy freedom blessed.

After receiving instructions in various schools, at the age of 16, the Major was placed under the care of Thomas Mooney, D. D., LL. D., and Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, where, after remaining a few years under the tutorship of this learned scholar, Mr. Smyth left the school and shortly after sailed for America.

James W. Smyth settled in Blackstone, Mass. He was first heard of through the columns of the Boston Pilot, for which paper he contributed several poems. He made his bow to a Woonsocket audience about the year 1859, in the Old Armory Hall, where he delivered a lecture, his theme being "St. Patrick." He held the close atten-

tion of his audience throughout the entire discourse and at the close of the lecture the Major received a perfect ovation. He was most heartily congratulated for the thorough knowledge displayed of the history of his country in handling his subject.

While a resident of Blackstone Mr. Smyth was married to Miss Theresa Andrews of Waltham, Mass. Rev. Father Sheridan performed the ceremony. Shortly after Mr. Smyth came to Woonsocket to reside. His wife died in this city in 1877. Of this union six children were born.

After taking up residence in Woonsocket he tried several ventures during which time he was contributing poems to the Boston Pilot, Woonsocket Patriot and other publications, which attracted the attention of the publishers of the Providence Morning Star and Evening Press, and they engaged him to represent those two papers in Woonsocket. This was about the year 1870. As there was no daily paper published in Woonsocket at that time the Major had the field entirely to himself and he took advantage of it and built up a large circulation for these papers in Woonsocket. He also represented the Boston Herald and later was engaged by the Boston Globe to send in daily reports and to give them a Sunday Letter on general topics. He held this latter position for eighteen years or up to the time of his death.

Major Smyth had been ailing more or less for some time previous to his death, which occurred on Saturday evening, September 20, 1902. The Major had been afflicted with disease of the liver. During the two months that he was confined in the Woonsocket hospital there were times when it was thought the end was near, but he rallied and was able to leave the hospital, but a relapse came and he had to return again to the hospital where the spark of life left the body on the date above named.

The mortal remains of Major James W. Smyth were consigned to their last resting place in St. Charles' cemetery on Tuesday morning, September 23, 1902. The funeral services at St. Charles' Church were largely attended, people from various walks of life visiting the edifice to pay a tribute of honor, respect and love to a man whose life had been such as to make him popular with all and beloved among those who were brought into close contact with him. Words of praise for the deceased mingled with prayers for his eternal happiness were heard on all sides. As the funeral cortage neared the Church the bells tolled mournfully in acknowledgment of the approach of the sad procession. The hearse bearing the remains were preceded by three carriages for delegates and bearers. The latter walked beside the hearse from the residence on Church street to the Church. Then followed carriages containing the bereaved members of the family and relatives and friends from this and other cities to see the remains of the veteran writer and speaker lowered into their narrow home in St. Charles' cemetery. Previous to the arrival of the funeral procession at the Church, a large number of men and women of all creeds had assembled within the edifice, among them were newspaper men who had been associated with the deceased; Grand Army men who had recognized him as a true patriot and an enthusiastic member of Smith Post's Associate body; men who had admired him for his literary attainments and young and old who respected him for his constant friendliness and pleasant manner. Prominent in the funeral procession were the members of the License Board, of which the deceased had been an honored member for more than nine years.

Rev. Thomas E. Ryan celebrated the Mass of requiem and at its close pronounced the final absolution. As the casket was being borne into the Church Miss M. E. Kelly,

the organist, played Chopin's funeral march and one from Beethoven at the exit from the Church.

The bearers were members of St. Charles Branch, C. K. of A., of which the deceased was a charter member. They were Robert F. Linton, John H. Kirby, James W. Daly, Thomas F. Howe, Luke Gilleran and John Long.

The floral tributes were profuse and beautiful, many of them appropriately telling the story of Major Smyth's life. Harps from various friends bore a silent story of his love for his native Erin, and his faithful performance of the duties of a newspaper man were expressed by a floral volume, closed.

In 1879 he was appointed City Editor of the Daily Patriot. He remained in this position until the Patriot was consolidated with the Evening Reporter, when he accepted a like position on the Reporter, in which position he continued 17 years, when he retired from active service on local daily papers. At the time of his death he was one of the oldest, in point of service, and widest known newspaper writers in Woonsocket. He was also recognized as a public speaker, a dramatic critic, a military man and a writer of poetry. In all these roles he was exceptionally efficient, and through them won the esteem and respect of an exceedingly large circle of friends. In the newspaper business Major Smyth won the reputation of an ideal news-gatherer. If he heard a report, that report must be verified before he put it in print.

As a writer of communications on public, social and religious affairs Mr. Smyth won much distinction, and as a writer of poetry he had written many poems for various publications which attracted the attention of prominent poetical critics. His life was one of much activity, and even in recent years, although not identified with local news-

paper work, he had frequently made contributions to periodicals throughout New England. He was always a staunch supporter with his voice and pen of any worthy cause.

During Major Smyth's long service as reporter of current events he had a wide circle of acquaintances and hosts of warm friends, most of whom can recall occasions when he had performed for them services of great value and many can never forget words of comfort and solace spoken and written by him in their time of sorrow. In the theatrical and musical profession no man in the community was better known. After his retirement from active newspaper work a few musical friends conceived the idea of tendering to Major Smyth a testimonial concert. A meeting of the musicians of the city was held and all approved of the idea. Sunday evening, February 13, 1898, was the time selected. A committee of arrangements was elected consisting of Lieut. Gov. Aram J. Pothier, honorary president; W. H. Houghton, president; Zeuner M. Jenks, vice-president; Dr. Joseph Hills, secretary; Rev. J. R. Bourgeois, treasurer; George Sweatt, assistant treasurer. The services of all those who participated were cheerfully given and a handsome sum was netted.

The concert itself was a credit to the musicians of Woonsocket and vicinity and emphasized the fact that it is not necessary to go far from home to find entertainers who please, and artists who are admired. The raising of the curtain revealed an orchestra of 20 pieces, including players from Boston, Providence and Woonsocket, seated on the stage, with a chorus of 100 voices on tiered seats in the background. This chorus included a majority of the local vocalists and members of various church choirs in this city.

The entrance of William H. Houghton, who had been active in arranging the concert, was marked with applause.

That talented young gentleman conducted the orchestra in an overture, "Concert No. 2" (Kaliwoda.) The chorus and orchestra, Miss Mary E. Lally, soprano, then gave the motet, "Gallia" (Gounod). Those who attended the Choral Union concerts several years ago will remember this famous composition of Gounod. On this occasion it received an intelligent interpretation and was surprisingly well sung, considering the limited number of rehearsals. The chorus was equally balanced, and the sopranos especially rendered their part finely. Miss Lally, a favorite Woonsocket vocalist, won new laurels, her sweet voice being heard to advantage in the several solos.

The testimonial concert was in every sense a flattering success, both in point of attendance and in excellence of programme. The musicians of this city and vicinity united to show their appreciation of the encouragement, the praise and favors which Major Smyth had shown many of them during his career as a newspaper man for more than a quarter of a century.

So full of thankfulness was the Major's heart to the musicians for this mark of their appreciation of his humble services that he issued the following card :

"To His Honor Lieutenant Governor Aram J. Pothier, to Rev. Joseph R. Bourgeois, to Mr. William H. Houghton, to the members of St. Ann's Gymnasium Band, to the members of the orchestra, to the members of the chorus, to the members of the Singers' Club, to Miss Mary E. Lally, to Mrs. A. G. E. Vose, to Miss Margaret Mulvey and Mr. A. Charles Fontaine, to Mr. Dennis O'Reilly, to the editors and staff members of local papers, to Mr. George Sweatt, lessee and manager of the Woonsocket Opera House, to Stage Manager Horace E. Gould, stage assistants and ushers, to Dr. Joseph Hils and members of the entertainment committee as well as to every person in the large au-

dience, my heart goes out with an intense feeling of gratitude to each and all, individually and collectively, a feeling that shall continue with me through the remaining period of my life, a feeling, too, that shall be to me a consolation at the hour of death.

“The music of voice and instrument shall remain with me as a fount of pleasure in sleeping dreams and waking thoughts, and associated with the soul-animating strains a vision of my many dear and cherished friends shall ever rise before me.

“On each and all I ask a blessing from Almighty God, however unworthy I may be in His sight to make such request. It is in the melody and harmony of sweetest sounds that He, however, takes great delight. The song of birds, the music of the wind, the voice of the ocean, the diapason of the tempest, the symphony of angels, the hymnal chorus of church congregations and harmony of instruments are all intended for His praise.

“The strains of Sunday night’s selections shall vibrate in my memory until the end of life’s fitful day, the purple shadow of the evening of which is now upon the western hill.

“The vesper hour of life’s declining day will soon be here, and when it is I hope the twilight shall brighten into the glorious light of an eternal happy day, and in that light I pray I may there meet, face to face, when earth’s pilgrimage for all is ended, those dear friends who have been to me a comfort and consolation, and have, by voice and deed, contributed to make my evening of life happy.

“JAMES W. SMYTH.”

It was about this time also that Major Smyth issued a small pamphlet entitled, “History of the Catholic Church in Woonsocket,” getting his facts from one of the persons who was present at the first Mass celebrated in Woon-

socket, in 1828. This little book received such praise from prelates and other dignitaries of the Church that the Major decided to renew his efforts.

Among his contributions which attracted wide-spread attention might be mentioned "Robert Emmet's Grave," "Hibernianism," "Wayside Inn," "The Valor of Irish Soldiers," "The Boy Patriot," "Woonsocketers Abroad," "Wolfe Tone, the Irish Patriot," "Father Mathew, the Great Apostle of Temperance." The latter article we here-with reproduce :

REV. THEOBALD MATHEW.

"The greatest heroes of the world are those who conquer their own passions, and with pure unselfishness of purpose work with all their energy for the common good of the human race. Such men are greater than the Alexanders, the Cæsars and the Napoleons who on fields of carnage have spilled the blood of millions and scattered death and desolation over portions of the earth, in order to satisfy an imperious and vain ambition to be called great.

"Rev. Theobald Mathew, the greatest of all apostles of total abstinence from the use of intoxicating drink, was not one of these. This great man, though born of a noble family, sought out and made the poor and lowly of the earth his companions in his Christ-like efforts to prove by word, deed and example, that he was their benefactor. Exalted position and wealth were his inheritance. He despised the first, and used the last to ameliorate the condition of those who suffered. In order that he might better pursue the thorny path marked out for himself, he cast off the trappings of aristocracy, among whom he was born and donned the humble garb of a Capuchin friar. He might have walked through life's journey in luxury and ease, but he preferred to serve his Creator in the interest of suffering humanity.

“This good and great man was born at Thomastown, county Tipperary, Ireland, October 10, 1790. He was of Welsh-Celtic origin. His father was a near relative to the Earl of Landaff. The early days of the future apostle were passed in the home of Lady Elizabeth Mathew, a sister of that nobleman. At the age of 13 he entered a Catholic seminary in Kilkenney, where he remained seven years, after which he entered Maynooth, where he pursued the study of theology for four years, and was then ordained a priest by Archbishop Murray of Dublin.

“His first missionary work was in a little chapel in Blackmore lane in the city of Cork, which chapel was built by the celebrated Rev. Arthur O’Leary. Here in that filthy place, situated amid dilapidated houses and mephitic stables, surrounded with squalor, misery, vice and crime, this humble Capuchin priest labored through summer heat and winter cold, through sunshine and storm, for the salvation of the souls committed to his care, as their shepherd, their guide and spiritual father. Notwithstanding the poor condition of the “house dedicated to God,” and its uninviting surroundings, the confessional in that humble Church was a place of refuge for the wealthy believer, as well as for the poor, in their spiritual fervor.

“This spiritual leader saw and deplored the evil of the abuse of intoxicating liquor among the Irish people, which abuse was visible on every hand in his parish, as well as elsewhere at that particular period of Irish history. It is related that a good Quaker, who was a particular friend and admirer of Father Mathew was the means of inducing this reverend gentleman to begin the work of reformation. The name of this Quaker was William Martin, who, though eccentric in manner, was a true Christian philosopher at heart. Mr. Martin called on the good priest on a particular day and addressed him as follows: ‘Friend Theobald,

thou hast the gift of controlling thy people. Think what good thou couldst do for the safety of their souls and bodies if thou wouldst use thy power to preach the good cause of total abstinence amongst them.'

"The reverend gentleman weighed well the language of his Quaker friend, language which was on several occasions repeated, and he finally resolved to put the advice in practice, and in doing so the greatest campaign in the cause of total abstinence in the world's history was begun. The pledge of this total abstinence doctrine was so simple that all could easily understand it. It was in substance as follows :

" 'I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, except used medicinally and by order of a medical man, and may God sustain me in this pledge.'

"On April 10, 1838, Father Mathew signed the total abstinence pledge, and in doing so said: "Here goes in the name of God." The date on which these words were spoken marks the beginning of his great life-work. The zeal which inspired the heart of the great total abstinence apostle won thousands to his standard. A Total Abstinence Society was at that time organized in his parish, and of which he was unanimously elected president. The society numbered 35, and so quick was the inspiration of the hour that on the day following the date of the organization 200 more were admitted to membership. During the first five months after the inauguration of the movement 150,000 took the pledge in Cork. He next went to Limerick, and in that city he administered the total abstinence pledge to 15,000. The old historic city of Waterford was next visited, and there, within the space of two days, the pledge was administered to 80,000 people. Protestants and Catholics alike knelt before him and repeated the words of the pledge in unison, as spoken by him, after which he would

go among them and placing his right hand on the head of each, would invoke a blessing. In order that he might devote all his time to the great work he had undertaken to perform he was obliged to abandon parochial duties, doing so by permission of his Bishop.

“Pope Gregory XVI., who then filled the chair of Peter, heard of the labors of the humble priest, and appointed him Commissary Apostolic, by virtue of which authority he was privileged above all the priests in Ireland, inasmuch as he was given the right to preach in every diocese in Ireland without asking the consent of a Bishop or Archbishop to do so. In order to show the herculean work performed by this extraordinary man it is but necessary to state that in the city of Galway within a period of two days he administered the pledge to 100,000 people.

“After traveling through the whole of Ireland he visited England and Scotland in the order named. His success in both countries was equally as great as in Ireland. The expense accompanying his apostolic undertaking not only exhausted his private fortune, but also sunk him deeply in debt. His brother, Thomas Mathew, a wealthy Tipperary distiller, came to his aid and assisted him with his means, until he, too, sunk deeply in debt. The great love shown by that brother to a brother whose inspired mission was to destroy the business in which the other was engaged, is hardly surpassed in the whole range of human history.

“Queen Victoria of England manifested great interest in the work being accomplished by Father Mathew and in acknowledgement of his services to her subjects granted him a pension of \$1,500 a year, and also granted him the privilege to use the ships of the British government to sail in, wherever he pleased, by ocean, sea or river.

“In the summer of 1849 he crossed the Atlantic ocean and arrived in New York on July 2, of that year. Here a

reception worthy of a great conqueror was given the meek and humble Irish friar. An ovation was given him in every State in the Union. On visiting Washington he was applaudingly received and enthusiastically welcomed by President Zachery Taylor. He visited the Senate chamber by invitation and was conducted to a chair among the representatives of the nation.

“In his great work and extensive travels Woonsocket was not overlooked. He arrived here on October 10, 1849, (this being the 59th anniversary of his birth), and was enthusiastically received. He came as the guest of Rev. Charles O'Reilly, the first pastor of St. Charles' Church. All citizens of every rank and station vied with each other in extending to him a most hearty welcome. The nucleus of the Father Mathew Total Abstinence Society was at that time formed.

“Father Mathew returned to Ireland in 1851, and there renewed his work, but his great and exhausting efforts began to tell on his rugged constitution. He labored on, however, until 1858, when his physical energies relaxed and gave indication that the end of his earthly life was near. On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, of that year he yielded up his soul to God, after twenty years of apostolic work in the cause of total abstinence.

“Under a drooping willow, in a beautiful Catholic cemetery, at one time a botanic garden, and which through his exertion was procured for the Catholics of Cork, rest in their sacerdotal vestments the remains of Rev. Theobald Mathew, one of the greatest of great men.”

REV. WILLIAM A. POWER.

The following article and poem, written upon hearing of the death of Rev. William A. Power, with whom he had an intimate acquaintance for many years, was the last contribution Major Smyth made to any newspaper :

“He is dead. Who? Rev. William A. Power, rector of St. Paul’s Church, Blackstone. A soul has, therefore, left its earthly clay and passed to its eternal reward in Heaven. No purer or more saintly soul ever breathed the air of this earth. His whole life was devoted to the accomplishment of good. He lived not for himself, alone, but for all created beings. The charity of his noble heart went out to all. That charity was of the purest kind. It was in keeping with St. Paul’s epistle to the Corinthians : ‘And if I should have prophecy, and should know all mysteries, and all knowledge, and if I should have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity I am nothing.’ He, like St. Paul, believed in Faith and Hope, but that the greatest of all was Charity. He lived in that atmosphere of Charity toward all, and therefore came as near as possible to walking in the footsteps of Christ. His mortal form is dead, but his immortal soul is with his Creator. A more kind and a more saintly priest it would be hard to find in the whole range of the priesthood. He was not only a true priest of the fold of Christ, but a true patriot. His love of God and love of country were paramount characteristics of his saintly life. His soul went out to all the suffering, and even in his severe illness he would speak words of kindness to his physicians, telling them they ought to be careful of themselves and not to exercise so much thought and sleeplessness about him.

“His love of all his parishioners was of the sincerest

kind and his love of the children of his Sunday school was always a delight to those children, who looked upon him in the true sense as a spiritual father. He was the father of the faithful, and was revered as such in every home. He, too, possessed that noble quality of doing God's work, even in all its details, faithfully and well. Many improvements made by him were done without any cost to the people under his care. His own private funds were used in making improvements, the last of these improvements being the building of a rectory, which it was his hope to occupy when completed, and God ordained that his wish should be fulfilled.

“It has always been a delight to every Catholic soul to witness the holy spirit which animated him in the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the Mass. It always seemed as if there was a halo of glory surrounding him during the sacrifice, this appearing from the tone of his voice and the exalted spirit with which he seemed to be inspired. His preaching was in keeping with all his other priestly and saintly attributes. The same charity that was prominent in his whole life, guided his language. His sympathy was with the erring and his admonitions for reformation produced an effect which can never be forgotten by those who listened to him.

“In leading, directing and guiding his people he was in every way the true spiritual father, who did his whole duty. He acted always to all classes and sects as if one delegated by God to perform His work upon earth, in the elevation of the human race to its highest standard. His charity went out to the poor, to whom he spoke words of comfort and consolation. The souls of the poor seemed dearer to him than those whose earthly riches tended to raise them to power. He was the priest of the people and brought with him in his earthly mission the spirit of holy consolation

wherever he went. All who had the happiness of his acquaintance were drawn magnetically to him, and all loved and revered him. The days of his years were devoted to the welfare of humanity. He lived for others more than for himself and died a glorious death.

“People of Blackstone, you have a right to weep for the loss of such a spiritual father and friend. Another will fill his place, as the pastor of St. Paul’s parish, and undoubtedly will perform his whole duty, but then Father Power is dead, the anointed servant of God and your spiritual father has been taken from a world of sorrow, of suffering and pain to a peaceful and glorious abode in Heaven. God has extended to him his holy hand and has led up his released, triumphant spirit to a throne among the saints in Heaven. His voice will be heard no more in the Church he loved so well. The children of the Sunday school will no longer see him amongst them. He has walked his last upon earth, but the spirit of his teachings remains.”

The pastor’s dead. The holy one
 Who watched his flock from morn till night,
 From night till morn !
 Shepherd of Christ, God’s blessed son,
 Has left the earth for realms of light,
 For him we morn !

The priest is gone who cheered our way,
 His voice in prayer and praise
 No more we’ll hear.
 The faithful guide from day to day
 Has passed beyond the earthly shore,
 Our soggarth dear.

Beside baptismal font he stood,
 And water of eternal life

Pour'd on the child,
And with Christ's sacramental food
Sustained the soul 'mid care and strife,
And kept it undefiled.

When the hour of death was near
He stood beside the pilgrim's bed,
Whose race was o'er,
And solace brought, allaying fear,
And prayed the soul might home be led,
To toil no more.

O, weep for him, our more than friend,
Who sleeps in death, the victory won,
Our pastor's dead!
In sorrow we deplore the end
Of him, the priest, whose day is done,
Whose soul has fled.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

A few months previous to the death of Major Smyth he contributed the following to a local paper :

A letter from home, dear, cherished home,
Affectionate letter from home;
With all the glow of love therein,
With the heart's hope of long ago;
With sunlight bright of youthful days,
With bloom of flowers and golden days
And every fond remembered scene,
Where childhood footsteps e're have been.

By placid lake and flowery dell,
By castle tower where earls dwell;
Along through Cornacessa's wood
And Colatovin's hills and flood;
And fair Drumriske and Camala's vale,
Where oft I've listened to the tale
Of Erin's wrongs and Erin's woe
Told of the deeds of foreign foe.

I see in dreams where brave O'Neill,
In Saxon blood drove deep his steel;
And where the great O'Donnell dwelt,
And where St. Patrick humbly knelt,
By Lough Dergh's healing tide,
Where pilgrim's gather by its side;
And offer prayers to God above,
Who blessed the land with peace and love.

I see where Hugh McMahon stood,*
Chief of my race, whose heart's best blood
Flow'd for his cherished native land,
Struck down by an assassin's hand,
Who dared not meet there, face to face,
That hero of a warrior race.

Again I see Killevey fair,
Where Kathleen bound her golden hair,

The churchyard bride of ancient tale,
 Whose form is seen by moonlight pale;
 That bride, who, in bride's array,
 Met death upon her wedding day,
 Before the nuptial vow was bless'd,
 Before the groom his bride caress'd,
 Before the marriage mass was sung,
 Before the wedding bell was rung.

She now in ghostly form appears
 At midnight throughout the years,
 In churchyard where her corpse is laid,
 Beneath a spreading cypress shade.

Ah! woe to him of funeral train,
 Who in the churchyard may remain,
 When weeping friends away have gone,
 And he is there, the last, alone,
 And yet unmarried still may be,
 And he the spirit bride may see.
 His heart must throb with deadly fear,
 For he shall die within a year.

This is a tale full often told,
 And believed by young and old,
 Thus does this letter from over the sea
 Bring back the visions of childhood days to me.

Dear friends of childhood and of youth,
 Whose hearts were pure, whose words were truth,
 Come back to me in a dream tonight
 And fill my soul with a heavenly light.
 I hear their joyful laughter ring,
 I hear the song we used to sing,
 I hear their happy, playful words
 Like mingled notes of singing birds;
 But on that vision, bright and fair,
 There is a wrinkled brow of care.
 The golden hair is silvered o'er,
 The bloom has fled for evermore
 From cheeks that glow'd with crimson hue,
 And now falls fast the evening dew.
 Eyes are dim, that once were bright,

And fast is coming on the night
 When all shall rest from care and strife
 Whom I have known in early life.
 Songs of the past are in my ear,
 Their soft and soothing strains I hear,
 Like to the singing of the swan,
 And soon life's journey will be done.

*I do not think it can be justly called egotism on my part to make this reference to an illustrious kinsman. The McMahon here referred to was the last of the earls of that name. His estates were located in Monaghan, and of which he was robbed by the English Lord Deputy William Fitzwilliams, who placed a strong garrison there for the purpose of accomplishing this robbery. After the robbery, by confiscation, was accomplished, this last of the earls was assassinated on the steps leading to his castle.

All that remains to me and mine of the once vast estates is the burial lot in Tydavnet, near Scotstown, cemetery, in the county of Monaghan, where lies interred this last nobleman of a noble race. A monument erected on that lot tells the story of his death. That same Monaghan has a history which is great in all things considered great in this world, but most of all great in religion and learning. The original name, Meeinechan, was received from the monks, who erected a monastery there in the sixth century. The town is heard of through all the contests with England. During the Elizabethan wars it was frequently beseiged, and was occupied alternately by Irish and English soldiers down to the time of Cromwell, when Owen Roe O'Neill was succeeded in command of the national army by a Monaghan man, Heber MacMahon, Chief of the MacMahons of Oriel, and at that same time Bishop of Clogher. In 1798 the first martyrs for Irish liberty were three of the Monaghan

militia, who were shot for being "Croppies." The whole county was long known as the MacMahon country.

In 1844 Rev. Father Tierney (a relative), parish priest of Clontibret, within the county of Monaghan and about eight miles from the town, with Charles Gavan Duffy, a native of the town, acknowledged greatest of all Irish national journalists, were arrested with O'Connell and six others on a charge of "conspiracy and other misdemeanors," aiming at the overthrow of her majesty's government in Ireland. Charles Gavan Duffy, now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K. C. M. G., was then editor of the Dublin Nation, at that time the acknowledged aggressive organ of the Repeal movement. Duffy, with Thomas Devlin Reilly and Terrence Bellew MacManus, all three born in the town of Monaghan, took an active part in the '48 movement. During that movement the writer's father organized a Confederate Club in Monaghan, being the first club of its kind organized in the Province of Ulster. For this daring act on his part a warrant was issued for his arrest. MacManus was arrested with William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and others during the short lived rebellion of 1848.

REMINISCENSES OF REPORTORIAL LIFE.

For several months previous to the death of Major Smyth and while confined to his home, he contributed several articles to the press in which he described the many vicissitudes encountered by a reporter in performing his duty to his employer. We quote a few extracts from these articles, allowing Mr. Smyth to use his own language :

“During a long and exhaustive illness, thoughts of the past have very naturally occurred to me, and among these thoughts reminiscences of the reportorial period of my life, when I had the whole field to myself, as a reporter on a local daily paper. During the early portion of this time there were no street cars and the only way to reach a given point was by foot. Sometimes it was in the Privilege district, sometimes in the Social district, and again in the Globe district. But, wherever it was I managed to get there. No rain storm, however severe ; no snow storm—not even a blizzard, deterred me from the performance of duty. Many a time I was saturated through and through with rain, so far as my clothing was concerned, but I never went home during working hours to change my wet clothes for dry garments. Sympathy from those from whom I should receive sympathy on such occasions I had none, and therefore did not look for it. I did my duty, my whole duty, and my consciousness of having done my duty was sufficient for me. I could always, too, keep a secret. A secret once confided to me remained locked up within me. This I would not make known, even to the management of the paper on which I was employed. There were many instances in which I concluded it were well for me I could keep a secret. Being able to do this I could be relied upon by those who knew that in imparting a secret of importance to me they knew I could and would keep it to myself.”

“ If reporters have often hard and disagreeable work to perform, still there are instances where pleasure abounds, which in part repays them for long hours of exhausting and exacting toil. I have had my full share of both. In recalling the past there is one home in which I have often been highly honored and in which I have often in the distant past, participated at banquets. This home is that of the late Arnold Wakefield in North Smithfield. Mr. Wakefield was in every sense of the word a gentleman farmer, and was respected throughout the whole State. At various banquets given by him his guests would include gentlemen of the highest official standing, not only in the State but in the nation. From among many banquets I will select one, this being on the occasion when two distinguished United States Senators were present, one of these being the late Major General Ambrose E. Burnside, the highly distinguished soldier of the war of the rebellion, and Senator H. B. Anthony, at that time designated as the father of the United States Senate. Both are long since dead. There were among the other guests two Major Generals, two Justices of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, the High Sheriff of Providence county, the State Treasurer and several Colonels and Majors. The honor paid me by the host I can never forget. My place was at the head of the table, with Senator Anthony on my right and Senator Burnside on my left. I also presided as toastmaster at the postprandial exercises. The first speaker called on was Gen. Burnside, who was a United States Senator as well as a General. He made a brief, but eloquent speech, during which he spoke words of praise in favor of the host and hostess. Senator Anthony also made a brief speech, in which he corroborated what was said by Gen. Burnside concerning the host and hostess. The late Chief Justice Burgess, Gen. Charles R. Brayton, then Postmaster of Provi-

dence ; Judge Wescott, Col. Amos Sherman and others followed in succession. After the postprandial exercises ended a general social time was enjoyed. This was the most notable banquet which I ever had the pleasure of attending. The memory of the occasion lingers with me like a ray of light through many years."

"Through something that I do not understand I have often been mistaken by strangers for a priest. But unfortunately for myself I never considered I was worthy of wearing sacerdotal robes. There has been spiritual grace in my family, however, as a deceased brother was a priest, a bishop was a distant relative on my father's side of the house, and a priest, a near relative on my mother's side of the house, was my godfather at the time of baptism. Rev. James McGee was the name of the gentleman. There is a story connected with this baptism which will probably bear repeating. As I was the firstborn son it was the intention of my parents that my Christian name should be John, to correspond with the Christian name of my father. Through some misunderstanding this name was overlooked at the time of baptism and so my godfather named me James, after himself. He subsequently joined an order of monks and was then closed out from worldly intercourse.

"I make the foregoing statements by way of leading up to some instances in my repertorial life, when I was mistaken for a priest. One of these was as follows: A so-called baby farmer occupied a small tenement in the rear end of a Main street block. It was stated at one time along the street that she was given the care of a baby which was the child of well-to-do parents, and the curious were very anxious to find out all about that child. Several tried to gain entrance to the tenement, but were in each instance denied admission. Finally some one told me the story about this woman having such a baby and then I tried to

enter. I knocked at the door and it was opened to me. I was surprised, however, when she addressed me with these words: 'How do you do, father, you are welcome. Come right in.' I did go in, and learned the whole story about the baby, which I remember was a beautiful, well-dressed and healthy child. When her story was ended I prepared to depart, when I was again surprised by her requesting that I baptize the child before leaving. This was too much, so I left the tenement as quick as I could. If she read the paper of that evening on which I was employed she found out she had made a great mistake.

"Another rather unfortunate mistake of this nature occurred at a six-round boxing contest for points in a hall on Main street, rented by the Woonsocket Athletic Association, the contest being held under the auspices of this association. The late John G. Currier, Chief of Police, was there to see that no slugging would occur during the contest. He was accompanied by the late A. B. Church, Deputy Sheriff. I took a position between these two gentlemen, but was not long in the hall when a man came forward from among the big crowd present and politely addressed me as follows: 'Father, it gives me great pleasure to see you here to-night, and what is the reason that priests cannot have the same privilege as others to see sport of this kind?' Deputy Sheriff Church enjoyed that mistake as long as he lived, and often enjoyed a hearty laugh at it."

Selected Poems

Composed by

Major James W. Smyth.



THE MONTH OF MAY.

The following poem was composed and read by Major James W. Smyth, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. William F. Barry, before the Doggerel Club, of which the Major was a member, on the evening of May 6, 1902. Introductory remarks were made by the author and reader in regard to the month of May, in which Milton in his "L'Allegro" and Tennyson's "May Queen," were, in part, quoted :

Beautiful May, with blossoms so fair,
Azure skies and balmy air,
And melodies of birds that sing,
And butterflies upon the wing,
With wealth of bloom on orchard trees,
And fragrance blending with each breeze,
And tune of brooks that flow along
In cadence clear; with children's song,
And hum of bees from flower to flower,
Through sylvan dell and woodland bower;
Or where the garden brightly glows,
With budding leaf and opening rose,
And o'er the scene a splendor falls,
Where sunbeams dance in Nature's halls.

O, May, to me you are more dear,
Than all the months of all the year;
Not only for your wealth of flowers,
Your verdant meads and fragrant bowers;
Not only for your sunny skies,
And halo of light on your face that lies;
Not only for the soul-felt song,
That comes from birds in groves among,
Not only for the dewes that fall
Like diamond gems in each leafy hall,
When the sunset glow of fading day
Lingering shines with trembling ray.

I love you because your zephyrs bring
To me, fair visions of youth's green spring,
Blending with voices long pass'd away;

Like echoes they come on May's bright day ;
 And I think I hear those loved ones speak,
 And see the glow on each youthful cheek,
 As they gather flowers and garlands weave,
 As they did on each long-gone fair May eve ;
 And I fancy I hear their songs of joy,
 That thrilled my soul, when with pride, as a boy,
 I crown'd the May-time's blushing queen
 With wreath of roses and eglantine.

Now, as I stand in the evening's glow,
 And recall the dead of the long ago,
 I know their souls in the Saviour's sight
 Are crown'd with wreaths of glorious light,
 While the graves of earth, where their forms are laid,
 Are with May's fairest bloom arrayed ;
 And thus my soul sees through the gloom,
 An Eden of rest out beyond the tomb !

MY NATIVE LAND.

O, let me wake one song to-night,
 For thee, my native land ;
 A song of triumph bold and free,
 Whose notes in cadence grand
 Shall swell along each vale and stream,
 Far o'er the moon-lit sea ;
 Let me but wake such song of hope,
 My Erin dear, for thee.
 Ah, you have suffered long and sore,
 By alien laws oppressed,
 Until the blood from every pore
 Has oozed from out thy breast.
 The chains have hung around thy limbs,
 Thy children, sad and pale,
 Look not like scions of their race,
 The brave, unconquered Gael.
 The centuries of wrong and crime
 Have left their stamp behind,
 And bow'd your spirit in the dust,
 And blighted heart and mind.

But Erin, you're once more awake,
 I hear the tocsin sound,
 I see the light upon thy hills
 Flash radiance far around.
 Once more you spurn the tyrant's yoke,
 And stand like men again,
 And send your shout of victory forth,
 O'er mountain top and plain.
 The jails may yawn, the scaffolds reek
 With blood of martyrs shed;
 These but inspire your hearts and arms
 With vengeance for the dead.
 They vainly seize your chosen few,
 And shut them from the light,
 In dark and lonesome prison cells,
 Deprived of manhood's right.
 In vain they seize the priests of God,
 And bind each sacred limb,
 That Christ ordained should offer up
 Salvation's Host to Him.
 "Revenge is mine," the Lord has said,
 And he will it repay,
 In the wrath of His Almighty power,
 In His own good time and day.
 Then falter not beyond the sea,
 Be true, be firm, be brave,
 "Who would be free must strike the blow,"
 Or fill a felon's grave.
 Ten million hearts in this free land
 Are watching your fair fame;
 Then flinch not, friends beyond the sea,
 Or cursed will be your name.
 Let slaves and recreants stand aside,
 Nor block the path of men,
 Who shall be free, who must be free,
 And end the despot's reign.
 Let "Freedom" be your battle cry,
 And turn not from the fight,
 'Till your flag in glorious triumph waves,
 In Heaven's eternal light.

ROBERT EMMET.

Hail! champion of a nation's cause,
 The noble, true and tried,
 Who led the charge in Freedom's van,
 And for our country died.
 Thy blood for vengeance calls aloud,
 In voice of thunder tone,
 Against the government and laws,
 Of England's despot-throne;
 Whose mandates quenched the sacred fire,
 Which in your bosom burn'd,
 Because you dared to love your land,
 And all her tyrants spurn'd.

O, hero of a race oppressed,
 We still revere thy name,
 And fold its memory to our hearts,
 With glow of holiest flame.
 And long, with keen and firm resolve,
 For that glad day to come,
 When Ireland, free, shall proudly write,
 Thy memoir on thy tomb.
 Thy murderers thought not when they slew
 The leader of our cause,
 That through the world his fame should ring,
 With loud and long applause.
 That children, yet unborn, should praise
 The martyr-patriot brave,
 Who sleeps to-day in Irish earth,
 Low, in a nameless grave.

His eloquence resounding still,
 Bids tyrant-thrones to shake,
 As men inspired by it resolve
 Their galling chains to break.

"I part with all I hold most dear,
 My country, for thee,
 With her the idol of my soul,
 That Erin might be free.
 I go into my silent grave,

My lamp of life burns low ;
 The pall of death is on my land ;
 Her children weep in woe.
 Let no man raise a sculptured stone,
 Where, cold, my body lies,
 'Till Ireland 'mid the nations, yet,
 Her flag in glory flies."

Thus spoke the patriot in the dock,
 With voice which thrilled with awe
 The court room's throng, the bench and bar,
 And all the pomp of law.
 O, blest the bard whose hand shall write,
 The lines above his grave,
 When Freedom's light shines o'er the land,
 He proudly died to save.

O, God, could I but live to trace,
 In words of holy light,
 The epitaph upon his tomb,
 How joyful would I write.

If ten thousand lives were mine ;
 Did the world's wealth belong
 To me, I'd give them all to twine
 That noblest wreath of song ;
 To blend the two immortal names,
 In grand, heroic rhyme,
 Whose tale of pure devoted love
 Defies the march of Time.

O, names enshrined in Irish hearts,
 We honor thee to-day ;
 You nerve the arms that wield the blades
 In battle's grand array.
 When Ireland on the field of fame,
 At last demands her right,
 And meets her ruthless, deadly foe,
 With bayonet charge in fight,
 Amid the shouts of patriot-men,
 From mountain, vale and burn,
 Our war cry shall be " Liberty,
 Emmet and Sarah Curran."

March on! brave Irishmen, march on!
 Nor think your task is done,
 'Till Emmet's monument is raised,
 And Ireland's freedom won.

THE FUTURE OF THE NATIONS.

The future of the Nations, Lord,
 Who can that future tell?
 What shall be their destiny
 When sounds a century knell?
 Shall men in brotherhood agree?
 Shall Peace, divine, supreme,
 Dwell on the earth and on the sea,
 And God His word redeem?

Shall wolf and lamb serenely dwell?
 Shall war then be no more?
 Shall sacrifice of human blood
 No more in human battle pour?
 Shall then the song by shepherds heard,
 When Christ, the Sun, was born,
 Sound again o'er all the earth,
 As on that blessed morn?

Will God come nearer to each soul
 And with mild voice proclaim
 His will to man, as on Sinai,
 While all extol His name?
 Will love, like rays of holy light,
 Dwell in each human breast,
 And fill each heart with calm delight,
 And every home be blest?

The future of the Nations, Lord!
 O, let that future be
 One glorious, eternal day
 Of love and Liberty!

Then purpling shades of eve shall fall,
 While birds in brake and bower
 Songs of blissful joy will sing,

As hymnals to that hour.
 Then sweetest sounds will fill the air
 From dawn to set of sun;
 From vesper bell till matin hour,
 Time's course shall mildly run;
 Then Peace on mountain top and hill
 In forest and in vale,
 Prayerful, gentle, white-robed Peace,
 Shall o'er the world prevail.

Creator of the Universe,
 Who marks the sparrow's fall,
 You shall guide man's destin'd course,
 Eternal Lord of all!
 The monarch's throne, so potent now,
 Shall sink in ruin's grave,
 And dynasties in dust be laid,
 By Time's resistless wave!

Earth's empires shall in blindness break
 Upon the rocks of doom,
 While Freedom's hosts shall onward march
 O'er every tyrant's tomb!
 The banner of our glorious land
 Shall be by heroes borne,
 And wave in starry splendor still,
 O'er thrones asunder torn!

This is my vision of the theme,
 My faith in Christ, the Lord;
 A triumph o'er the grave and death,
 With man to bliss restored.

Behold that wond'rous setting sun!
 At dawn again he'll rise;
 Behold those stars in beauty there,
 Illumining the skies,
 With harmony throughout the spheres,
 Jehovah guide of all.
 Then why have jarring nations warr'd
 On earth since Adam's fall?
 Salvation's standard must prevail,
 The Lord is with us still,

And shall the nations bless and guide,
If men obey His will.

Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
To thee I bend the knee,
And pray that all the human race
May be redeem'd and free;
So that all, when life is o'er,
May rest before Thy throne,
Addressed by these endearing words,
"My best beloved! My own!"

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Blue and gray, blend them together;
To-day let our nation rejoice in her might;
The soldier in gray should be hailed as a brother,
Though he once was arrayed against Union and right.

The battle was won and the gray was defeated,
And the flag of our country triumphantly waves
O'er fields where the foe before brave men retreated;
O'er a land that lies broken the chains of her slaves.

The Angel of Freedom her banner unfurled,
And blue was the color she flung to the blast,
Gemm'd with bright stars, which lighten the world,
And foes fell beneath where its radiance was cast.

But like soldiers they fought and like soldiers they fell,
Though gray was their color and criminal their cause;
Yet, be it not ours on their failings to dwell,
For again they are true to our nation and laws.

Scatter fair flowers where the blue and the gray
Can only awake from the sleep of the grave,
When the trumpet of God, on the great final day,
Shall call from their slumbers the true and the brave.

The sun in his splendor shines over the earth,
Where the patriot dead in their narrow cells lie.
We are gathered to-day to remember their worth,
And learn from their valor how heroes can die.

Hark! 'Tis the tread of comrades who live,
 As they march 'neath the flag which they carry in pride,
 And whose blood and whose lives they were willing to give,
 And to-day deck the graves of their comrades who died.

The chasm is closed which divided our land,
 And tempest of war has pass'd from our shore,
 And the soldier in blue clasps, close by the hand,
 The soldier in gray as his friend evermore.

The snow-plumed Angel of Peace spreads her wings
 And smiles on the scene as she looks from on high,
 And hears the grand anthem which patriots sing,
 As "The Star Spangled Banner" resounds through the sky.

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

O vision of the years gone by,
 You haunt my soul to-night!
 You come from out the distant past,
 Clothed in celestial light.
 You come and bring that scene to me,
 When all I loved was near,
 And voices I'll ne'er hear on earth
 Fell on my list'ning ear.
 O Vision, will you stay with me,
 And ne'er again remove
 From out the daily path I tread,
 And soothe my heart with love;
 And be to me a solace here,
 To bless and cheer my way
 When tempests dark may low'ring fall
 Through life's uncertain day?
 I once had friends, when fortune smiled;
 But they have from me fled;
 The hollow hearts forget me now,
 The true are with the dead.
 In cold and silent graves these last
 Can hear my voice no more;
 But I shall meet their spirits yet,
 Beyond Death's gloomy shore.

Ah! what were life, or fame, or gold,
Or all the world can give,
Were there no hope beyond the tomb,
No home beyond the grave?

Bright Vision, if you go from me,
Can you a message bring
To the fair mansions of the blest,
Where souls in glory sing?
And if you can, O say to her
The mother, friend, and wife,
How my frail bark keeps struggling on,
Still battling here for life;
With desolation in the home
She once made bright by love,
And shadows dark'ning on my path
Whichever way I move.
The cold and heartless throng, who came
With sycophantic praise,
When brightly shone the light above,
Remember not those days;
But turn with cold disdain away,
Nor think of favors done,
Ere clouds obscured, for a few years,
The garland once I won.
Tell her I see a haven near,
Where those she left behind
Shall peaceful rest in calm content,
Safe from the seas and wind;
Where sycophants may smile again,
When stormy clouds are riven;
But we shall scorn their words and smiles,
And place our faith in Heaven.

THE EMIGRANTS.

A fond adieu, our native land,
 With breaking hearts we bid farewell,
 To thy fair vales and mountains grand,
 Mid which, O, how we've loved to dwell
 The sea fowls o'er the waters scream,
 And twilight's hour approaches fast;
 Ere fades the sun's last ling'ring beam,
 On Erin we'll have looked our last.
 Our home and friends, and kindred's graves,
 Are left by us, far, far behind—
 Before us are the foam capp'd waves,
 Around us fiercely blows the wind.
 Alas? sad fate, that we must go,
 To seek a land beyond the sea,
 And leave with the relentless foe
 The birthright which God gave of thee.
 Why are we forced to fly the plains,
 For which our fathers oft have bled,
 And leave our country in her chains,
 Her tears of sorrow still to shed?
 Exiled like Babylonian captives, when
 They hung their harps on willow boughs,
 And would not sing for stranger men,
 But wept the land where Jordan flows.
 By many a stream we wander, far
 From the dear soil which gave us birth,
 And watch with tearful eyes the star
 That rises o'er our native earth.
 From out our bosom's inmost core
 We suppliant pray, dear land, for thee,
 That He, the God whom we adore,
 May rend your chains and make you free.
 * * * * * * *
 One last fond look—Erin, farewell—
 Your blending now with sea and sky,
 The surging waves in darkness swell,
 And night falls fast—dear land, good bye!

REST! SOLDIER, REST!

Rest! soldier, rest!

The storm and strife of battle now is ended.
And Stars and Stripes and Stars and Bars are blended
O'er graves of heroes who our homes defended,
Whose souls are with the bless'd.

Rest! soldier, rest!

In peaceful slumbers of eternal sleep,
While we the memories in our bosom keep,
Of victories won by land and on the deep,
By hearts now hush'd forever.

A nation mourns for the loss of those who died,
Battling for Freedom—the brave, the true, the tried,
Who fell as warriors in the crimson tide
Of war's wild tempest blast.

The blood which pour'd on the ensanguin'd plain,
Has rose like incense from the earth again;
The fields of slaughter wave with golden grain;
The link is broke of slavery's galling chain,
And foes are friends at last.

Rest! soldier, rest!

The birds, melodious now in bower and brake,
Cannot your sleeping by their songs awake,
Though sweet to-day they carol for your sake
Their requiem hymns.

Rest! warriors, rest!

Each in his narrow cell, 'till Resurrection day,
The boys in blue and those who wore the gray,
Return alike, to dull, cold, kindred clay,
While comrades come with drooping heads to pray
Above each manly breast.

They met in conflict; they are one in death;
Each strove for victory 'till his latest breath;
But all lie mute within the silent earth.

Bring flowers to deck each grave.

Condemn not him of Southern birth and name;

He died a soldier on the field of fame;
 Forgive his crime, nor censure bear, nor blame;
 He, too, was brave.

Then o'er your graves, ye patriots of our land,
 Let North and South unite each heart and hand,
 And East and West—all—by our Union stand,
 Now, and forever.

HOME OF MY HEART.

“Home of my heart, my native land;”
 Fond memory brings you here to-night;
 The valleys fair and mountains grand
 Appear before my longing sight.
 The thought of all that thou hast been,
 The hope of all that thou should be,
 Thy rivers clear, and the shamrock green
 Come to me o'er a stormy sea.

Bright is the history of the past,
 Of saintly deeds and battles won;
 Dark is the shadow o'er thee cast,
 By tyrant foe and recreant son.

O, who can read thy blotted page,
 Told in sorrow-laden lore,
 From year to year, from age to age,
 Since foeman first profaned thy shore,
 Nor feel for me in all thy woe,
 Nor speak in tones of reprobation
 Against thy unrelenting foe
 Who calls herself a Christian nation.

Green are thy fields, fair land of song,
 Thy sons are brave in every fight,
 And ever found the ranks among
 Where war is waged for truth and right.

But still, there is a subtle foe
 That lurks within that sorrowing isle,

Who o'er the land doth ever sow
The seed of disaffection vile.

There hate and strife and discord reign,
Where peace and harmony should be ;
There blood of factions stains the plain,
With Erin still in slavery.

When shall thy sons in peace unite?
When shall disunion pass away?
When shall the darkness of the night
Give place to Freedom's glorious day?

O, Erin, dear, in woe or weal,
Thou'rt ever still dear to me ;
My heart must ever for thee feel,
My proudest hope to see thee free !

Land of my kith and kindred dear,
Land where my eyes first saw the light ;
In all my thoughts thou'rt ever near,
By day and in the silent night.

The lark's sweet song I dreaming hear,
And thrush's notes at close of day,
The cuckoo's voice is ever near,
Though I am far from thee away.

When Freedom's sun shall brightly shine
Eternal o'er that suff'ring land,
O, may the happy fate be mine,
To tread again my native strand.

I then could die with hope fulfilled,
And find a grave in peace to rest,
Where dews their brightest tears distill
Upon dear mother Erin's breast.

LONELY AND SAD.

Lonely and sad in the midnight hour

I sit, whilst my lamp burns faint and low,
And I hear the bell in the distant tower,
As I brood o'er my cup of bitter woe.

Griefs I have known full many and deep,

And I thought my cup was fill'd to the brim,
And my eyes were left no tears to weep,
As they had wept enough in the sorrow for him.*

For him, and the rest, whom the hand of death

Had taken from me to that unknown shore,
And wrapt their forms in the voiceless earth,
Therefore I thought I could weep no more.

But ah, there was sorrow deeper still,

Kept back as the blackest and worst of all;
To sweep o'er my heart with relentless will,
To crush like an alpine avalanche fall.

The wife of my bosom, the loved and true!

My heart's young pride, so young and so fair;
To-night, oh! darling, my tears are for you;
Ah! why did not God your young life spare?

If not for me, for our children dear,

Who call on you in their dreamy sleep;
Who have lost forever a mother's care,
And with orphan tears but wake to weep.

If not for me, for our infant child,

Who can ne'er remember a mother's face,
That gazed with delight on his and smil'd,
As you clasp'd him in love's fond embrace.

Our home is hung with the pall of death,

Without a ray to lighten its gloom;
Without the glow of a mother's breath;
For she sleeps low in the silent tomb.

The sombre shade of winter falls,

And the dull cold blast sweeps o'er your grave;
In vain in his grief our infant calls,

In vain your presence our children crave.
 I gaze in the face of our daughter fair,
 Who numbers on earth just five short years,
 And behold your image reflected there,
 And I kiss from her cheek the descending tears
 Ah! what is joy, when that joy has fled?
 Ah! where is thy pleasure, oh Hope, for me?
 Joy and Hope are now with the dead,
 And my heart throbs on, though brokenly.
 Lonely and sad in the midnight hour
 I sit, whilst my lamp burns faint and low,
 And I hear the bell in the distant tower,
 As I brood o'er my bitter cup of woe.

*A beloved brother who died Oct. 22, 1871.

RHODE ISLAND!

State of the brave whom all applaud,
 The first to give to all the free,
 Religious right to worship God
 As each may with himself agree.
 Rhode Island! one of the immortal few,
 First to sign and still remain
 Ever to the Union true
 Throughout its limited domain.
 Upon the sea and upon the land,
 Always in the battle's van,
 With Perry on the warship's deck,
 Or Greene or Burnside in command.
 Though small in size, yet ever great,
 Her sons forever in the right,
 For Union and for Liberty,
 Were ever foremost in the fight.
 Hail! Rhode Island, thee we hail!
 On this our Lincoln's natal day;
 No power your fame can e'er assail,
 Or your greatness take away.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

When you and I were young, Jane,
 When you and I were young,
 You remember all the stories told,
 The songs that then we sung;
 You remember where the flowers grew,
 In vale and leafy dell;
 Those treasures that we cherished
 So fondly and so well.

The wild rose in its summer bloom,
 The violets sweet and fair,
 With all their wealth of sweet perfume
 Exhaling on the air;
 The twitt'ring birds upon the trees,
 The purl of sparkling rill,
 And cooing of the cushat dove
 Of yonder wooded hill.

O, those were blissful days, Jane,
 Lov'd hours of calm delight,
 In life's pure, placid springtime,
 When everything was bright.

You remember how our little friends
 Were true as hearts could be,
 And how we talked and laughed and sung,
 In happy youthful glee.

But now the sun of that glad day
 Is sinking in the west;
 The purple mist is on the hill,
 The song bird seeks his nest.

The valley lies before us, Jane,
 With darkling shadows cast,
 But the dawn beyond is brighter
 Than the light of mornings pass'd.

The voices now we hear, Jane,
 Are calling us to come,
 Where peace and love await us
 In a nearing, blessed home.

RECORD OF WOMEN.

[The following poem was composed and read before the St. Veronica Columbian Union Reading Circle, by James W. Smyth, who was the instructor of the Circle at the time :]

You ask that I should speak in rhyme,
 And some story tell,
 That on this bright auspicious night
 May in my memory dwell.

What theme more dear than woman's fame
 Can bard e'er wish to sing?
 What nobler thought could more inspire
 The harp's most tuneful string?

Awake! each chord, and simply tell
 What woman's love has done,
 In all the paths of worldly good,
 Since earth's career begun.

From man's first fall in Eden fair,
 She's ever been the star
 That led the onward march of Hope,
 Through centuries afar.

"Bless'd art thou," the angel said,
 "'Mong all the rest on earth,
 For through you God has ordained
 A Saviour shall have birth!"

"Bless'd art thou, O, Holy One!"
 Angels sang above,
 "Thou art the golden Gate of Heaven,
 The Vessel of God's love!"

From Mary Christ the Son was born,
 Who leads to Heaven the way;
 Through Mary portals opened wide
 To God's eternal day!

Mary walked to Calvary's height,
 And saw Christ crucified,
 And looked into His holy face,
 As man's Redeemer died!

The last she was beside the cross,
 The first beside the tomb,
 When rose on Resurrection morn
 The offspring of her womb !

This is not all ; for woman still,
 In every path of life,
 Smooths the way earth's children move
 Through suffering, care and strife.

She bathes with cooling balm the brow
 In fever and in pain ;
 And her soft words like music fall
 Where sorrowing hearts complain.

On battlefields, where carnage reigns,
 She walks with angel tread,
 And binds the wounds of soldiers there,
 While praying for the dead.

In huts among the lowly poor,
 She brings therein relief,
 And solace breathes to weary hearts,
 While drying tears of grief.

Where pestilence, with with'ring hand,
 Sows death upon the blast,
 She cheers the victims in distress
 Where'er her lot is cast !

Among the lowly and the great,
 In cottage and in hall,
 A ministering angel she
 Where Sorrow's voice may call.

'Tis Mary prompts, through woman's heart,
 Each holy deed of love ;
 "Health of the Weak," our "Cause of Joy,"
 Heaven's pure and stainless Dove !

Star of the Sea, when storms prevail,
 And moonless is the night,
 You guide the tempest driven bark
 Through darkness to the light !

* * * * *

Ave Maria, sweet consoling name,
 Appeal to thee in vain was never known!
 Ave Maria, Virgin of deathless fame,
 Look down on us from thy exalted throne!
 O vision fair, clothed in robes of light,
 Thon'rt with us here within our hearts to-night!
 Ave Maria, listen to our prayer,
 Bright spirit in whom angels take delight!
 Mother of God, Religion's holy Queen,
 Pure essence of eternal love,
 Lead us to light that never fades
 In mansions of peace above!

PAST AND PRESENT.

[Thoughts suggested upon learning of the death of a dear friend.]

Let memory contemplate the past;
 Into its gloaming peer
 Through days and weeks and many a moon,
 And many a long, long year;
 Away back to my childhood's days
 And to my native land—
 There, on a radiant summer eve,
 I've seen the maiden stand.
 The bloom of youth upon her cheeks,
 The sunlight in her hair,
 While brightly beamed her sparkling eye
 Beneath the shadows there.
 For 'twas beneath a tall tree's shade,
 Where ivy tendrils clung,
 And in the branches overhead
 A linnet sweetly sung.
 The picture still I bear in mind:
 I see the flowers bloom,
 And in my fancy now inhale
 Their rich and sweet perfume.

* * * * *

In later years far from that home,
 Far from the hallowed isle,
 I look upon that form again
 And watch the happy smile—
 That smile that beautifies her face
 With friendship, love and truth,
 And like a vision brings me back
 To blissful days of youth.

A wife and mother now she is
 (As both supremely blest),
 And love of husband, children, home,
 Dwell deep within her breast.

* * * * *

Still later on a shadow comes,
 With black and with'ring breath,
 For he—the husband, father, friend—
 Lies cold and calm in death.

No more for her does life's clear cup
 With sparkling pleasure flow;
 No more do peace and happiness
 Their rays of sunshine throw.

The months and years are dreary now
 And sombre shadows fall
 In sad and darksome loneliness,
 Like grief's subduing pall.

Though to her children still she clings.
 With all a mother's love,
 Yet soft she hears a voice that calls
 Far from the vault above;
 And still more near that well-known voice
 Says, "Come! no longer stay!"
 Then her freed spirit wings its flight
 To God's eternal day.

There in that home of heav'nly light
 They now awake for those
 Who walk the earth in sorrow still,
 And bear its bitter woes.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

This is Christmas eve, my child,
When pleasures come to all;
When friend meets friend in social glee,
In cabin and in hall.
The winter sun more brightly shines;
The wind less fiercely blows,
And e'en from out the snow-clad earth
Blows fair the Christmas rose.

From out the silence of the night,
Upon the distant hill,
The angels sing to men on earth,
Of peace and God's good will.
For on the morn of Christmas day
The Saviour, Christ, was born,
And the veil of sin, which shrouded men,
From off their souls was torn.
And this is why, my darling one,
The Christian heart is gay,
And in the ecstasy and pride,
Is joyful on this day.
But in this merry Christmas time,
When worldly pleasure cheers,
Full many a breast is filled with woe;
Full many a home with tears.

For memory awakens scenes
Of friends not with us now;
Whose loss brings sorrow to the heart,
And marks with care the brow.

The loved companions of the past;
The cherished and the kind,
Whose forms are numbered with the dead,
Are now recalled to mind.

You see the picture on the wall,
Of her whose loving smile
Beamed bright within the lonely home,
Ah! where is she, my child?

In cold, sepulchral clay she rests,
 With others whom we miss;
 Who oft upon this very day
 Have blessed thee with a kiss.

Thus o'er the sunshine of our joy
 Will pass the cloud of woe,
 And leave a pang within the mind,
 For mortals here below.

The mirth of earth is still alloy'd,
 How pure so'er it be;
 As 'neath life's waters, calm and bright,
 May sleep a troubled sea.
 The bark that glides serenely on
 May be with storms riven;
 Which prove my child, there is no peace,
 But that comes from heaven.

Then let us place our trust in Him,
 Whose name is ever bless'd,
 That He may guide us safely to
 An anchorage of rest;
 Where those whose memory we mourn,
 Will greet us on the shore
 Of that fair land beyond the tomb,
 Where parting is no more.

HAIL TO OUR HEROES!

Hail to our heroes, who now o'er the ocean
 Are seeking the Spaniard who comes to our shore;
 Those seamen imbued with unswerving devotion,
 To conquer or die 'neath the flag they adore! .
 Champion of Freedom's cause,
 Worthy the world's applause,
 Standing for justice, manhood and right;
 For you let our prayers ascend,
 While voices united blend,
 That Heaven may guide you with all-seeing light.

That moans of affliction are heard on the gale
 From famishing thousands who are crying for bread.
 They come from an island where tyrants prevail,
 Who torture the living and gloat o'er the dead.
 Heartless and cruel band,
 Here from a foreign land,
 Forging rude chains for the slaves they enthrall.
 Scourge of a noble race,
 Soon they shall find their place,
 When king, throne and sceptre shall hopelessly fall !
 The ghosts of the patriots who conquering fell,
 On fields where Liberty's battles were won,
 Inspire our sailors the foe to repel,
 Nor cease 'till the work is triumphantly done.
 Shout, then, the slogan cry,
 Onward to victory !
 O'er ocean, ye marines, gallant and brave !
 Sweep from each gulf and sea
 The ships of the enemy ;
 Let all in confusion sink deep in the wave !
 The nation rejoicing shall welcome you here
 From scenes that will live on the records of fame,
 Down through the ages, still brilliant and clear,
 While millions shall cherish each patriot's name.
 Guard our fair banner, then,
 Safe from the force of Spain ;
 Bear it high through the strife of war's raging tide,
 And cheers of the people,
 And bells from each steeple,
 Shall welcome the heroes on whom we relied.

INTEMPERANCE.

[A descriptive poem.]

The drunkard ! See his glaring eyes,
 Unsteady step and wild and haggard face,
 As reeling onward, filled with groans and sighs,
 He seeks to find from woe a resting place.
 One of God's creatures, for him the Saviour died,
 And earth was made, and stars, and sky, and sun,
 And flowers to bloom in all their fragrant pride;
 For him the seasons come and go, the rivers run,
 A mother bore him in a happy home,
 And nursed him fondly on a tender knee,
 And taught his lips to pray 'gainst such a doom
 As marks the fall of now the wretch we see.
 In boyhood's days he was beloved by all
 Who knew the goodness of his heart and mind;
 Fair was his form, handsome, straight, and tall,
 In actions gentle, and in manners kind.
 Alas ! the demon of the wine cup came,
 And swept his hopes, as swept the simoon's blast,
 And burn'd, with scorching breath and lips of flame,
 His future joys and memories of the past.
 Like a spirit now of evil deed and will,
 All shun his path and give him ample berth.
 Thus wandering on, a hopeless drunkard still,
 He stalks a ghost, along a weary earth.
 O, man, what art thou, that the poison'd cup,
 Should lure thee to destruction, and to death,
 To sin and shame, in every cursed cup,
 Which brings pollution in its every breath?
 The ruin'd home, the cold and cheerless hearth,
 The weeping mother and the starving child;
 Strangers alike to every sense of mirth,
 And every impulse of the heart defiled.
 The bloated face, the wildly staring eyes,
 The shivering frame, with tattered garments hung,
 The brain that cares not where the body lies;
 These are the workings of the demon rum.
 The love of offspring, and the pride of kind,

And all the human heart holds dear and blest,
 Alike are blotted from the inebriate's mind,
 By deep potations in that cup accurs'd.
 Through rum the drunkard wields the murderer's knife,
 And dyes his hands e'en deep in kindred blood.
 In frenzy wild, he takes a human life,
 And sends a soul unshriven to its God.
 And then remorse takes hold of the sick brain,
 Until his thoughts become a living hell,
 And he trembling shrinks, and writhes with mad'ning pain,
 'Till despair, at last, shrieks out his dying knell.
 O, fiend unpitying, of plutonian birth,
 Agent of him who rules the shades below;
 Your aim, the ruin of the souls of earth,
 Your deeds, the spread of misery and woe.
 The enemy alike of God and man,
 You walk in sin, with demon shape and tread,
 Sowing destruction's seed throughout the land,
 Blighting the living; insulting e'en the dead.
 Be ours, my friend, to meet this human foe,
 Where'er he moves amongst the ranks of men,
 Working with all our strength to lay him low,
 And, with God's help, we shall not try in vain.
 The helping hand stretch out to him who falls;
 Speak words of cheer to every erring heart;
 For, far above, there is a voice that calls
 On us, to act the faithful, Christian part.
 Our duty is not to ourselves alone,
 But every being of the human race;
 For Christ, the Son, for all men did atone,
 Be ours to save them all from rum's disgrace.
 Then open wide the portals of our cause,
 And ask men here as brothers of our band;
 And then, with one accord, while angels sing applause,
 Sweep, once for all this curse from off our land.
 Fill high the cup, but not with Samian wine,
 And let our toast the good of mankind be;
 Nor shall we quaff in nectar of the Rhine
 That pledge, which aims the soul of men to free.
 From out the fountains of God's living spring
 We'll fill our bowls with sparkling gems of light,
 And drink to Temperance, and in chorus sing,
 To wassailers and wine a last and long good night.

THE O'NEILL'S.

[Read at a banquet tendered James O'Neill, the great Irish-American tragedian, in Monument House parlors, Woonsocket, on the evening of Sept. 19, 1894.]

We have to-night, as honored guest,
 A friend whose friendships wide extend
 Throughout our age;
 One who stands highest 'mong the best
 In the whole range, from end to end,
 On tragic stage.

Associate of stars now set,
 Forest, Cushman, Neilson, Booth,
 To whom belong
 Crowns that shine in glory yet;
 Those who could rouse to rage or soothe
 The listening throng.

The last of an illustrious line,
 Great in the drama's noble art,
 You stand alone!
 In you the qualities combine
 To play with skill each changeful part,
 And keep the throne.

Last of a line! No, not the last,
 You're only one of a great race
 From Erin's Isle!

Scion of him, the warrior Conn,
 Who fought like Hugh of the Red Hand,
 For Erin's weal!

Braver the sun ne'er shone upon,
 Of all the heroes of that land,
 Than Conn O'Neill!

Victor in one hundred fights,
 Where foes in myriad hundreds fell
 On many a field!

For Erin's wrongs, for Erin's rights,
 'Mid Celtic cheer and Saxon yell
 Not born to yield!

By the far Tiber's gentle flood,
 Where a Franciscan spire points high
 On Janic's hill,
 There Hugh O'Neill rests with the good,
 Where the O'Donnell chieftains lie
 United still !

On many a field throughout the earth,
 Sleep soldiers of that ill-starred race
 In lonely grave ;
 And still the mother land gives birth
 To other sons, who take their place,
 As true and brave.

In this fair land, where Freedom light
 On valleys fair in glory shines
 From mountains grand ;
 True patriots bold in Freedom's fight
 Rushed conquering on along the lines,
 A fearless band !

This is our land, our goal at last,
 Where exiles from each foreign shore
 Find peace and rest,
 Secure from Slavery's with'ring blast ;
 And here shall dwell for evermore
 With Freedom's blest.

And now, returning to our guest,
 Let all fill deep and to the brim,
 And to his weal,
 Drink to the hero of our feast !
 Here's health and happiness to him,
 Our friend, O'Neill !

BEAUTIFUL MOON.

Away above in clearest blue
 There is a heav'nly light,
 Supernal in its silv'ry hue,
 Shining aloft for me and you
 Throughout the lunar night.

Beautiful moom, whom all adore,
 As from your throne the mild beams pour
 O'er all the earth, o'er sea and shore,
 Beautiful, peerless moon!

The sun has sunk down in the west
 And night's fair queen appears,
 And stars come forth in glory dress'd,
 Bright as souls redeem'd and blest,
 Shining through all the years.
 Beautiful moon in the vault so high,
 Illuming regions of earth and sky,
 Fain on thy beams would I heavenward fly,
 Beautiful, beautiful moon.

Arbitress of each passing hour
 From eventide to morn;
 Hiding 'neath clouds when tempest lower,
 In lightning storms and thunder shower,
 While sails are wildly torn;
 Then coming forth with brighter ray,
 When warring storms have pass'd away,
 And winds have ceased their savage play,
 Beautiful, peaceful moon.

When dews descending lightly fall,
 You from your burnish'd throne
 Silver the walls of tower and hall,
 Covering all with a charm'd pall
 Of light, alone thine own.
 Cheering the pilgrim on his way,
 O'er mountain path and vale and brae,
 From vesper shade to matin gray,
 Beautiful, cloudless moon.

When worlds in vast primeval throng
Sprang forth to glorious birth,
And sang Creation's morning song,
And stars shone forth the heavens among,
They crown'd you queen of earth.
The sun, in all his lordly sway,
Was crown'd the king of solar day,
And you, night's queen of silver ray,
Beautiful, graceful moon.

Fondly on your form I gaze,
As wand'ring through the sky
You nightly shine, adorn'd with rays,
While planets in their orbits blaze
From radiant paths on high;
And there above through boundless space,
With modest mein and smiling face,
Your onward course we fervent trace,
Beautiful, tearless moon.

Ah, when this form returns to clay,
As in the grave I lie,
When sets the sun at close of day,
And shadows o'er the hill-tops play,
And stars adorn the sky,
May you in splendor brightly shine
Upon that lowly mound of mine,
Where flowers fair their tendrils twine,
Beautiful, beautiful moon!

VOYAGE OF THE CARAVELS.

[Read at the celebration of Columbus Day, October 22, 1892.]

The candles are lighted, the mass is sung,
 In the Church of Our Lady ere the break of day,
 While the sails of the caravels swell in the breeze,
 Down on the waters of Palos bay.

Partings are spoken and anchors are weighed
 Ere stars are faded from out the sky,
 And away they sail over unknown seas,
 While the wind blows stiff and waves are high.

There are anxious hearts on the ramparts gray
 Who watch those ships that westward go;
 Children weep for their fathers gone,
 And mothers sink 'neath their weight of woe.

White sails swell in the fresh'ning gale,
 As the vessels speed for a world unknown;
 Away where the sun at eve goes down,
 With golden clouds for his kingly throne.

One calm brave heart, unknown to fear,
 Is wrapt in thoughts of the nameless shore;
 He dares the dangers of unknown seas,
 Where keels of vessels ne'er cut before.

Behold that pillar among the clouds,
 Wrapt in flames that never die,
 'Tis the beacon light of the eastern world,
 Where Teneriffe's dome ascends the sky.

Here, legends told, an angel stood
 With flashing sword strict guard to keep,
 That none might pass to the sea beyond,
 To tempt the dangers of the deep.

Low murmurings spread as the sails speed on,
 And sighs were heard as the shadows fell,
 But gladness came to each drooping heart,
 In the soothing tones of the vesper bell.

"Salve Regina" o'er the waters spread,

And "Ave Maris Stella" in gentle cadence rose,
 Where Religion's voice ne'er before was heard,
 And stars rejoiced and waves sunk in repose.

The morning dawned upon a trackless waste,
 No sail but theirs upon the ocean wide,
 Land lost to sight, some thought to them forever,
 Still onward sped the barks in stately pride.

This waste of waters was a cheerless sight,
 And hearts were sick and trouble filled each mind,
 As visions came of the beloved at home,
 In Spain's fair land, now left so far behind.

One morn as stars still hung in glory bright,
 A sight was seen that fill'd each soul with dread
 As everywhere stretched o'er Sargasso's sea,
 Vast plains of seaweed in confusion spread.

"Is this the wilderness," the sailors cried,
 "Where drowned isles are sunk in fathoms deep,
 And where in caverns monsters fierce and strange
 O'er all this waste eternal vigils keep?"

The cautious mariner, still ever on his guard,
 Explained the cause with more than human skill,
 And gave all confidence and gave all hope,
 Inspired in all by God's most holy will.

Again when discord spread to every crew,
 Until alone he stood undaunted in his course
 He did not yield, when even all rebelled,
 But conquer'd all by his soul's superior force.

At last the land, the promised land, appeared,
 Fair as bowers where hallow'd spirits dwell,
 And shouts of joy went up from every deck,
 And echoed from the shore as morning sunbeams fell.

And all knelt down and kissed the hands of him,
 The hero, who salvation's flag unfurl'd
 On that new land with beauty richly clad,
 Land of the brave, the pride of all the world.

And from that day an onward march began,
 Of manhood rights, while monarchs watched with dread,

As man in freedom walked with steady step,
 No more to bend the knee or bow the head
 In servitude to tyrants and to knaves.
 No more to feel himself an abject slave,
 Only to worship God, not men;
 Liberty the watchword; freedom or the grave.

And onward this gospel in the march of thought
 Down through the ages, until at last on high
 Was raised our flag above a field of blood,
 The starry banner in fair freedom's sky.

That banner waves the harbinger of hope
 To all enslaved wherever tyrants reign—
 That glorious flag, the emblem of the free,
 Fair as the morn on mountain top or plain.

O, glorious land, and ever glorious flag,
 May thy stars light the centuries through all time
 From pole to pole, from sea to farthest sea,
 In every zone, in every land and clime,
 Until the world, blessed by the peace you bring,
 Is purified, till all shall raise the head
 Throughout the entire earth,
 Beneath thy folds, in Heaven's sunshine spread,
 Till all with one acclaim shall sing,
 Till all exultant as one human band
 Acknowledge but one universal flag—
 The starry banner of our native land.

OUR SUFFERING ISLAND QUEEN.

[Composed in anticipation of Home Rule being granted the Irish people by the English Parliament with Gladstone as premier.]

O, Ireland, mother Ireland,
Through seven hundred years
Wrong and scorn you've borne,
In bitterness and tears.

E'en traitor sons joined with the foe,
When the Invader came,
And laid thy valleys desolate
With ruthless sword and flame.

But still the faithful, fearless few
Tried to break your chain,
And fought and fell, unconquered still,
On many a bloody plain.

At times the victory seemed theirs,
At times a darkness lay
O'er all the land, with scarce a star
To light their weary way.

But now there is bright hope for thee,
Our suffering Island Queen;
Ere long the symbol of the free,
Our glorious flag of green,
Shall wave in pride throughout the land,
On every hill and plain,
While shouts resound in thunder tones,
"We have our own again!"

O, yes, we'll have our own again,
The right to make our laws,
The right restored on land and main
Of dear old Ireland's cause.

The right to live as free-born men,
The right the sword to wield,
Where Freedom needs defenders
On any battlefield.

Rejoice, ye brave, who've suffer'd long!

Rejoice for victory won!
 The contest was through centuries,
 But still your hope lived on.
 You never faltered in the fight,
 With foe or recreant knave,
 Contending ever for the right—
 Christ the victory gave!
 The Lord of righteousness and love,
 The Savior-God of men,
 Has led us through the pall of night,
 To Liberty again.
 Nor shall we e'er forget the friends
 Who've champion'd Ireland's cause,
 The noble hearted Englishmen,
 Who've won the world's applause.
 Ever still through all the years
 Let history's page record,
 That Erin's sons are grateful
 For long-lost rights restored.
 And, O, may He who rules above
 Be still our guiding light,
 Directing freemen in the path
 Of Justice, Truth and Right!

SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

The songs of other days come back
 When evening shadows fall;
 They breathe into my soul and sing,
 And those I loved recall.
 They bring to me the thoughts of her
 Who sang those cherish'd lays;
 O, blessed memory of the past,
 Dear songs of other days!
 You come around me in the night,
 When all is peace and rest,

And with tones of sweetest sound
 Steal gently o'er my breast;
 You light each scene in mem'ry's gloom,
 With beams of prayer and praise,
 And cheer my weary, aching heart,
 Sweet songs of other days.

I hear your music o'er the earth
 Each balmy summer eve,
 When perfumed zephyrs gently blow
 O'er closing flower and leaf;
 Your tones come back in cadence soft,
 On the sun's ling'ring rays,
 Like strains of pure and holy love,
 Sweet songs of other days.

The thoughts of bosom friends long gone,
 Who 'round the hearth at night
 Sung grand, exultant anthems there
 Of liberty and right:
 The story of a nation's wrongs,
 Told in entrancing lays,
 Come to me from that happy time,
 Loved songs of other days.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

[Written during Major Smyth's last illness.]

I stood beside a river bright,
 That winded slowly to the sea,
 And in its flow, by day and night,
 Of earthly life reminded me.

That river on its onward way,
 Until it meets its destined tide,
 And there its waters then are lost
 In ocean, bounding far and wide.

This is like mortal life, I said,
 Man's destiny in it I see;

On that river in its course ;
 Life's bark upon a troubled sea.

Again by pain and sickness toss'd,
 When fading scenes were fading fast :
 When sympathy of dearest friends
 Were o'er my suffering moments cast,
 I felt it was not hard to die
 And leave this mortal life behind,
 Which is but the passing wind ;
 Immortal life beyond I'll find.

The friends of all my mortal years
 I there shall meet in joy and peace,
 Where songs by angel hosts are sung,
 And love of God will never cease.

The river there, o'er sands of gold,
 Will ever, endless, onward flow,
 And flowers bloom, and forests fair
 In radiant sheen of glory glow.

The parents, pass'd from earth to Heaven,
 The wife and blessed children dear,
 Will greet me there where smiles of love
 Are never mingled with a tear.

These thoughts of consolation came
 When Death's pale shade was hovering near ;
 But 'round my bed were angel forms,
 Who bade me face him without fear.

I pray'd, " O, Father, lead me on,
 I trust and hope in Thee alone ;
 Permit your frail and erring child
 To see the glory of Thy throne."

AVE MARIA.

[Dedicated to the members of the Children of Mary Sodality.]

Ave Maria,
Our comfort and love!
Ave Maria,
Our refuge above!
Watch thou in darkness,
When night shadows fall,
Guide us and save us,
When sorrows enthrall,
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria,
Meek, gentle and kind!
Hope of the faithful,
Pure light of the mind!
Star of the morning,
When clouds pass away,
Smile on life's pilgrims,
Through life's fitful day,
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria,
Each spirit lead home!
Guide through the tempest,
Safe over the foam.
Help of our tired feet,
Bring us to thy Son,
In joy there to rest,
When life's race is run,
Ave Maria!

ANGELS OF THE RED CROSS.

Like spirits of light, when breaketh the day,
 And the sky is unclouded, and night pass'd away,
 They move o'er the field, where the patriot-brave
 Have fallen in battle, their standard to save.
 They bind up the wounds of the suffering there,
 And fervent watch o'er them with tenderest care,
 Through the vigils of night, made sleepless with pain,
 They soothingly comfort each fever-rack'd brain;
 And wear on each breast the symbol of love,
 The Red Cross, triumphant, a sign from above.
 On a cross the world's Savior in agony died,
 The Christ of Salvation, whom sin crucified.
 'Mid danger they dread not, but on o'er the ground,
 Where carnage is fiercest, these angels are found.

Hail, matrons of mercy! Hail, maidens of grace!
 With love in each eye and a smile on each face;
 There's joy in your footsteps and faith, without fear,
 For the weal of humanity in your career.

Where contagion infects with pestilent breath,
 Like a demon of wrath, spreading sickness and death,
 There the plague-stricken victims, distracted with pain,
 In you seek relief, and plead not in vain.
 You bend o'er each form, bringing solace and cheer,
 And from suffering restore them with vigilant care.

O, angels created to comfort and bless
 The wounded in anguish, the poor in distress.
 Sent here by the Father in infinite love,
 From His home in the far-distant mansions above!

All scenes with you present are fair to behold;
 Without you the earth would be cheerless and cold;
 With you pleasure dwells 'round each love-circled hearth,
 As proof of God's grace to the children of earth.

March on in your valor! Go forth in your pride!
 'Twas for love such as yours that the Crucified died!
 March on, with the Cross of Redemption before,
 As the guide of your way to the Heavenly shore!

Emblem of all that is sacred and bless'd,
In thy shadow the weary find comfort and rest.

Ah, bless'd be the women who've chosen that sign
As a standard to guide them for their love of their kind!
In love for the heroes who fell by the sword
In love for all creatures redeem'd by the Lord.

COLUMBIA.

Hail, Columbia! Thee I fondly hail
On every breeze, where'er it may prevail,
From ocean bound, to ocean bound again;
From northern line, to southern sun-kiss'd plain;
O'er verdant vales, o'er mountains towering high,
Until their tops reach far into the sky;
O'er lakes and streams, o'er forests vast and wide,
Land of the brave, of freeborn hearts the pride!

Upon your soil the tree of Freedom grows,
Where living water on eternal flows;
Planted by Him, the Lord of the earth and heaven,
For man's protection and advancement given.

Meridian star, born of holiest light,
A guide by day and glory of the night,
Your lamp supernal shall perpetual shine
Hope's brightest gem for all of mortal kind.

O'er stormy seas you led the pilgrim band,
Like Israel's host, to this fair promised land.
Here, with zeal, they broke the stubborn sod,
And gave to all the right to worship God,
Each in his way, unbound by wrongful laws,
Defenders, always, of each rightful cause.
The seed they planted flourish'd through each age,
Leaving its golden sheen on history's page.

Onward still they grew in manhood pride,
And strong in faith upon their laws relied,

Until at last the foreign yoke was broke,
By ardent, daring, cyclopean stroke.

In freedom's cause patriot thousands bled,
When heav'n bless'd heroes conquered armies led.

A giant infant rose before the world,
And angels there our starry flag unfur'd,
While God a mission to the infant gave,
To freedom bring to every fetter'd slave
In every clime, where'er a tyrant reigns,
In Asia's realms, or Africa's desert plains,
'Till on the earth no human serf remains!

Go on, lov'd land, in your exultant place,
Salvation's star of all the earth-born race!
The great anointed of the nationhood,
Shining forever for the truth you've stood,
In victories won, by sacrifice of blood!
Your beams, at last, shall lumine every zone,
With freedom's light reflected from your own!

Go on, until your flag alone shall be
The common symbol of the nations free;
Best gift of God to each immortal soul,
Weaving in peace, when tempests cease to roll;
On highest peak of mountain altitude,
On plains, to reek no more with human blood,
'Till men become a blessed brotherhood.

Millennium land, where war and strife must end,
And each be linked, as friend to friend,
In union's circle of all hearts, in love,
Bless'd boon to man below from God, above.

FAREWELL.

[Dedicated to Miss Nellie Maria Morrissey, a very dear friend.]

Friend to the friendless,
In death's silence sleeping,
While those who adore you
Above you are weeping.

Solace of every heart,
Now gone forever,
Out o'er the waves
Of eternity's river.

Gone to the land
Of the echoless shore,
Through time's fleeting hours
To greet us no more.

Sorrows o'ershadow
The loved ones behind,
Who murmur your name
With each passing wind.

Come back to us, darling,
Come near to us, dear;
Come back, e'en in spirit,
And dry up each tear.

Must we gaze o'er the valley,
Must we search through our home.
Still calling your name
Through hallway and room?

O, black is the sorrow
That falls in each place,
Where we seek all in vain
For a glimpse of your face.

But yet we shall meet
In the home of the bless'd,
Near His throne where the weary
In peacefulness rest.

OUR LIZZIE'S BIRTH-DAY.

Again the year brings round the morn
 We hailed with joy in days gone by,
 On which our darling child was born,
 Who cold beneath the earth doth lie.
 O, Lizzie dear, gaze from above,
 On silent tears shed here for you—
 Behold your parents' sorrowing love,
 And grief that doth our souls subdue.
 We remember, dear, the gladsome look
 Your bright and smiling face put on,
 As Time recorded in his book
 Your birth-day in the years now gone.
 Oh! false, deceitful world of tears,
 Delusive is each varying scene;
 Alternate joys, griefs, hopes and fears,
 Are all the fruits from thee we glean.
 The brightest days that bless'd our home
 Were thy young years, our darling child;
 But now, within the silent tomb,
 We mourn thee dead in anguish wild.
 Our happiest years have with thee flown,
 Our first-born hope, our dearest pride,
 And we remain on earth to mourn
 Your loss, who early from us died.
 Had heaven propitious on us smiled,
 Our life's decline to soothe and bless,
 By leaving you, our loving child,
 To solace our poor heart's distress.
 The sere and yellow leaf now mark
 The course of our declining years,—
 Life's winter clouds look grim and dark,
 As their advancing gloom appears.
 Heaven's will be done—our Lizzie's gone,
 To rest in God's eternal sphere,
 And soon we'll follow, one by one,
 The path of her we loved so dear.

FAREWELL, THERESA DEAR.

Farewell, farewell, Theresa dear,
 To thee, while falls the parting tear,
 And comes the bitter, grief-born sigh.
 The sun is bright, my only love,
 And verdure decks the vale and lea,
 And warblers chant within the grove,
 But ah! they bring no joy to me.
 My sad heart feels its lonely lot,
 For I must say that word, Farewell,
 And go 'mid scenes where you are not,
 Afar from all I love to dwell.
 Amid those scenes in vain I'll seek
 For that dear look which welcomed me,
 That roseate bloom upon the cheek,
 When home returned I found with thee.
 Farewell! but when the twilight hour
 Sinks o'er the earth at close of day,
 And wild birds seek their sylvan bowers,
 Remember him who is far away.
 I go where sullen mountains rise
 Their barren heads in heaven's blue,
 And circumscribe the changeful skies
 Within a narrow, bounded view.
 Were you but with me 'mong such scenes,
 My heart would bound with conscious pride,
 To view those glens and deep ravines,
 And climb the rugged mountain side.
 We'd gaze upon the eagle's home,
 And watch the mountain torrent's course,
 As o'er the rocks, 'mid spray and foam,
 It dashed with headlong downward force.
 Such scenes no charms for me contain,
 To me their grandeur all is lost,—
 My thoughts will fly to you again,
 On whom they're concentrated most.
 All dreary now my days shall move,
 Until again returned to see
 Your bright eyes beam with joy and love,
 O! ne'er again to part from thee.

MEDITATION—[Time, Midnight.]

The clock strikes twelve!—another hour has past:

Another day is added to the years;

Time moves along, and my life's span is lost

Another day of its existence here.

Another day still nearer to the end

Of the world's false and vain-glorious show.

The day just gone doth now already blend

With Time's vast waves, that ever ceaseless flow.

How short the space since childhood's happy years,

When life was bright with sunshine and fair flowers;

And days roll'd on, undimm'd with earthly cares,

And birds melodious sang in forest glades and bowers.

Few years remain between us and the goal,

When we shall cease to breathe the air of earth,

And dread eternity shall first unfold

To us the mystery of life and death.

All alike to the great law must bow;

The young, the old—all of our mortal race,

At length must die, at length will be laid low,

In the still grave, locked fast in death's embrace.

The mighty monarchs of despotic thrones

Must leave their purple robes and sceptres here;

No more to hear the shouts of joy, or groans,

Of nations freed, break o'er each tyrant's bier.

They and their vast and sycophantic throng

Of worshippers, are earthly, and soon at last must yield,

And mingle with the dust from whence they sprung,

An unmourned host, no more their power to wield.

Grant, Lord of hosts, of thrones, and seraphim

And cherubim, and powers of earth and heaven,

When the cold hand of death mine eyes bedim,

That all my earthly sins may be forgiven—

May I then find at last a home with Thee,

When my clay finds at length its winding sheet:

And the tired spirit is from earth set free,

To wait Thy will, before the judgment seat.

TO EVELEEN STANLEY.

Ten thousand thanks for those sweet lines,

Dear Eveleen,

Wherein your mind in splendor shines,

Dear Eveleen.

Those words I'll sing in ardent strains,

So long as life to me remains,

Or warm blood circles through my veins,

Dear Eveleen.

Fair must be your gentle form,

Dear Eveleen,

Sparkling with Nature's every charm,

Dear Eveleen.

Beauty's smiles must light your face,

Which formed must be with heavenly grace,

Such as Raphael loved to trace,

Dear Eveleen.

Those lines shall linger in mine ear,

Dear Eveleen,

When evening shadows gather near,

Dear Eveleen—

When morning draws in roseate light,

In woodlands green, with dew-drop bright,

And fade the last dim clouds of night,

Dear Eveleen.

In these months of the declining year,

Dear Eveleen,

When forest leaves look bleak and sere,

Dear Eveleen,

Your picture of the wildwood scene,

The song-bird's notes, the bowers of green,

Shall haunt my dreams in all their sheen,

Dear Eveleen.

May calm Contentment bless your home,

Dear Eveleen,

Where worldly cares may never come,

Dear Eveleen ;

Lighted with smiles of constant love,
 Guarded by angels from above,
 And grief from thence may Heaven remove,
 Dear Eveleen.

May a light of pure delight be yours,
 Dear Eveleen,
 In a cottage bright, 'mid sylvan bowers,
 Dear Eveleen—

Kiss'd with the sun's first orient beams,
 And last in the west he gleams,
 And dance his rays in golden streams,
 Dear Eveleen.

HAPPY WITH THEE.

Happy with thee, when the sunset has faded,
 And the moon sheds her light from the still glowing sky;
 Happy with thee, when darkness shaded
 The earth with her mantle of star-spangled dye.
 Happy with thee, in the dawn of the morning,
 When refulgence and beauty tint Nature's glad face;
 Still happy with thee my pathway adorning,
 To my home adding peacefulness, gentleness, grace.
 Happy with thee, when we wander together
 O'er the moor or the mountain, the glen or the vale;
 Happy with thee, when Autumn winds wither
 The rose in her beauty, that blossom in the dale.
 Happy with thee, when the vesper bell pealing,
 And the soft hour of twilight approaching the earth;
 Happy with thee, when every fond feeling
 Entwines round the heart with love, music and mirth.
 O! happy with thee—perchance when despairing,
 The smiles from thy sweet face shall then cheer me on,
 To my heart giving gladness, all gloom disappearing
 Like the sunbeams to earth when dark Winter is gone,
 O! happy with thee, when our years are declining,
 And age points the path to our home in the sky;
 Thou wilt then be my guide-star, brightly shining,
 As I pour forth to Heaven my soul's latest sigh.

IRELAND, MY IRELAND !

What tyrant foul now o'er thee reigns,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 Still holding you in servile chains,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 The scaffold reeking with your blood,
 Your bravest penn'd in prison rude,
 For standing where your fathers stood,
 Ireland !
 For standing with the great and good,
 Ireland, my Ireland !

Even the land your children sought,
 Even with their best blood dearly bought,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 Now spurns the men who raised on high,
 The starry banner to the sky,
 And by it stood to do or die,
 Ireland !
 To do, or by it bravely die,
 Ireland, my Ireland !

These men who charged down Malvern Hill,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 And conquer'd Lee with glorious Phil,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 And bore the brunt on every field
 Where traitors dar'd their strength to wield,
 'Gainst Liberty's protecting shield,
 Ireland !
 Till Celtic bayonets made them yield,
 Ireland, my Ireland !

This land where Freedom's eagle soars,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 Has lured us to her fertile shores,
 Ireland, my Ireland !
 And bound us here by solemn tie
 To spurn the law we sought to fly,

That oath we pledge to God on high,
 Ireland!
 To Him who rules the earth and sky
 Ireland, my Ireland!

But now this land disdains to stand,
 Ireland, my Ireland!
 In our defence 'gainst Briton's band,
 Ireland, my Ireland!
 And coldly looks whilst many a man,
 Who shed his blood in battle's van
 For her, now wears the felon's chain,
 Ireland!
 Hard labor and a felon's chain,
 Ireland, my Ireland!

The Roman's boast was, that he was—
 Ireland, my Ireland!
 A Roman by proud Roman laws,
 Ireland, my Ireland!
 But Roman statesmen were not those
 Who bow'd their heads to Freeman's foes,
 As Massachusetts Sumner does
 To England!
 Who caused this land a thousand woes?
 England, false England!

My countrymen, unite, combine!
 For Ireland, my Ireland!
 And let us shout along our line
 For Ireland, my Ireland!
 Be not by politicians fool'd,
 Beware those bought with British gold,
 And soon our ruler shall be ruled,
 Dear Ireland!
 And our land by us controll'd,
 Dear Ireland, our Ireland!

MOTHER, DEAR.

[Inscribed to my mother.]

Oh! mother, dear, I think of thee
 In this my exile, far away
 From that dear home beyond the sea,
 Where I've seen many a blissful day.
 I think of thee and of the smile
 That lit thy face on my return
 From absence of a little while;
 But now long absence bids you mourn.
 I think of all the anxious care
 With which you watched my lowly bed,
 When pain or sickness laid me there,
 And of the tears affection shed.
 How sweet and lowly was your voice,
 How soothingly it spoke to me,
 In tones that bade my heart rejoice,
 No matter what my pain might be.
 I've learned to know thee since those bright days,
 What's lost not having mother near,
 When grief or sickness on me preys,
 The weary homesick heart to cheer.
 I've learned to know, but vainly sought,
 A voice or hand like yours to find,
 To soothe the pain, or ease the thought
 That wrecks the frame, or fills the mind.
 No hand like to a mother's hand,
 No voice like hers to cheer the heart,
 When o'er the darkening clouds expand.
 Its music bids them all depart.
 Ah! dear to me shall be the hour,
 When we shall meet, shall meet again,
 Defying all of earthly power
 To part us whilst our lives remain.
 Ye winds that o'er the ocean roam,
 When quickly from my native shore,
 The bark that bears o'er the white foam,
 Mother to me, to part no more.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

“Let us seek out some desolate shade,
And there weep our sad bosoms empty.”
—*Shakespeare.*

And you are dead, my darling brother,
You whom I have so much loved,
Ah! how can I my feelings smother?
How has God my heart reproved?
Our hearts in love were one since childhood,
In our distant native land;
Where we've roamed by lake and wildwood,
Close together hand-in-hand;
Where our parents loved and bless'd us,
As we knelt at night and pray'd,
And with the good-night kiss embraced us,
'Neath our cottage roof-tree's shade.
I little thought in life's bright morning,
When pleasures past were yours and mine,
That death so soon with scarce a warning,
Should come and blast a life like thine.
Can you behold me and your mother,
In this world of care and woe,
Can you behold me and your brother,
All heart broken here below?
Can you behold our dear child's anguish,
Hennie whom you loved so well,
When with plaintive look and language
Where you've gone he asks me tell?
I answer to that land supernal,
Beyond the earth—beyond the skies,
To live with God in life eternal,
Where tears no more shall dim the eyes.
But he asks me why you've gone there?
Could here no longer stay?
To smooth our path of wordly care,
To cheer us on our lonely way?
When thus he speaks our hours are bitter,
Thinking on the happy past—
And the present and the future

Sombre shadows round us cast.
 Ah! sad thoughts unwelcome to me,
 You fling around me fearful scenes,
 Dark and woeful—drear and gloomy—
 That are not of childhood's dreams.
 But why should thus the wail of sorrow
 Wring our hearts, and mark our brows,
 As we are told a glorious morrow
 Awaits us, where we'll find repose.
 Eternal hope, with glory dressed,
 Points us to that far-off shore,
 "Where the weary are at rest,"
 And the sorrowing weep no more.
 But yet the loss of thee, my brother,
 Still shall fill my heart with pain,
 As this world to me no other
 Friends like you can give again.

AN EXILE'S DAY-DREAM.

Far o'er the Atlantic's blue and boundless wave,
 In a fair, rich and fertile, sunny Isle,
 Hallowed by a loved and lovely sister's grave,
 There was my home, lit by that dear one's smile.
 But she is gone, and still that home is there,
 And hallowed yet by dear ones still on earth;
 There once I've knelt, in days long gone, in prayer
 And sad forebodings of the future felt.
 Oh! I was happy once, but now no more
 The cup of joy is filled or quaffed by me,
 For when the heart is saddened to its core,
 Joy vainly seeks to set the spirit free.
 But, brooding still in bondage pine and live,
 And inly feel the bitter, scorching thought,—
 And plodding o'er the years that life still gives,
 Then pine and die; such is our weary lot.

Once in the path of distant years, now flown,
 My heart beat happy, full of childhood's glee;
 But then there was a home I called mine own,—
 But now no home on earth remains for me.

The air I breathe, the blue, etherial sky,
 And stars that glisten in that azure vault,—
 The rivers, forests, lakes, that 'round me lie,
 Seem so to me from what I've seen of naught.

For all seem strange, and all are strange to me,
 Their beauty and their grandeur I despise;
 The island home beyond the surging sea,
 My heart's hope, buried in oblivion lies.

In exile now I wander sad and alone—
 The dear, departing objects of my pride
 Have brought with them the joys which now I moan:
 The balm of cherished love to me's denied.

The little joy, or hope, or love, I feel,
 Springs from the source that yet remain on earth;
 Parents of mine who have escaped death's sea,
 In that bright home in which they give me birth.

Arouse! my drooping spirit! look around,
 And pause no more on sickening thoughts like these,
 Awake to life! Freedom may yet be found
 For thee, and home, and love, and friends beyond the seas.

A DREAM OF HOPE.

“I had a dream, which was not all a dream.”—*Byron.*

I had a dream—me thought I soar'd away,
 Far o'er the ocean's dashing waves and foam,
 To where the tyrant bears imperious sway,
 In Erin of my childhood's happy home.
 The sun had sunk resplendent from the sky,
 And evening shadows rested on the land;
 The wind had murmured the Day's departing sigh,
 And scenes seem'd touch'd as by a magic wand;—
 I stood upon Killarney's beauteous shore,
 And zephyrs lull'd the rippling waves to rest;
 Enraptured, there I stood, as still I gazed the more,
 On visions mirror'd on the water's breast.
 The full moon shed the lustre of her rays
 On scenes so grand, with weird effulgence thrown,
 And memory nourished thoughts of other days,
 And of dear Erin's wrongs, as there I stood alone.
 But hark! a sound awakes the echoes wild,
 Of rocks and glens, and caves where fairies dwell,
 And died along the lakes which, sleeping, smil'd,
 Now murmuring low, then wildly would it swell.
 It was the song of Erin in her chains,
 Which marr'd the stillness of the peaceful night—
 Now breathing low, then heard in hopeful strains,
 Symphonious on the air in its ascending flight.
 This is the song our suffering Erin sung,
 In cadence clear the melody arose;
 And through the glens the wilding echoes rung,
 Wherein the red deer rests, and the arbutus grows:

“O! far away, in a sunny land,
 Beyond the Atlantic waves,
 Where mountains rise and lakes expand,
 My children find their graves.
 O! far away, in a Southern clime,
 Where palm trees tower on high,
 They sink beneath the spreading lime,
 And breathe their latest sigh.

Columbia! fair land of Freedom's shrine,
 Bright home of my exiled race,
 My children in thee a refuge find
 From bondage, a resting place.
 They stand beneath a banner fair,
 Whose folds have made them free;
 They stand two hundred thousand there,
 And all in arms for me.
 They fight for Freedom's flag to wave,
 Which gave them freemen's homes—
 O! long may that banner wave,
 On land and where ocean foams.
 The strife shall cease, and peace shall come
 Then Hope shall smile on me,
 For my sons shall back to their island home,
 And make their Erin free.
 O! cheer for the sight of the glistening steel,
 And the sound of the cannon's voice,
 Whose death-stroke the Briton soon shall feel—
 Rejoice, ye, my children, rejoice!"

* * * * *

The spirit of my dream then wended past,
 But Erin's song hung 'round me when awake,
 And cheered my heart with Hope, the brightest, perhaps
 That e're shall dawn for sorrowing Erin's sake. [last,

A TRIBUTE OF FRIENDSHIP.

[After partaking of a dinner at the home of General and Mrs. Arnold Wakefield, North Smithfield, on the afternoon of March 21, 1885, Major Smyth penned the following:]

It was not all your bounteous fare
 In dishes suited to a king,
 Nor music of the bonnie lass,
 Whose notes still in my memory sing.

It was a welcome of the heart;
 The smiles that lit your happy home,
 And spoke to me in throbbing chords,
 That looked the words: "We're glad you've come."

It was the light I've often seen
 In days gone by, when darkness hung
 Upon my wayward path of life,
 And wide its threat'ning shadows flung.

When words of cheer from other lips
 That should have spoken, silent were;
 No hand to raise, no voice to guide
 My weary soul in its despair.

You were to me as now you are,
 Dear friends in sunshine and in tears;
 The cherished beacon light of Hope,
 Through many changeful, fleeting years.

No wonder then, that in my soul
 I treasure fondest love for you,
 Whom I have found in every change
 Unchanging, constant, pure and true.

Within your home I've pleasure quaffed
 That elsewhere I have sought in vain;
 To me that place is sacred ground,
 And still forever shall remain.

O, may your lives as happy be
 As my heart's fervent prayers implore,
 And fortune, peace and pleasure blend
 With all your hours till life is o'er.

And when earth's pilgrimage is done,
 And angels lead to Heaven the way,
 May we there meet to part no more,
 Where light eternal shines for aye.

TO IRISH FENIANS, FROM A BROTHER IN EXILE.

Beyond the wave where the Shannon flows
 A noble band their faith are keeping,
 In steel alone to conquer foes,
 And dry the tears that Erin's weeping:
 For well they know that talk is vain,
 And only airy sounds at best—
 The offspring of the coward's brain,
 Or puffings from a weakly chest;
 And that the freedom of our land
 Alone we'll win with sabres reeking,
 With blood of Briton's dastard band,
 That life in headlong flight are seeking.
 They know that on each bloody field,
 Where battle wages most severe,
 The ranks must break, must die or yield,
 Before an Irish charge and cheer.
 Then courage, men—the hour's at hand
 Of vengeance for six hundred years
 Of wrongs inflicted on our land
 By English kings and English peers.
 The exiles that with vengeance went,
 With deeper vengeance will return,
 On retributive justice bent,
 And John Bull may have reason to mourn.
 Hurrah! hurrah! for the coming fray,
 With Erin's Sunburst streaming o'er us,
 And gallant hearts to charge that day,
 While foes fly far and fast before us.

A LIFE IN THE WOODS FOR ME.

Ans—"A Life on the Ocean Wave."

A life in the woods for me,
 A home in the forest shade,
 With the wild deer bounding free,
 Where the fauns their haunts have made;
 Once more ere daylight dies,
 To hear the wild birds' song,
 Where zephyrs breathe their sighs
 Softly the trees among;
 Where blossoms brightly bloom
 Upon fair sylvan bowers,
 And floats a sweet perfume
 From budding leaves and flowers.
 A life in the woods for me,
 A home where the sunbeams rest,
 The last we are doom'd to see,
 Ere he sinks in the golden West,
 Where wafts the fragrant air,
 At early dawn of morn,
 O'er flowers blooming fair,
 That dew-drops doth adorn,
 Sparkling like gems of light,
 Or phosphorous on the deep,
 Or tears shed in delight,
 That beauty's bright eyes weep.
 A life in the woods for me,
 When autumn leaves doth fly,
 And the crickets' merry glee
 With the fading year must die.
 I love the woods and wilds,
 Far from earth's servile throng,
 Where calm Contentment smiles,
 List'ning the woodland's song.
 Then a life in the woods for me,
 A home in the forest shade,
 With the wild deer bounding free,
 Where fauns their haunts have made,

Miscellaneous Selections.

[“The authorship of the poem entitled ‘The Beautiful Snow’ is no longer in doubt,” wrote Major Smyth, “although there are many claimants to the title, among whom are Henry W. Faxon, Dora Shaw, or Mrs. La Baum, J. W. Watson and Annie Keely. I am convinced that the poem was written by Miss Keely, and in order to verify this assertion I will give the poem, and endeavor to prove by the accompanying gem, as well as by Miss Keely’s own statement, that the poem is really hers, and that all others claiming the authorship stand in the light of literary pilferers :”]

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh ! the snow ! the beautiful snow !
Filling the sky and the earth below ;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
 Dancing,
 Flirting,
 Skimming along,
Beautiful snow ! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady’s cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak ;
Beautiful snow from Heaven above !

Oh ! the snow ! the beautiful snow !
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in their maddening fun—
It plays in its glee with everyone—
 Chasing,
 Laughing,
 Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around—

The town is alive and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!

 Ringing,

 Swinging,

 Dashing they go,
Over the crest of the beautiful snow—
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
As to make one regret to see it lie
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was as pure as the snow, but I fell;
Fell like the snowflakes from Heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;

 Pleading,

 Cursing,

 Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! Have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like a crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face.

 Father,

 Mother,

 Sister, all,

God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too nigh;

For all that is on or above me I know
 There is nothing as pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
 How strange it should be when night comes again,
 If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan
 To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
 Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
 To be and to die in my terrible woe,
 With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
 Sinner, despair not, Christ stoopeth low
 To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
 And raise it to life and enjoyment again.

Groaning,

Bleeding,

Dying for thee,

The Crucified hung on the accursed tree;
 His accents of mercy hung soft in thine ear—
 Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my prayer?
 O God! in the stream that for sinners flow,
 Wash me and I shall be whiter than the beautiful snow.

[This is the companion gem written by the above named author, Annie Keely, May 23, 1872, and which appeared in the New Orleans Morning Star.]

WEARY OF LIFE.

"I am miserable, and am bowed down even to the end: I go sorrowfully all the day long"—Psalms III and VI.

Weary of life and weary of sin,
 The ceaseless strife and worldly din,
 Struggling ever to act a part,

Veiling my soul and shrouding my heart,
 Hating the world, and longing to be
 Alone, at rest, untrammelled and free,
 Struggling ever in ceaseless strife—
 Father of Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Weary of life that once was so fair,
 That precious gem, that jewel rare;
 Life, with its changing sunny hours,
 Its golden smiles and wealth of flowers;
 Life of my infant childish years,
 With its rippling smiles and sparkling tears;
 Years that knew naught of anger or strife—
 Father in Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Weary of life that once was so bright,
 With its rainbow hues of dazzling light,
 The light of my girlhood's early days,
 With gorgeous glare of its noonday blaze;
 Ah! deeming my life but one endless day,
 Nor counting the hours that passed away,
 Hours with joy, and pleasure once rife—
 Yet, Father in Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Weary of life, its sin and its crime,
 Its poisonous breath and its noisome slime,
 Oh, sin! oh, crime, how bitter to taste
 The tempting point of the desert waste!
 That fruit so fair and bright to the eye,
 On the lips will fade, and in ashes die,
 Filling the heart with woe and strife,
 Till, Father in Heaven, I'm weary of life.

Weary of life that has grown so dark,
 Pining away in this poisoned ark,
 Weary dear Lord, as the captive dove,
 Longing to soar to the light above,
 Seeking some spot where my foot may rest,
 From the deluge of sin in the human breast,

Battling ever in care and strife—
 Father in Heaven I'm weary of life.

Weary of life, shall one so lost,
 So tempest-driven, so widely toss'd,
 Dare to weep, as Magdalen wept,
 When in lowly sorrow a sinner she crept,
 And knelt at Thy feet in tears and sighs,
 And sought but a glance from Thy sacred eyes,
 The glance that dispelled all sin and strife,
 When her heart was sick and weary of life.

Weary of life, but oh ! in thy love
 I look for a truer light above,
 That life that fades not nor passes away,
 The dawning sun of eternal day,
 The morning that breaks o'er the tempest wave,
 And shines through the gloom of the yawning grave,
 Cheering us on through woe and strife,
 With the lasting joys of a brighter life.

Weary of life, and weary of sin,
 This worldly strife and worldly din,
 Looking in hope for the promised land,
 Watching the veil on its golden strand ;
 Watching the veil so misty and bright,
 Shrouding its shores from my yearning sight,
 Watching the hand that shall send it away,
 Giving one life and endless day.

ANNIE KEELY,

Authoress of "Beautiful Snow."

The authoress, who has not only written the above beautiful poems, but by so doing has created an inquisitive sensation among the lovers of poetry, was born in New Ross, Ireland, and still lives to vindicate her own right to the possession of them. J. W. S.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection and recollection
 I often think of those Shandon bells,
 Whose sound so wild would, in days of childhood,
 Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
 On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
 And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
 With thy bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
 Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
 While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
 But all their music spoke nought like thine:
 For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
 Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon,
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
 Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
 And cymbals glorious, swing uproarious
 In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.
 But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
 Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 O! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while in tower and kiosko
 In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
 And loud in air, calls men to prayer
 From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
 Such empty phantom, I freely grant them;
 But there's an anthem more dear to me,
 'Tis the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

GOD BLESS OUR IRISH GIRLS.

God bless our noble Irish girls,
 God bless them all to-day ;
 We'll send the prayers all over the land,
 For other lips to say ;
 For when the tyrant's hand was laid
 Upon the true and brave,
 In the tender pride of womanhood
 They rose they rose to help and save.
 Then here's to our own dear Irish girls,
 Here's to our maiden band,
 Who yet are seen to wear the green,
 In the cause of the dear old land.

What time a foeman's hireling crew
 Surrounded Limerick's wall,
 The maids of Limerick bravely stood
 To answer manhood's call.
 The spirit's not departed yet
 With the faithful who have died
 For freedom's cause—our own dear hearts
 Still muster by our side.
 Then here's to our own brave Irish girls,
 Here's to the maiden band,
 Who still are seen to wear the green
 In the cause of the poor old land.

And walking in the funeral throng
 Which told a nation's woe,
 Ye showed the spirit changeless yet
 Of the days of long ago.
 The rain might fall, the wild wind sweep
 O'er bridge and street and square,
 But firm as soldiers in the ranks
 So pressed ye onward there.
 Then here's to our own true Irish girls,
 Here's to the maiden band,

Who yet are seen to wear the green
In the cause of the dear old land.

Oh! may the starry eyes that looked
On mourning Freedom's sign,
Yet flash their glorious light upon
A nation's marshalled line.

And may the prayer which maidenlips
Have sent to the God above,
Bear to our stricken motherland
The golden crown of love.

Then here's to the noble Irish girls,
God bless the maiden band,
Who yet are seen to wear the green
In the cause of the dear old land.

—*Dublin Nation.*

THE DAIRY MAID.

The girl engaged in moulding bread
Shall make some sweetheart flutter,
With hope to get that dairy maid
To make the bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And makes sweet bread and butter.

In meal or cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She's make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone, man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

CONSTANCY.

To a Poetical Friend, J. W. Smyth, Woonsocket :

Welcome and sweet as the lark's lay of morning,
 Balm-breathing music came wafted to me ;
 Dear as the grove songs in spring's glad returning,
 When zephyrs gambol o'er forest and lea.
 Gem of the poet's brain,
 Sound in mine ear again,
 Thrilling with wild, chainless rapture the soul ;
 Heart-healing melody ;
 Bliss-bearing symphony—
 Sounds that can cheer me in darkness and dole.

Banks of the Blackstone ! recorded in story,
 Dwells on your slopes one of genius and fame,
 Whose verses sublime crown your precincts with glory—
 Beloved—though by worldlings unheeded his name.
 Bright son of minstrelsy,
 Hail to thy harmony !
 Solace and joy are the fruits of thy lays ;
 Life's sky unclouded be,
 Blessings descend on thee,
 Shielding thee round till the close of thy days.

Hate may incite hollow hearts to rebellion,
 Malice may turn the friend into foe ;
 Envy within may usurp friendship's dwelling ;
 Slander accomplish pure love's overthrow ;
 But true and constantly,
 E'en to eternity,
 Through life's varied changes, in shadow and sun,
 This heart in amity,
 Still shall it grow for thee,
 True to the ties of the years that are gone.

— *P. Carpenter, Pawtucket, R. I.*

THE IRISH BRIGADE.

Fearless and frank and gay,
 Cheering, they marched away,
 Down to the battle field marched the brave-hearted;
 Down where the sabres flashed,
 Where the wild riders dashed,
 And from the cannon's mouth hell's lightning darted.

Facing the deadly guns,
 In rushed Erin's sons,
 In 'midst the rolling smoke, lightning and thunder;
 Volley on volley flew,
 Fiercer the battle grew,
 And the dead bodies lay, torn asunder.

Charge on the rebel flanks!
 Charge on his reeling ranks!
 Scale the embattled walls; see, his lines waver!
 Charge they again, again,
 Charge they in vain, in vain—
 Thousands lie sleeping for ever and ever.

O, God! that thrilling cry—
 Death, death, or victory!
 Again charge they, foremost, Erin's undaunted;
 Met the foe face to face,
 Saved us from deep disgrace,
 Stood, as they ever stood—where they were wanted.

Night came: the living few
 From the strong works withdrew—
 Wept o'er their comrades dead, recrossed the river.
 Peace to each noble soul,—
 High up on glory's scroll
 Their names will live—live for ever and ever.

—*Richard Slattery.*

TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND MEN!

Honor the brave who battle still
 For Irish right in English lands!
 No rule except their quenchless will,
 No power save in their naked hands.
 Who wage by day, and wage by night,
 In groups of three or bands of ten
 One savage, undespairing fight
 Against two hundred thousand men.

No pomp of war their eyes to blind,
 No blare of music as they go,
 With just such weapons as they find,
 In desperate onset on the foe.
 They seize the pike, the torch, the scythe—
 Unequal contest,—but what then?
 With steadfast eyes and spirits blythe
 They face two hundred thousand men!

The jails are yawning through the land,
 The scaffold's fatal click is heard—
 But still moves on the scanty band,
 By jail and scaffold undeterred.
 A moment's pause to wail the last
 Who fell in Freedom's fight—and then,
 With teeth firm-set, and breathing fast,
 They face two hundred thousand men!

Obscure, unmarked, with none to praise
 Their fealty to a trampled land—
 Yet never knights in Arthur's days
 For desperate cause made firmer stand.
 They wage no public war, 'tis true,
 They strike and fly, and strike,—what then?
 'Tis only thus these faithful few
 Can front two hundred thousand men!

You call them ignorant, rash and wild—
 But who can tell how patriots feel

With centuries of torments piled
Above the land to which they kneel?
And who has made them what we find—
Like tigers lurking in their den,
And breaking forth, with fury blind,
To beard two hundred thousand men?

Who made their lives so hard to bear
They care not how their lives are lost!
Their land a symbol of despair—
A wreck on ruin's ocean tossed!
We, happier here, may carp and sneer,
And judge them harshly—but what then?
No glove for those who have for foes
To face two hundred thousand men!

Honor the brave! Let England rave
Against them as a savage band—
We know their foes, we know their woes,
And hail them as a hero-band.
With iron will they battle still,
In groups of three or files of ten—
Nor care we by what savage skill
They fight two hundred thousand men!

WHEN YOU WERE SEVENTEEN.

When the hay was mown, Mary,
In the years long ago,
And while the western sky was rich
With sunset's rosy glow,
Then hand in hand close-linked we passed
The dewy ricks between,
And I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The spring was in our hearts,
And all its hopes were ours;
And we were children in the fields,
Among the opening flowers,
Aye! Life was like a Summer day
Amid the woodlands green,
For I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

The years have come and gone, Mary,
With sunshine and with shade,
And silvered is the silken hair,
That o'er your shoulders strayed
In many a soft and wayward tress—
The fairest ever seen—
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

Though gently changing Time, Mary,
Has touched you in his flight,
Your voice has still the old sweet tone,
Your eye the old love light;
And years can never, never change
The heart you gave, I ween,
When I was one-and-twenty, May,
And you were seventeen.

OUR BABY.

Did you ever see our baby,
 Little "Tot,"
 With her eyes so sparkling bright,
 And her skin so lily white.
 Lips and cheeks of rosy white?—
 Tell you what,
 She is just the sweetest baby
 In the lot.

Ah! she is our little darling,
 And to me
 All her little ways are witty;
 When she sings her ditty,
 Every word is just as pretty
 As can be;
 Not another in the city
 Sweet as she.

You don't think so—you ne'er saw her!
 Wish you could
 See her with her playthings clattering,
 Hear her little tongue a chattering,
 Little dancing feet come pattering,
 Think you would
 Love her just as well as I do—
 If you could.

Every mother's baby darling,
 I suppose,
 Is as sweet and bright a blossom,
 Is a treasure to her bosom,
 Is as cheering and endearing
 As my "Rose."
 Heavenly Father, spare them to us
 Till life's close.

I AM DREAMING, EVER DREAMING.

I am dreaming, ever dreaming,
 Of an Isle divinely fair,
 Where the golden sunlight's gleaming
 On the countless beauties there,
 And gilding with a radiant smile
 The blooming valleys o'er,—
 I am dreaming, fondly dreaming
 Of my darling native shore.

I am dreaming of her mountains grand,
 Her vales, and bowers green,
 Where grassy lakes and rivulets
 Are mingling with the scene:
 Where Nature flings her vernal wings
 The hills and valleys o'er,—
 I am dreaming, always dreaming,
 Of my darling native shore.

I'm dreaming of the holy wells,
 The mounds and towers gray,
 And fairy dells, where ruined shrines,
 Are mouldering in decay,—
 Those relics of a glorious past,
 That Time cannot restore,
 Come flitting through my visions
 Of my darling native shore.

I'm dreaming of the sylvan streams
 That murmur through the trees,
 Where flowers raise their crimson plumes,
 To kiss the morning breeze;
 Of classic halls, and castle walls,
 Dear Erin's pride of yore—
 What wonder I'd be dreaming
 Of my darling native shore!

I'm dreaming of her banish'd sons,
 Wide scattered o'er the main,
 Shedding their blood in every cause,
 While still she writhes in pain.
 Oh, heavens! what a grievous sight,
 To see them in their gore,
 Sinking to rest far from their blest,
 Their darling native shore.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls,
 Bearing to the eternal shore each day its freight of souls;
 But though our barque sails bravely on, pale Death sits at the prow,
 And few shall know we ever lived, a hundred years from now.

Oh! mighty human brotherhood, why fiercely war and strive,
 While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?
 Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the plow
 Of progress, that should make them bloom a hundred years from
 now.

Why should we toil so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,
 On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man?
 Why blindly at an earthly shrine our souls in homage bow?
 Our goods will rust, ourselves be dust a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? why dread so much its
 blame?

A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
 The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame
 the brow,
 Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O, Time! like breakers on thy shore,
 They rush upon thy rocks of doom, are seen—and seen no more;
 The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow,
 Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Oh! Thou, before whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand
 An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;
 Change, sorrow, death, are nought to us if we may safely bow
 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne, a hundred years from now.



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